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ART. I.— *The Life and Letters of* BARTHOLD GEORGE NIEBUHR, *with Essays on his Character and Influence.* By the Chevalier BUNSEN, and Professors BRANDIS and LOEBELL. London: Chapman & Hall. 1852. 2 vols. 8vo., pp. 424 and 453.

WE talk and hear much about the shortness of human life; and in many of its aspects, it is a dream, a shadow, a vapor. No metaphor can overstate its brevity, as compared with its offices and its issues. There die, every year, thousands of old people, who have been all their days preparing and beginning to live, and who pass away before they are conscious of having approached even their own humble ideal of life, its objects and its uses. But there appear, at intervals, sometimes in stations of eminent influence, oftener in the more retired walks of duty, those who so crowd their two, three, or four score years with acquisition or achievement, as indefinitely to enlarge the reputed capacity, and to enhance the current value, of their term of being. They seem, not indeed absolutely, but relatively, to exhaust the resources of their present condition. They read a portion of the record on every leaf of the great book of nature and of experience, and become so familiar with the aspect of what they have omitted to read, that it has ceased to stimulate their curiosity, so that, as regards their birth-world, they have reached a position from which they can claim "a better inheritance."

Such examples are needed to give us confidence in life, and courage for its work — to make us feel that we need not describe the merest fragments of an orbit, leave only the paltriest memorials of ourselves, and go hence without attaining or accomplishing aught that is worthy or permanent. Never have lessons of this sort been impressed upon us so forcefully as by the volumes named at the head of this article. Were they not minute in dates, and specific in details, we could almost deem them fabulous. They present to us a man who, as a husband, father, neighbor, and friend, left nothing to be regretted; who sustained, from boyhood almost till death, important and onerous posts of public service, and who yet was so universally learned and accomplished, that it is impossible to say in what department there were not, within his easy reach, laurels as noble as those which he won as the historian of Rome. But no more of this, till we have told, in brief, the story of his outward life.

Barthold George Niebuhr was born at Copenhagen, in 1776. His father was Carsten Niebuhr, the celebrated traveller, who, in 1778, was appointed by the Danish government secretary to the province of South Dithmarsh, and fixed his residence at Meldorf, its chief town. Here Barthold passed his childhood and early youth. The place had no points of attraction or features of interest. Surrounded by morasses of great extent, remote from all thoroughfares of travel, with little business, a diminishing population, and almost no cultivated society, it furnished for the future scholar few collateral influences to help or mar the processes of home education. Indeed, so little did it present to his regard, that his reflective rapidly outgrew his perceptive faculties, and he was almost born into the book-world, upon which boys are seldom wont to enter without some previous training from nature and society. The consequence was, that he had reached manhood before he became accessible to beauty in the outward universe, though in after life, he was keenly alive to impressions from this source. His parents were persons of great excellence, yet by no means of that versatility of genius or "many-sidedness" of culture, which might have been desired in those who were, for many years, to be almost the sole educators of a child of unusual

capacity and promise. His father was, as to his moral character, pure, upright, and conscientious, but not a man of refined sentiments or enlarged sympathies — as to intellect, well versed in the classics, and profoundly learned in history and topography, but deficient in the elegant literature of modern times, and in the tastes which it presupposes or inspires. His mother was a woman of refinement, and great sweetness and tenderness of spirit, but nervous, excitable, impulsive, and high-tempered. The son succeeded to his father's endowments and supplied his deficiencies; — he inherited his mother's virtues, while infirmities, akin to hers, marked his character sufficiently to cast a frequent cloud over his own happiness, though they were held in such restraint by vigorous self-discipline as never permanently to alienate a friend or to make an enemy.

Until his sixteenth year, his education was conducted in part by his father, in part by such teachers, by no means of the highest order, as the Gymnasium of Meldorf afforded. He had, by this time, become a proficient in the classics, capable of reading the French and English languages as he did his mother tongue, and a prodigy of learning in numerous and recondite branches of historical and geographical knowledge. In 1792, he was sent to a school at Hamburg, the most celebrated of its kind in Europe for instruction in modern languages and commercial science. Here he remained but a few months; for he found himself out of place among associates of his own age, and impeded rather than aided in the departments of knowledge in which he felt the liveliest interest. Another year and a half were spent under his father's roof. Of his attainments, before he had completed his eighteenth year, we may form some idea from a list of the languages with which he had already become conversant; namely, German, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Danish, English, French, Italian, Portuguese, and Spanish, to which he afterwards added the Persian, Arabic, Dutch, Swedish, Russian, Slavonic, Polish, Bohemian, and Illyrian, not to speak of the Icelandic, in which he made but little proficiency.

In 1794, he entered the University of Kiel. Here he found himself admirably situated, both as regarded facilities for

study and an affluence of learned society. With some of his fellow students he formed a close intimacy; but his chief intercourse was with the professors, with whom he seems to have occupied the position of an associate rather than a pupil. Of the maturity of his attainments and the philosophical cast of his speculations at this early epoch, we may judge from the following extract from a letter to his parents, dated June 7, 1794; (we doubt whether another such letter was ever written by a youth of eighteen.)

"I have not as yet fully explained to anybody but Hensler, my ideas about the colonization of Greece, and the whole of Asia Minor, including Armenia, from the West. For the peopling of the rest of Asia, I assume, 1. the Aramaic or Assyrian race, to which belong the Arabs, Jews, Syrians, Assyrians, Chaldees, and Medes, of more or less pure descent; 2. the Indo-Persic; 3. the Tartar; 4. the Mongul; and 5. probably the Chinese race. Taking this as a basis, we can proceed further, and shall obtain everywhere at last the same result, viz., that these great national races have never sprung from the growth of a single family into a nation, but always from the association of several families of human beings, raised above their fellow animals by the nature of their wants, and the gradual invention of a language, each of which families probably had originally formed a language peculiar to itself. This last idea belongs to Reinhold. By this I explain the immense variety of languages among the North American savages, which it is absolutely impossible to refer to any common source, but which, in some cases, have resolved themselves into one language, as in Mexico and Peru, for instance; and also the number of synonyms in the earliest periods of languages. On this account, I maintain that we must make a very cautious use of differences of language as applied to the theory of races, and have more regard to physical conformation, which latter is exactly the same, for instance, in most of the Indian tribes of North America. I believe further that the origin of the human race is not connected with any given place, but is to be sought everywhere over the face of the earth: and that it is an idea more worthy of the power and wisdom of the Creator, to assume that he gave to each zone and each climate its proper inhabitants, to whom that zone and climate would be the most suitable, than to assume that the human species has degenerated in such innumerable instances.*

* Of course, by quoting, we are not regarded as endorsing, this opinion; but the discussion of it would be entirely foreign to the purpose of the present article, especially as we find no reason to suppose that it commanded the assent of his riper years.

Here is one of the most important elements of history still remaining to be examined, — that which is, in truth, the very basis upon which all history must be reared, and the first principle from which it must proceed. This of all subjects should be thoroughly investigated in the first place; and then (to which philosophy is necessary) a universal history ought to be written, which should exhibit all nations from the same point of view. This point of view Reinhold beautifully defines as the relation between reason and sensation. When this universal history is completed, the separate history of each country should follow. This is the way in which I would teach history, if I had Hegewisch's learning and position. But the latter I wish for less and less the more I know of it. H. began to talk to me one day as if he wished to attract me to the academical profession; but withdrew his proposals, when I assured him that I should desire a life of greater activity, and more opportunity to make myself useful, especially in such times as ours. This he quite approved of, and advised me, therefore, zealously to study Roman law, and pitied me for having to devote so much time to other things; but as to this too, every thing depends upon the point of view from which we regard our studies, and the manner in which we pursue them. I have not yet told Hensler of our projects, because they are growing rather problematical to me; but he bids me take courage, whatever happen, for, he says, I should be certain to rise by my own exertion without any occasion for servility. That I voluntarily go to no parties, has his full approbation. They rob me of the evening and the morning hours; and, what is still worse, of the calmness of mind which must be undisturbed by dissipation, if one is to work." Vol. i. pp. 38–40.

At the house of Dr. Hensler, Niebuhr formed an intimacy which, more than any other, shaped the whole destiny of his subsequent life. It was with the widow of Dr. Hensler's son, a woman of superior cultivation, great strength of mind, sound judgment, and lofty principle. She was six years older than Niebuhr, and could, therefore, without assumption on her part or reserve on his, maintain, as she did till the day of his death, the attitude of an experienced adviser and friend. To her most of the letters in the volumes now before us were addressed, and she was the principal editor of the voluminous *Lebensnachrichten*, from which these letters have been translated, and the facts of the accompanying memoir, for the most part, derived.

In 1796, Niebuhr became private secretary to Count Schimmelman, the Danish Minister of Finance, in which capacity, with subsequently an additional office in connection with the Royal Library, he resided at Copenhagen for nearly two years. Here he had free admission to society of the highest rank, and enjoyed superior advantages of education as a financier and a statesman. At the same time, his leisure was devoted to historical, classical, and scientific pursuits, and was made adequate to a larger amount of intellectual labor than would seem credible, had he been nothing else than a student. It is pleasant, also, to see that, in the press of secular engagements and the ardor of successful scholarship, the discipline of his moral nature was not forgotten. In his diary, "distinct consciousness of the rules of my moral being" is named as a part of every day's duty; and about the same time, he put on record "the holy resolve, now more and more to purify his soul, so that it may be ready at all times to return without fear to the Eternal Source from which it sprang,"—a resolve, which may be fairly taken as the formula of his whole being, as the ulterior aim in all his intellectual pursuits, and as the controlling principle in his public trusts, and in the relations of his domestic and social life. During this period, he contracted an engagement of marriage with Amelia Behrens, sister of Madame Hensler, whose blended gentleness and nobleness of nature at once gave repose to his native sensitiveness and irritability, and imparted new vigor to the lofty aims and purposes which he held constantly in view.

His father had long been solicitous that he should seek improvement by foreign travel and residence; and in the summer of 1798, he took passage for England, and remained in Great Britain, the greater part of the time, in attendance upon lectures at the University of Edinburgh, till the autumn of the following year. The subjects to which he chiefly applied himself, during this period, were mathematics and the physical sciences, finance and political philosophy, agriculture and topography; while, *for recreation only*, he had recourse to philology and history. He became deeply impressed with the substantial integrity, good sense, and practical wisdom of the English character, while he manifestly underrated the national

traits of the Scotch, misunderstood the peculiar phases of their religious life, — in its technical rigidness so unlike the less dogmatic and more fervent pietism of the Continent, — and was repelled by the characteristic reserve of their social intercourse and domestic manners.

In the spring of 1800, he was married, and shortly after, entered at Copenhagen upon the double office of Assessor at the Board of Trade for the East India Department, and Secretary of the Board of Direction for the African Consulates. In these and other public trusts, he remained a diligent servant of the state until 1806. During these years, his official duties filled up the business hours of every day; but his nights were devoted to his favorite studies, whenever absolute exhaustion did not compel him to substitute light reading for severer mental task-work. But he had reached a point, at which his mind could not help growing. He had accumulated so large a capital of well-digested knowledge, that it could not fail to become perpetually larger by its own inherent laws of increase, without accessions from books. He had in store materials sufficient for the constant eliciting of new truth by comparison, combination, and successive generalizations. He had attained a stage of progress, at which the present held a torch for the illumination of the past, current experience interpreted the experience of earlier ages, the details of business illustrated and confirmed general principles, and the daily observation of men threw increasing light upon the science of man and the historical developments of the race. Indeed, we cannot but deem it fortunate, as regarded his future eminence, that his official life so early arrested tendencies, which else might have made him an unproductive bookworm, (*helluo librorum*,) and prevented the acquisition of the raw material of knowledge beyond all power of analysis, classification, and those digestive and assimilative processes through which alone knowledge can be transmuted into wisdom. We are the more inclined to express this judgment, from the frequency with which the German mind has been crushed and paralyzed by an excess of erudition, — overlaid and overmastered by crude, compact masses of unarranged facts, theories, and philosophies, — utterly bereft of the capacity of reproduction.

In 1806, Niebuhr accepted an important financial situation under the Prussian government, which, with a brief intermission, he continued to serve, in various financial and administrative posts, till 1815. This period comprised the most straitened and calamitous years of the history of his adopted country. On his first entrance upon its borders, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that he started in pursuit of a fugitive court, without knowing where to find it. It was just at the time of the defeat of the Prussian forces at Jena, and at the commencement of the long series of disturbances and disasters consequent on the successes of Napoleon. The government was dismembered, impoverished, almost powerless, endangered by treacherous counsels no less than by hostility from without, and no pilot, of reliable experience, to take the helm of state. Under these circumstances, Niebuhr made it a point of honor not to desert the public service so long as it demanded no sacrifice of principle; and so evident was his disinterested fidelity and patriotism, that no virulence of party opposition ever dared to assail his integrity, or to hint at the bare possibility of his being capable of intrigue, or a practicable subject for bribery or corruption. He never, for a moment, lost the confidence of his sovereign; and he won the absolutely filial attachment of the Crown Prince, to whom he gave lessons in certain branches of political science. During a portion of the time, he resided in Holland, as a commissioner to negotiate a loan in that country. Berlin, however, was his home. Here he had access to the society of a large number of distinguished scholars, among whom were Schleiermacher, Savigny, Buttmann, and Heindorff. In 1810, he enjoyed an interval of repose from political service, and became, in the same year, a professor in the University. He selected Roman History as the subject for his first course of lectures, and the success which attended their delivery induced him to extend his researches, with a view to their publication. This course was the basis of the first two volumes of his History. A course, delivered the following year, was to have furnished materials for the third volume, the final publication of which was, however, delayed till after his death. The lectures were delivered to audiences in which the most distinguished men of the city

were mingled with the students of the University; and they attracted the strongest interest from the freshness of his treatment, the originality of his theories, and the striking character of the discoveries elicited by the collation of authorities under the strong light of a comprehensive and far-reaching philosophy. His progress in this department of research was arrested by the public events connected with the turning tide of Napoleon's fortunes, and by fresh demands made by the government upon his services.

About this time, too, he was visited by severe domestic calamity. His father died in April, 1815. His wife, whose health had been long declining, during that spring sank with a rapidity which left no hope of her recovery, and died in the following June. She had sympathized with him in all his pursuits, had encouraged him under disheartening circumstances, had often warded off, and always alleviated, the sufferings to which his sensitive nature laid him constantly open, and had received from him almost the confidence and reverence due to a guardian angel. Among her dying charges, she enjoined it upon him that he should finish his History. Though its prosecution was unavoidably delayed for many years, when he returned to it, it was less for fame or from his own independent choice, than as a pious tribute to her memory.

A few weeks before her death, the Prussian government appointed him an ambassador to Rome, to negotiate a concordat with the Pope, for the settlement of the rights and immunities of its Catholic subjects. Madame Hensler was then with him; and on leaving him, after her sister's decease, consented, in compliance with his urgent solicitation, to accompany him to Rome. She accordingly revisited Berlin the following spring; but in her place, another, who became his by a still dearer tie, shared his journey and his long residence in Italy. She brought with her to Berlin her husband's niece and her own adopted daughter, Margaret Hensler, whom he shortly afterwards married. She was a woman of perhaps less mental grasp and vigor than his Amelia, but of rich cultivation, great sweetness of disposition, strong practical sense, and ardent devotedness to his happiness and to her own

domestic duties. His residence in Rome was protracted for seven years. Definite instructions from his government did not reach him till 1820, and even then, negotiations were postponed and impeded by various revolutionary and hostile movements, which usurped the attention and distracted the counsels of the Papal Court. Meanwhile, he discharged his trust as the representative of his nation by a simple, yet generous hospitality to strangers from Prussia and other German states, by the kindest personal intercourse with German artists and the liberal patronage of their works, and by prompt pecuniary aid to all of his fellow-countrymen whose merits and necessities entitled them to his kind offices. His pecuniary appointments were by no means large; and he adopted a rule, which, had the representatives of our republic in foreign courts the moral courage to copy from him, would put a period to the constantly renewed controversy as to the adequacy of their official salaries. He made it a matter of principle to expend the entire income of his office, and so to expend it as best to maintain the dignity, discharge the hospitalities, and disburse the charities, incident to his position; but beyond this he refused to go, on the ground that he should thus assume a place, a state, and an outward show alien to the implied wishes of his government, and adapted to misrepresent the national genius, character, and institutions. He felt, therefore, a certain patriotic independence and pride in living much less sumptuously and extravagantly than his fellow-ambassadors.

Life at Rome possessed many attractions for him, while, on many grounds, it was wearisome and unsatisfying. The climate, (except during a portion of the summer, when he always sought a more invigorating air among the mountains,) was peculiarly delightful to him, especially in contrast with the heavy snows, intense cold, and brief verdure of the North of Europe. The ruins of antiquity, though at first, from their desecration and defacement by the architectural abortions of the modern city, they filled him with pain, subsequently became objects of vivid interest and enjoyment. On the other hand, he found little congenial society, almost none except the attachés of his mission and the members of his household, that sympathized with his peculiar tastes; and the best Italian

society was utterly vapid or worse,—endured, not enjoyed; while his most cherished associates were young artists, with whom his intercourse was endeared by his power of aiding their penury, relieving the irksomeness of their isolated condition, and fortifying them at once against the temptations of the city and the proselyting agencies of the Romish church. His situation was also unfavorable to study. His time was very imperfectly under his own control. The Vatican library was remote from his residence, lent no books, was open only at inconvenient hours, and was so ill arranged, and under custodians of so little intelligence and courtesy, as to tantalize him more than it nourished him by its wealth. Yet under all these disadvantages, he contracted a growing fondness for Rome and Italy, and would probably have never returned to Germany, had not his wife been constantly a sufferer from the climate.

At Rome, he for the first time became a father. Amelia was childless. The birth of his eldest son was welcomed with the deepest emotion, and thenceforward his letters abound in the most touching expressions of parental tenderness. He thus announces the event to Madame Hensler, under date of April 2, 1817.

"The trial is over, and a fine and healthy little boy is born to us; but it has been a terrible trial. . . . . .

"The boy weighs nearly nine German pounds, is fat and large, has red cheeks, yellow hair, and blue eyes. How Gretchen rejoices in the possession of her darling child, after all her sufferings, you can well imagine. She is very much exhausted, but very happy. She sends you a thousand kisses. She received and read your welcome letter during her two-and-thirty hours of suffering. Her patience was indescribable. In my terrible anxiety, I prayed most earnestly, and entreated my Milly, too, for help. I comforted Gretchen with telling her that Milly would send help. When she was at the worst, and she leant her weary head against me, almost dying, she sighed out—'Oh, can not Amelia send me a blessing?'

"I have already told you what our boy's name is to be; but he shall have a Roman one in addition, either Marcus or Lucius, by which he will be called. You have the first claim to be his sponsor; Behrens is one of course, Savigny—his guardian if I die—likewise, and Nicolovius. Should Playfair return, we shall beg him to perform the ceremony of baptism, as he was formerly a clergyman.

"I had so much to say to you on this occasion from the very depths of my heart, but I am not calm enough. Besides, I am quite exhausted by sleepless nights, anxiety, and fatigue. Your heart will tell you all. I cannot say any thing in answer to your letter to-day. You shall have tidings of us punctually." Vol. ii. pp. 100, 101.

Again, April 30, he writes.

"The child is full of health; he looks briskly about him, and already begins to take notice. I can handle it very well; and it becomes quiet with me directly.

"I am thinking a great deal about his education. I told you, a little while ago, how I intended to teach him the ancient languages very early, by practice. I wish the child to believe all that is told him; and I now think you right in an assertion, which I have formerly disputed, that it is better to tell children no tales, but to keep to the poets. But while I shall repeat and read the old poets to him in such a way, that he will undoubtedly take the gods and heroes for historical beings, I shall tell him, at the same time, that the ancients had only an imperfect knowledge of the true God, and that these gods were overthrown when Christ came into the world. He shall believe in the letter of the Old and New Testaments, and I shall nurture in him, from his infancy, a firm faith in all that I have lost, or feel uncertain about. He shall learn to perceive and to observe, and thus grow familiar with Nature, and nourish his imagination." Vol. ii. pp. 101, 102.

On Niebuhr's return to Germany, he established his abode in Bonn, though, as a member of the Prussian Council of State, he was obliged to spend a portion of the time at Berlin. He became a professor in the University of Bonn, and delivered several courses of lectures on the History and Antiquities of Greece and Rome, and on Ancient Geography and Ethnography. He now addressed himself to the completion of his great work. He rewrote his first and second volumes, with very numerous additions and modifications, and so far prepared the third volume for the press, that it needed only careful editorial supervision to make it all that it would have been, had he survived till its publication. The following extract from the Memoir describes his style and manner as a lecturer, and presents an interesting picture of his home life.

"At Berlin, Niebuhr delivered his lectures verbatim from written

notes. At Bonn, on the contrary, his only preparation consisted in meditating for a short time on the subject of his lecture, and referring to authorities for their data when he found it necessary, and he brought no written notes with him to the lecture-room. His success in imparting his ideas varied greatly at different times, as it depended almost entirely on his mental and physical condition at the moment. He always felt a certain difficulty in expressing himself. He grasped his subject as a whole, and it was not easy to him to retrace the steps by which he had arrived at his results. Hence his style was harsh and often disjointed; and yet he possessed a species of eloquence whose value is of a high order — that of making the expression the exact reflection of the thought — that of embodying each separate idea in an adequate but not redundant form. The discourse was no dry impersonal statement of facts and arguments, or even opinions; the whole man, with his conceptions, feelings, moral sentiments, nay passions too, was mirrored forth in it. Hence Niebuhr not merely informed and stimulated the minds of his hearers, but attracted their affections. That he did this in an eminent degree, was not indeed owing to his lectures alone, but also to his kind and generous conduct. All who deserved it were sure of his sympathy and assistance, whether oppressed by intellectual difficulties, or pecuniary cares. During the first year he delivered his lectures gratis; afterward, on its being represented to him that this would be injurious to other professors, who could not afford to do the same, he consented to take fees, but employed them in assisting poor scholars and founding prizes. He often, however, still remitted the fee privately, when he perceived that a young man could not well afford it, and never took any from friends.

"But those who were admitted to his domestic circle were the class most deeply indebted to him. His interest in all subjects of scientific or moral importance was always lively; and it was impossible to be in his company without deriving some accession of knowledge and incentive to good. From his associates he only required a warm and pure heart, and a sincere love of knowledge, with a freedom from affectation or arrogance. Where he found these, he willingly adapted himself to the wants and capacities of his companions; would receive objections mildly, and take pains to answer them even when urged by mere youths, and weigh carefully every new idea presented to him. He was fond of society, and while his great irritability not seldom gave rise to misunderstandings and contemporary estrangement in the circle of his acquaintance, there were some friends with whom he always remained on terms of unbroken intimacy; among whom may be named Professors Brandis, Arndt, Nitzsch, Bleek, Näke, Welker, and Hollweg.

He enjoyed wit in others, and in his lighter moods racy and pointed sayings escaped him not unfrequently.

"His intercourse was not confined to the literary circles. In all the civil affairs of the town and neighborhood, he took an active interest from principle as well as inclination, for he considered a man as no good citizen who refused to take his share of the public business of the neighborhood in which he lived. The loss which left so great a blank in the world of letters, was also deeply regretted by his fellow-townsmen of Bonn.

"Niebuhr's mode of life at Bonn was very regular, and his habits simple. He hated show and unnecessary luxury in domestic life. He loved art in her proper place, but could not bear to see her degraded into the mere minister of outward ease. His life in his own family showed the erroneousness of the assertion that a thorough devotion to learning is inconsistent with the claims of family affection. He liked to hear of all the little household occurrences, and his sympathy was as ready for the little sorrows of his children as for the misfortunes of a nation. He was in the habit of rising at seven in the morning, and retiring at eleven. At the simple one o'clock dinner, he generally conversed cheerfully upon the contents of the newspapers which he had just looked through. The conversation was usually continued during the walk which he took immediately afterward. The building of a house, or the planting of a garden had always an attraction for him: and he used to watch the measuring of a wall, or the breaking open of an entrance, with the same species of interest with which he observed the development of a political organization. They drank tea at eight o'clock, when any of his acquaintance was always welcome. But during the hours spent in his library, his whole being was absorbed in his studies, and hence he got through an immense amount of work in an incredibly short time." Vol. ii. pp. 318 – 320.

In 1830, Niebuhr's house was destroyed by fire, and many of his papers and letters were irrecoverably lost, — among them, the greater part of his correspondence with his father. Though he bore this misfortune with cheerfulness, it undoubtedly gave his nervous system a severe shock, and may have contributed to hasten his dissolution. We give the narrative of the closing scenes from the Memoir. The double quotation marks designate the hand of Professor Classen, his intimate friend, and the tutor of his son Marcus.

"'The last political occurrence in which Niebuhr was strongly interested was the trial of the ministers of Charles the Tenth; it was indirectly the cause of his death. He read the reports in the French

journals with eager attention; and as these newspapers were much in request at that time, from the universal interest felt in their contents, he did not in general go to the public reading-rooms, where he was accustomed to see the papers daily, until the evening. On Christmas eve and the following day, he was in better health and spirits than for a long time; but on the evening of the 25th of December, he spent a long time waiting and reading in the hot news-room, without taking off his thick fur cloak, and then returned home through the bitter frosty night air, heated in mind and body. Still full of the impression made on him by the papers, he went straight to Classen's room, and exclaimed, "That is true eloquence! You must read Sauzet's speech; he alone declares the true state of the case; that this is no question of law, but an open battle between hostile powers! Sauzet must be no common man! But," he added immediately, "I have taken a severe chill, I must go to bed." And from the couch which he then sought, he never rose again, except for one hour, two days afterward, when he was forced to return to it quickly, with warning symptoms of his approaching end.

"'His illness lasted a week, and was pronounced, on the fourth day, to be a decided attack of inflammation on the lungs. His hopes sank at first, but rose with his increasing danger and weakness; even on the morning of the last day, he said, "I can still recover." Two days before, his faithful wife, who had exerted herself beyond her strength in nursing him, fell ill and was obliged to leave him. He then turned his face to the wall, and exclaimed, with the most painful presentiment, "Hapless house! To lose father and mother at once!" And to the children he said, "Pray to God, children! He alone can help us!" And his attendants saw that he himself was seeking comfort and strength in silent prayer. But when his hopes of life revived, his active and powerful mind soon demanded its wonted occupation. The studies that had been dearest to him through life, remained so in death; his love to them was proved to be pure and genuine, by its unwavering perseverance to the last. While he was on his sick-bed, Classen read aloud to him for hours the Greek text of the Jewish History of Josephus, and he followed the sense with such ease and attention, that he suggested several emendations in the text at the moment; this may be called an unimportant circumstance, but it always appeared to us one of the most wonderful proofs of his mental powers. The last scientific work in which he was able to testify his interest, was the description of Rome by Bunsen and his friends, which had just been sent to him; the preface to the first volume was read aloud to him, and called forth expressions of pleasure and approbation. He also asked for light reading to pass the time, but our attempts to satisfy him

were unsuccessful. A friend proposed the "Briefe eines Verstorbenen," which was then making a sensation; but he declined it, saying he feared that its levity would jar upon his feelings. One of Cooper's novels was recommended to him, and aroused his ridicule by its extraordinary verbiage: he was much amused by an experiment which he proposed, and which consisted in taking one sentence at hap-hazard on each page, — a mode of reading which did little violence to the connection of the story. The "Kolnische Zeitung" was read aloud to him up to the last day, with extracts from the French and other journals. He asked for them expressly, only twelve hours before his death, and gave his opinion, half in jest, about the change of ministry in Paris. But on the afternoon of the 1st of January, 1831, he sank into a dreamy slumber; once, on awakening, he said that pleasant images floated before him in sleep; now and then, he spoke French in his dreams, probably he felt himself in the presence of his departed friend De Serre. As the night gathered, consciousness gradually disappeared, he woke up once more about midnight, when the last remedy was administered; he recognized in it a medicine of doubtful operation, never resorted to but in extreme cases, and said in a faint voice, "What essential substance is this? Am I so far gone?" These were his last words; he sank back on his pillow, and within an hour his noble heart had ceased to beat.

"'Niebuhr's wife died nine days after him, on the 11th of the same month, about the same hour of the night. She died, in fact, of a broken heart, though her disease was, like his, an inflammation of the chest. She could shed no tears, though she longed for them, and prayed God to send them; once her eyes grew moist, when his picture was brought to her, at her own request, but they dried again, and her heavy heart was not relieved. She had her children often with her, particularly her son, and gave them her parting counsels. And so her loving and pure soul went home to God. Both rest in one grave, over which the present King of Prussia has erected a monument to the memory of his former instructor and counsellor. The children were placed under the care of Madame Hensler, at Kiel.'" Vol. ii. pp. 329 – 332.

As a historian, Niebuhr occupies a solitary eminence. He can be hardly called the founder of a new school; for, though Arnold and others have reproduced the results of his criticism in more artistical (we use this word solely in its rhetorical acceptation) and in more popular forms, hardly one man in a century is qualified to apply his method *de novo* to a remote, involved, or serio-fabulous section of human history. It is like

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the cæstus of Entellus, which no other could wield without foolhardiness. We doubt whether any other writer of history ever came to his work from the same direction, or occupied, with regard to it, the same point of view with Niebuhr. He approached his field of labor from an eminence which seemed to overlook the entire realm of things cognizable. He had no peculiar familiarity with the annals and fortunes of Rome; it would be difficult to say with what age or nation he was not equally conversant. His choice of this subject was seemingly accidental. He was strongly urged by his friends to deliver a course of lectures before the University. On the 31st of August, he was in much perplexity in determining what to lecture upon. On the 1st of September, he arrived at a decision; the University term began on the 29th of the same month; he commenced, early in the term, the delivery of two lectures a week; and, before the close of the winter, it was known throughout the learned world that he had recreated a history, the materials of which were within every one's reach, in which it might have been not unfairly imagined that the time for discovery or for essential modifications in the received version of facts had long gone by. But had his choice fallen on Egypt or Assyria, Persia or Greece, the Dark Ages of the European nations, or the still darker of the aboriginal North Americans, his preparation would not have occupied a longer time, or have been attended with less startling or satisfactory results.

Very different is the usual course of a historical writer. He selects his subject while it is still, in its entireness, far above his grasp, and by years of incessant and concentrated toil, gradually ascends towards the comprehension of it, and deems himself prepared to write. But the process of preparation has deranged his mental perspective, magnified beyond all rational limits the peculiar field of his inquiry, and made all other countries or ages dwindle into comparative nothingness. That one country is, in his eye, the centre of the universe; or that one age, the era for which its whole past had been a preparation day, and on which the fortunes of its whole future turn. A historian, thus furnished, may indeed narrate facts in a more graceful form than that in which he read them, may

be eloquent in eulogy or in invective, may excel his predecessors on the same ground in accuracy, conciseness, elegance, or vigor of style; but it is beyond his power to describe events in their causes, relations, and issues, or to depict the true place and office of a nation or an age with reference to the human *cosmos* or the entire course of its history. To Niebuhr, on the other hand, Rome was Rome, and nothing more. It filled, on his mental retina, no larger a proportional space than it occupied in the actual world of antiquity. He could recognize its small beginnings, its slow, and often impeded or retroverted, progress, the greatness of its rivals, the prowess of its enemies, the non-heroic aspects of its doings and endurings.

Yet more; there are two kinds of history, covering the same ground, with no ostensible difference. The one simply compiles its narratives from the authorities nearest the times or in the highest repute; the other calls in the aid of anthropology in all cases of silent or conflicting authority,—determines what was from the knowledge of what must have been. The characteristics of universal human nature, the idiosyncrasies of races, the effects of soil and climate upon man, the observed relations of cause and effect in political economy, the established laws of finance, the unvarying results of experience,—all these are reliable elements in historical reasoning, and may not only settle points of fact where authorities clash, but may even authorize renderings of facts in opposition to any possible array of testimony, unless it be that of eye or ear-witnesses. Especially do these considerations have preponderant weight with reference to ages that have left no written record of themselves; for it is immeasurably more probable that tradition should have been corrupted in its channels of oral transmission, than that the well-ascertained laws of causation of human conduct, or of Providential administration, should at any time have been set aside. Now, it was precisely these criteria of historical truth that Niebuhr was eminently fitted to apply. His life, as a statesman and financier, his extended intercourse with all descriptions of men, his intense interest in the great military and political movements of his own times, effected much toward enabling him to unravel the intricacies and to reconcile the discrepancies of early Roman traditions,

and thus to trace the growth and successive modifications, and to reconstruct the fabric, of the Roman constitution.

Niebuhr has been popularly represented as the coryphæus of historical sceptism. Nothing could be further from the truth. So far from setting aside traditions, it was his prime endeavor to account for them, and to disinter the germs of fact from which they sprang. A large portion of the events recorded in Roman history took place before the birth-time of the earliest historians whose works are extant. The writers, therefore, are valid witnesses, not of facts, but of the current belief, actual or ostensible, of the men of their own times. Actual or ostensible, we say; for, even in modern nations, (and this must have been much oftener the case in ancient times,) there are certain historical fictions adapted to cherish national vanity, exaggerations or extenuations, heroic versions of unheroic incidents, glorified portraits of the meanly or the wickedly great, which are known to be false, but written about as if they were true, and employed as counterpoises to similar historical fictions of rival nations. Thus every people, even the youngest, (our own New England, our republic which has not celebrated its first centennial, constitutes no exception to this statement,) has its heroic age, with its fables and its heightened coloring, — its ancestral images, which no iconoclast is bold enough to dash from their pedestals. Now, in ages that wrote little or no history, and before the canons of historical criticism were applied, or its necessity was recognized, there must needs have been much more room than at subsequent periods, both for the ignorant and the conventional distortion of facts. But tradition has its conditions and laws of development, both general and local. Oral transmission for a series of generations has certain inevitable tendencies. These tendencies are modified by the genius, the environments, and the fortunes of every individual people. Niebuhr's question, then, was: What effect must the admitted character, and the undoubted relations and experiences, of the Roman people have had upon their traditions? What constant formula, what variable coefficients will express the degree and the direction of increment and of change, which facts must have undergone between the age of Romulus, of Numa, of the

Tarquins, of the early commonwealth, and that of the earliest historians extant? That formula, those coefficients, applied to the reduction of history, as it was written, must give us facts as they actually occurred. This, in brief, was Niebuhr's method, and his fame as a historian rests on its rigid, impartial, unsparing, scientific application.

The volumes under review bring to light numerous facts illustrative of Niebuhr's infallible foresight in the prognosis of events, which are adapted to conciliate confidence in his retrospective judgments. Nature endowed him with a power, which it seems hardly sacrilegious to term historical divination. Wonderful stories are related of the manifestations of this faculty in his early boyhood.

"It is said that when the war with Turkey broke out in the year 1787, it so strongly excited the child's mind, that he not only talked of it in his sleep at night, but fancied himself in his dreams reading the newspapers and repeating the intelligence they contained about the war; and his ideas on these subjects were so well arranged, and founded on so accurate a knowledge of the country and the situation of the towns, that the realization of his nightly anticipations generally appeared in the journals a short time afterward. Of course, this is not to be regarded as indicating a miraculous gift of prophecy in the boy, but only as showing with what distinctness all that he heard transferred itself to his imagination, and how capable his understanding was of combining the ideas he had received in their true relation to each other. Partly through his father's narratives, partly through his own geographical studies, those regions were as familiar to him as his native province. He had studied the nations inhabiting them, and their mode of warfare, in history and the accounts of travellers, and had taken great pains to gain accurate conceptions of the character and conduct of the various commanders in the war, from the journals and other sources of information. There are still extant some letters which he wrote at this time to his uncle Eckhardt, containing the grounds and proofs of his predictions.

"This faculty of divination exhibited itself again during the early part of the French Revolution; when, in several instances, he not only anticipated the course of events with reference to the progress of the war, but also the direction which popular movements would take, the plans and objects of the revolutionary leaders, and the results of the measures adopted by the various parties, with so much correctness and precision as to excite the astonishment even of the eminent states-

man Count P. A. Bernstorff, that such a mere youth should have so just and acute an appreciation of men and events. With equal correctness and certainty did he guess the plans of the commanders during the war, from the marches and position of the armies, in which his exact and detailed geographical knowledge served as a guide to his judgment. He retained this faculty to a considerable extent during the whole of his life, but he possessed it in a higher degree in his earlier years, when he could concentrate the whole power of his mind on impressions of this kind. Vol. i. pp. 15, 16.

Though one of the most modest of men, he professes, in repeated instances, in his correspondence, with regard to future events, "that unshakable conviction which results from the immediate intuition of the truth." In 1820, he writes, "All comes to pass just as I had long ago foreseen and foretold, and all that I now foresee will also come to pass;" and again, in 1823, referring to a long and complicated series of transactions, "events in Spain are turning out, step for step, just as I expected;"—"I have foreseen all this." In one of his letters, he goes so far as to say, that not an important political event had taken place from his childhood, otherwise than as he had anticipated.

Perhaps this description of political foresight is not so rare as it seems, or need not be so rare as it is. So easy is it for us, in numerous instances, to see why events, which we had not expected, could not have failed to take place, as to authorize the belief that our ignorance of the future results less from the lack of the elements necessary for calculation, than from a discolored or perturbed medium of vision. Certain it is, that, where there is room for mistake, professed politicians are proverbially liable to be mistaken, and none are more frequently at fault in their vaticinations than those whose place is at the very centre of affairs. On the other hand, retired and unworldly men, who seem to take very slight cognizance of public concerns, and are the very last persons to whom one would resort for the horoscope of the political future, have been often known to utter predictions, which, deemed at the time absurd and baseless, have proved themselves literally and circumstantially true. We well remember, on the appearance of Dr. Channing's Letter to Henry Clay, in 1837, the indignation

expressed in many quarters, and the almost universal regret among his friends, that he should have exposed the soundness of his intellect to suspicion, by predicting a series of transactions and events of which politicians, of all parties, declared that there was not the remotest possibility. But that letter may now be read, with the tenses changed, as history, and would hardly need a qualifying clause. In point of fact, it is a position aside from the arena of selfish rivalry and ambition that enables one to discern in the present the undeveloped germs of the future. Niebuhr, indeed, can hardly be said to have stood aside, but gained even a clearer point of view by rising above, the arena. He was a statesman from his love of political science, and his patriotic devotion to the well-being of Germany; but he had neither selfish nor party ends to serve in his official stations. He never sought office, never merged his own independence in the collective judgment of his colleagues, never failed, in case of his dissent from measures for which he might seem partially accountable, to put on record his own, often his solitary, negative or protest, with the reasons for it. It is an insult to his memory to term him a politician, in the hackneyed sense of that term; nor can we conceive of his intellectual vision as ever having been befogged or distorted by the ophthalmic miasma that is wont to infect the purlieus of courts.

The occasional existence of a prophetic faculty, thus founded on the laws of human nature, and the deductions of experience, suggests hints, which it would be out of place for us to develop here, toward the approximate solution of the most complex of all problems. It was not alone concerning material results, but equally concerning the voluntary acts of free agents, that Niebuhr hazarded his confident and successful predictions. The persons might have acted otherwise than they did; yet, with his knowledge of their characters and of the motives brought to bear upon them, he could foresee, with certainty, how they were going to act. Must not similar elements of calculation exist with reference to the common acts of private men, so that a being who could fully understand their characters and appreciate their motives, might always foreknow their moral decisions, though they all the

while were conscious of perfect freedom? May there not, then, be a necessity perfectly consistent with freedom, — a fixedness in the moral order of the universe appertaining to events that are contingent so far as the consciousness of the actors is concerned? And is it not in this direction that we are to look for the coincidence between human free agency and the divine prescience? Let it not be deemed irreverent that we should thus seek, from the phenomena of human experience, to illustrate the attributes of the Infinite Creator. Our conceptions of him must necessarily be cast in moulds furnished by our consciousness as men; it is under figures derived from the conditions and relations of men that he has revealed himself in the Scriptures; and it is in a human form that he has manifested himself to the world, and offered himself to the faith and worship of mankind.

To return to Niebuhr, it was not alone in Roman history that he won even distinguished fame among the learned men of the Continent. There was hardly a department of archæology to which he did not render essential service. The multitude of his essays, translations, editions of obscure texts from the collation of manuscripts, restorations of palimpsests, and contributions to the literary labors of his friends, was incredibly great. At the same time, he maintained an extensive correspondence with *savans*, not in Germany alone, but in France and England. In travelling, he paused to inspect every library on his route, and seldom failed to collect valuable materials for some work of his own in hand, or in aid of some enterprise in progress under the auspices of others.

At the same time, he was undoubtedly the most accomplished financier in Europe. His financial services, under the Danish government, were of the most arduous and responsible character, and were executed with equal comprehensiveness of plan and minuteness of detail. In Prussia, he found an exhausted exchequer, dilapidated resources, and an impending national bankruptcy; and it was mainly through his administrative energy that the credit of the government was restored, its revenue system reorganized, its currency regulated, and its pecuniary relations established on a safe basis. With the financial system and transactions of Great Britain he was as

familiar as the British ministry; and not infrequently predicted the revenues of a year, foretold deficits, exposed erroneous estimates, as they were laid before parliament, and indicated a much more accurate acquaintance with the contents of the ministerial budget than was possessed by its authors.

In his political theories, he occupied the just mean between radicalism and conservatism. He was enamored with the British constitution, and was solicitous for the introduction of the representative system so fast and so far as nations were prepared to exercise their franchise with intelligence and freedom. But he abhorred revolutionary doctrines and measures. He had no faith in written constitutions or in merely external reforms; but believed that institutions would quietly and gradually adapt themselves to the capacities and just demands of the people. The following passage will show how little he hoped from merely formal changes in the state.

"Our disease is far too deeply seated to be removed by mere changes in the constitution; for, from no change made in these times, and by the men of this generation, can we venture to hope for that legislation, which might bring us into a healthful and progressive condition, by transforming our habits and our entire social circumstances. What we want, is as certain and clear to me as my own existence, and to a great extent I could express it, but it were to talk to the winds, and I do not choose to be dragged through the mire to no purpose. 'They have Moses and the Prophets, and hear them not.' Were I in power, I would act, and with vigor, in God's name, even if it brought danger to myself." Vol. ii. p. 393.

In close connection with this paragraph, we find the recognition of a system analogous to that of our little New England municipalities, each with its separate corps of officials, as the best possible plan for the education of citizens for the enjoyment of political freedom on a more extended scale.

"Constitutional forms are of no use among an enervated or foolish nation. What avails the choice of representatives, when there are no men fit to represent the people? Is it answered, 'Let them learn by practice;' that is, indeed, to sport with the gravest matters. I say; give them free communal institutions, and let them, in the first instance, learn by practice within a sphere with which they are

acquainted. Believe me (but that *you* know already,) I know how to prize a free constitution, and am certainly better acquainted than most with its meaning and worth; but, of all things, the first and most essential is, that a nation should be manly, unselfish, and honorable. If it is that, free laws will grow up of themselves by degrees." Vol. ii. p. 395.

Nearly allied to these ideas was his preference of physical amelioration, for the depressed classes, to the institution of exclusively intellectual and moral measures, for their elevation, which can have little success while their penury and misery remain unabated, but which will be the inevitable consequence of their material prosperity. The following may seem an extreme statement of the case; but is well worthy the careful regard of every friend to humanity.

"If you consider the charge of the physical well-being of the helpless an undignified employment,* I think you are mistaken; and that you attach too much importance altogether to the intellectual part of our nature in the mass of mankind. I believe that on that subject we have a totally false view, in these days, and though I do not think it can mislead you, I should prefer seeing you openly espouse a contrary view, as I do myself on the firmest conviction. Do you not agree with me, that the so-called education which we claim as indispensable for the people, whether it be of a high cast, and consisting of numerous branches of knowledge and modes of applying the understanding and talents, or restricted to the first rudiments, is only valuable in so far as it is a true approximation to that free spiritual life, where the soul dwells in a world of ideas and notions, in which the world of sense is transmuted, and on which it becomes dependent? That it is, therefore, absolutely worthless — indeed, rather injurious — when it disturbs a man destined to every-day life, in his truthful, instinctive mode of perception and action within his own sphere, and only gives him in return notions taken at second-hand, and torn out of their natural connection? And yet that this is unavoidable with all teaching and cultivation which does not go very deep? That, for instance, writing and reading, except for the purposes of business, are to the mass of the people superfluous even as a discipline for the memory, and a dangerous gift when they are used completely at random, as the common people use them, so that they acquire only a multitude of

* "He is here referring to a wish he had expressed, to see Madame Hensler at the head of one of the great charitable institutions of Holland."

distorted notions; because, by this means, the common man is deprived of the truth his senses teach him, which nature has given him for his guidance, and becomes familiarized with another and distorted truth, which takes no firm hold on his mind, and yet robs him of the power of judging for himself? But if it be a moral rather than an intellectual culture which you ask for, this can scarcely be effected with a multitude of orphan children taken in the mass, except by selecting individuals, and by keeping those who are only fit for the usual avocations of their class as simple as possible. And I need not ask you whether this simplicity, which preserves the outlines of good and evil in human nature clear and distinct, even though it cannot choke the evil, be not better than the confused ideas of morality prevailing among the higher classes, which cannot really elevate and make them free, and over which at last a varnish is spread. But it appears to me that pure, uncultivated nature cannot dispense with the satisfaction of all her simple requirements, and that this satisfaction is the best security for the morals of the many, as its want is usually the main source of their degeneracy, except in those who seem utterly bad by nature. A highly cultivated man may dispense with many things voluntarily, because he lives in another world. Thus the charge of physical well-being appears to me as interesting in the cause of morality, as it is in that of humanity; while, on the contrary, it is a characteristic of our age, that, amidst the ever-increasing misery of the lower classes, we are so earnestly busied in establishing schools for them; not to speak of the absurdity of the popular works which we put into their hands." Vol. i. pp. 246 – 248.

Niebuhr's moral nature impresses us with even higher admiration than his genius and his learning. We look through his correspondence in vain for the traces of an ungenerous sentiment. The reputation, the fame, of others was as sacred as his own, in his regard. He seemed more earnest to bestow merited commendation than solicitous to receive it. His vast intellectual resources were freely lavished in aid alike of great literary enterprises, from which he could derive neither credit nor emolument, and of students at the very threshold of their career. He was seldom engaged in controversy; but in these few instances, his conduct toward his opponents was marked by the utmost candor, fairness, and magnanimity. Misrepresentation and detraction he bore with the meekness of conscious strength and rectitude. He unit-

ed humility with a just self-appreciation; and knew how to assume always his own due place, to utter his convictions, and to maintain his rights, without vanity, arrogance, or encroachment. His pecuniary liberality was only and hardly limited by his means. He was profusely charitable. To the sufferers by invasion and pillage, his purse was constantly open; and he denied himself luxuries, and even books, that he might minister to their necessities. In one of his letters, he writes, "During this vacation, I have been reviewing all kinds of books, not without reference to the circumstances of the times. But I have another object, namely, to earn some money for a friend who wants it." In another letter, addressed to his wife, we find the following, which may be taken as a fair *exposé* of his conduct through life, as to his pecuniary concerns.

" . . . . The pay for the attendance in the Council is so large that I do not use it all. It seemed to me dishonorable to take more than I wanted; but I am told it would be considered unbecoming to decline it. So I will apply the surplus to assist those who have suffered in Dithmarsh by the floods. You would, no doubt, approve of my doing so, if I could consult you. I will send the money to Dora, that she may see that it is divided so as to be a real benefit, not among too many.

"If our things have not been shipwrecked in the Texel, I shall buy some more plate; else, the money must go to replace what we have lost." Vol. ii. pp. 310, 311.

We have spoken, incidentally, of the depth of his domestic affections, and the openness of his hospitality. To his character as a husband, father, and friend, we must quote a large portion of these volumes, to do even partial justice. Not only was he pure, true, considerate, and faithful, in the discharge of all outward obligations; but there was in his affections a lofty spirituality, combined with a womanly tenderness, of which Klopstock's correspondence with his Meta furnishes almost the only parallel in modern literature. Irresistibly affecting are his life-long references to his first wife, as a spiritual presence, strengthening him for duty, cheering him in despondency, visiting him in the visions of

the night, and ministering, in every form of heavenly benediction, to his Gretchen and her children.

A character so harmoniously beautiful could hardly have been formed and sustained, except on the basis of a sincere and vital Christian faith. Duty with him was not merely truth to his own nature, but loyalty to its Author. Religious reverence seems to have been a constantly pervading and hallowing sentiment; nor, in his whole correspondence, is there the slightest mention of aught that could claim to be held sacred, except in terms that indicate, on his part, the very spirit of worship. He was a firm believer in historical Christianity, that is, in the Christ of the Evangelists, not in any Straussian effigy of straw, galvanized into life by the fancy of fanatical reformers. When we consider his unparalleled historical acumen, and the unsparing hand with which he manipulated classical tradition and fable, when also we take into the account his early tendencies to scepticism, we know not how to value sufficiently the testimony comprised in the following extract. It is in a letter written in 1812, a date which gives it a peculiar worth, as he had then attained the full maturity of his powers, had laid the foundation for his fame as an historical critic by his Berlin lectures, and had not yet experienced those sad domestic vicissitudes, in which he might have been suspected of resorting to religious faith as a refuge from disappointment and grief.

"Faith, properly so called, in a much wider sense than religious faith, it is either not given to every nature to possess, or the possibility of its taking root and flourishing may be annihilated by an inharmonious intellectual life. The soil may be fertile, but the climate ungenial. My intellect early took a sceptical direction. With my whole attention bent upon the real and the historical, eager to comprehend, and to get to the bottom of every thing, I let my thoughts follow the natural association of ideas, without endeavoring to guide them into any particular channel; and in this respect had neither, properly speaking, a truly creative imagination, nor any strong feeling of the need of something beyond the boundaries of experience to satisfy my heart; or perhaps I let both perish for want of nourishment. Altogether, it was very seldom that the consciousness of a thought vanished from my mind in the contemplation of its import and object. To this,

unquestionably my natural turn of mind, was added the influence of miserable religious instruction, and of the living study of classical antiquity. Thus, it was in riper years, and through the study of history, that I came back for the first time to the sacred books, which I read in a purely critical spirit, and with the purpose of studying their contents as the groundwork of one of the most remarkable phenomena in the history of the world. This was not a mood in which real faith could spring up, for it was that of the Protestantism of the present day. I needed no Wolfenbüttel Fragments * to discover the discrepancies of the Gospels, and the impossibility of even drawing the outlines of a tenable history of the life of Jesus by such criticism. In the Messianic allusions to the Old Testament, I could recognize no prophecies, and could explain all the passages adduced with perfect ease. But here, as in every historical subject, when I contemplated the immeasurable gulf between the narrative and the facts narrated, this disturbed me no further. He, whose earthly life and sorrows were depicted, had for me a perfectly real existence, and his whole history had the same reality, even if it were not related with literal exactness in any single point. Hence, also, the fundamental fact of miracles, which, according to my conviction, must be conceded, unless we adopt the not merely incomprehensible, but absurd hypothesis, that the Holiest was a deceiver, and his disciples either dupes or liars; and that deceivers had preached a holy religion, in which self-renunciation is every thing, and in which there is nothing tending toward the erection of a priestly rule — nothing that can be acceptable to vicious inclinations. As regards a miracle in the strictest sense, it really only requires an unprejudiced and penetrating study of nature, to see that those related are as far as possible from absurdity, and a comparison with legends, or the pretended miracles of other religions, to perceive by what a different spirit they are animated." Vol. i. pp. 338 – 340.

On this, as on many other topics, we should be glad to multiply our quotations, and had intended to make much more copious extracts, had not a cheap American republication appeared while these beautifully printed volumes have been in our hands. We would gladly have shown Niebuhr in his relations with his coevals in the world of letters, and especially with his juniors and *protégés*, who have since risen to eminence, such as Bunsen, Brandis, Lieber, and Classen.

* "The anonymous Fragments on the Discrepancies of the Gospel Narratives, edited by Lessing while head librarian at Wolfenbüttel. Lessing was long supposed to have written them himself, but after his death, clear proofs were found among his papers that they were from the pen of Reimarus."

Many of his literary criticisms, also, we should have been glad to place before our readers, had the work continued inaccessible to our public generally. We will confine ouselves, however, to a striking extract from a letter on Goethe, with which we close our imperfect sketch, satisfied if it shall have induced some few to make themselves familiar, at first hand, with the "Life and Letters."

"We are reading Wilhelm Meister at present, as fast as my want of practice in reading aloud will permit. I had never before been able to take any pleasure in this book, and was curious to see if it would be different now, as in middle age we are less one-sided than in youth, and can enjoy relative and separate beauties, even when the whole does not make an agreeable or overpowering impression on us. But it is the same as ever with me. Our language possesses, probably, nothing more elaborate or more perfect in style (excepting Klopstock's 'Republic of Letters'); in clearness of outline and vividness of coloring, there is nothing to compare with it in our literature; it contains a multitude of acute remarks and magnificent passages; the situations are managed with extreme ingenuity, and all the parts are in admirable keeping; all this I can appreciate now better than formerly. But the unnaturalness of the plot, the violence with which what is beautifully sketched and executed in single groups is brought to bear upon the development, and the mysterious conduct of the whole, the impossibilities such a plot involves, and the thorough heartlessness, which even makes one linger with the greater interest by the utterly sensual personages, because they do show something akin to feeling; the villany or meanness of the heroes, whose portraits nevertheless often amuse us — all this still makes the book revolting to me, and I get disgusted with such a menagerie of tame cattle.

"Is it not your feeling, too, that few things leave a more painful impression than for a great spirit to bind its own wings, and seek to excel in the lower regions of art, while renouncing the higher? Goethe is the poet of human passion and human greatness, under all their manifestations, and as such he appears in his early poems. Probably, indeed, he might then have made himself master of the whole sphere, to the furthest limits of which he was often involuntarily borne on the wings of spontaneous inward impulse. He neglected to possess himself of this united realm, which, perhaps, no single intellect had ever ruled with so absolute a sway as might have been his, and the wild and fragmentary character of his youthful productions displeased even himself in his riper years. It was chiefly after he had

studied art, during his travels in Italy, that he strove after unity and completeness. His first attempts in this style, and his productions from 1786 to 1790, are quite unworthy of him. They simply display a thoroughly unpoetical, wearisome reality. But he wished to become a master in this style as well as in others, and to do so, he narrowed his mind. To me this is most melancholy. If you study his writings from this time forward, you find, in nearly all of them, a tameness which is quite unnatural to him. By degrees, there appears some re-awakening of his native and peculiar feelings, particularly with reference to his own inward life, at least in recollection; but the years gone by are lost, and, through them, those also which yet remain to him. I hope that he will find his youth restored by living through his history again in memory." Vol. i. pp. 333, 334.

ART. II.—*The Captains of the Old World, as compared with the great Modern Strategists; their Campaigns, Character, and Conduct, from the Persian to the Punic Wars.* By HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT. New York: Charles Scribner. 1851. 12mo. pp. 364.

IN this work, we have, once more visibly represented on the military stage, in arms as when they lived, those grand old warriors, whose heads are towering forever into that strongest light of Greek history, which is radiant for forty Olympiads, and illustrates, within that space, the most remarkable military achievements the world ever saw. These great names — Miltiades, Themistocles, Pausanias, Xenophon, Epaminondas, Alexander, and the rest, are very familiar; but we never grow tired of them, seeing that they are identified with our early enthusiasm for battle and liberty; and we are always "ready, aye ready," to follow that famous march from Athens to the sea-shore, with the ten thousand burghers and resident aliens, accompanied by the tears, prayers and vows of those congregated on the roofs and at the windows of houses and on the porches and steps of the temples; or to sit with Xerxes, on the promontory, and see the barbarian armament scattered and sunk, between sea-born Salamis and the shore; or to

assist at the killing of Mardonius, in the midst of his chosen horsemen, in the last vehement charge at Platæa. Mr. Herbert undertakes his task of illustrating the tactics of these famous generals of Greece, with all the military *essor* of a Greek, and a clear understanding of the ancient war strategy, as it has been recorded by the annalists. The trumpet has no "uncertain sound" for him; like the war-horse in Job, he rejoices in the thunder of the captains and the shouting. He writes in that new and truer philosophy of history, which has been systematically founded by Niebuhr, (who counts among his disciples Arnold, Thirlwall, Grote,) and which is irresistibly suggested by the fine romances of Sir Walter Scott, who has been followed in the spirit by Thierry, De Barante, Macaulay, and others. Our author has apparently caught some "Greek fire" from Grote; but he circumscribes his aim to the strategic portions of Greek history, such as embody and illustrate the details of ancient military discipline and armament, as set forth by Eschenberg, Potter, Anthon, and other archæologists. The reader will receive, from Mr. Herbert's pages, a clearer idea than he was in the habit of forming concerning the material of those comparatively small armies of conquering Greeks, (and Romans as well,) their mode of moving and striking in battle, and the disciplined causes of results which we read of with so much admiration. He will have a better comprehension of the famous phalanx, so formidable and yet so vulnerable, and will see plainly why it should have been victorious at Marathon, and broken up wildly at Leuctra and Mantinea.

The work before us professes to consider, particularly, as the basis of military disquisition, the crisis of the Persian invasion of Greece, for its great historic import in the progress of civilization. Mr. Herbert believes, that, along with this period or crisis, the Punic invasion of Italy under Hannibal, and the long irruptions of the Saracens into Europe, for seven hundred years, are also worthy of special illustration, in a military way. He thinks these were turning points and critical periods, on the chances of which depended the most opposite fortunes of human society, — supposing that the repulse of the Persians preserved Greece and Western Europe from

being orientalized; that the defeat at Zama "set the question at rest whether the dominion of the civilized world should belong to the Caucasian or the Semitic race; whether Greek arts and Latin arms should be the inheritance of Europe and America, or the corruption, idolatry, and cruelty of Canaanitish Carthage;" and that Charles Martel and Sobieski, in beating back the Turks, again preserved Europe — and this continent, of course — from the evils of Mohammedan ascendency.

This is a favorite view and line of argument with a great many; — a plausible enough doctrine, at the first glance. But it is an inconsiderate philosophy, after all, and rests on feeble supports. Those who sustain it act like the archer, Hubert, in Ivanhoe, and do not "allow for the wind," in aiming at the mark. They attempt to attach customary sequences to a set of altered premises. It is not to be supposed that, if the Persians overran Greece, the destinies of the latter and of Western Europe would therefore conform to those of Persia, for the future. The destinies of countries are not governed by such sudden and shallow chances as these. They flow in those deep channels of nationality which Nature has taken ages to hollow out. The great purposes of Providence in the progress of events are not to be so sported with, by the violent accidents of the world. The mighty river, flowing in its fixed direction to the sea into which it shall fall, may be broken, divided, and turned aside by opposing obstacles; but, ever following the law of its course, through turbulent windings or tortuous retrogression, it still trends on its predestined way. It is to be believed that the progress of mankind is under a steady law of divine development, though we cannot always very distinctly trace the evidences of it.

In forming a judgment concerning any of the great movements of nations, it should be remembered that Nature will control man himself, when he thinks to control the fate of his fellows. If the Persians had effected a footing in Greece, Nature would have turned them into Hellenes, before they could have transformed the Greeks into Orientals. In the climate of Greece, under influences which could bring forth the sternest hardihood of men, attempered by the finest and

healthiest attributes of intellect, the sunburnt and somewhat lazy sensuality of the Eastern regions would be worn away by degrees from the souls of the new inhabitants of Hellas, who would take another national impress from the genius of the soil and skies. It seems to be a law of nature, to which we remember no exception, that neither the South nor the East can prevail against the North and West. The recognized law of the original movements of the race seems to show, that the North and West impose change, rather than receive it. The Easterns, moving west and north, became Westerns and Boreans. The same rule, in fact, holds good the other way. No race, going from the north or west, in southerly or eastern directions, preserves its old features and character, against the slow-operating law of nature. The Scandinavians, Goths, and Lombards were ultimately lost in the Iberians and Italians, among whom they had migrated. If Darius had overcome the force of Greece, his son or his satrap would have found the difficulty of adapting Persian plans and Persian policy to the severely beautiful climate, and broken surface of sea-girt Hellas. The Western Asiatics would grow too hard for their perspiring kindred of the East, and a powerful rebellion would soon give rise to a Perso-Hellenic government, or several such, in Eastern Europe, which, in time, would lose all those features of Orientalism so inimical, apparently, to civilization, such as it has shown itself among the European families. The Mongolian Asiatics came south-westward into Europe, and swept it with the torch and the sword; but they soon took the hue and stamp of the new locality, and subsided into the Hungarians. The Turks could not orientalize Greece. The Eastern Saracens had possession of "a huge half-moon and monstrous cantle out" of Spain, for centuries. But they could not advance beyond the southern districts. The European genius seemed in some degree to change their character, making them fond of industry and quiet ways. The influences of hostility and persecution kept them, at the same time, Mohammedans. But they were destined to fail and vanish; the spirit of the age exorcised and drove them away. They departed just as European society, in its irrepressible move-

ments, was rescuing a new world from "the giant embrace of the deep." The Moors and that fact were incompatible on the soil of Europe. If Charles the Hammerer had been beaten at Tours, it would by no means have followed, as some persuade themselves, that France and the rest of Europe would have become Mohammedan, and that we, at this moment, would be wearing turbans, with a cross-legged Divan for a Congress, and Mollahs instead of our able editors. Islamism could never take root in the sharper and colder latitudes, any more than the citron and the olive. The more we consider these things, the more shall we admire the beautifully cosmopolite principles of Christianity.

It is not at all likely, therefore, that, even if the troops of Darius had overcome the Greeks, in the 74th Olympiad, or if the Gauls, Iberians, and Numidians had entered Rome in triumph behind Hannibal, or if the Orientals had overthrown the chieftainry of Spain, France, and the rest of Europe, in the eighth century, the civilization of the world would have been much, if any, behind its existing condition. It might have been different, in some respects; but, as regards the great issues of knowledge and human happiness, it would have come down nearly as it is, in general. The fate of the world, indeed, does not seem to hang upon these great deeds and catastrophes — these sporadic explosions of human energy. The progress of things is chiefly vindicated by facts that spring up and spread, without noise, often without certainty. Christianity — the mighty agency — came into the world, as the mustard seed grows, and the world was unaware of it; and Printing, (or Engraving,) and the Compass, offered themselves so quietly that civilization cannot exactly decide how or whence they came. The sword and the trumpet flashed and blazed, and great was the hubbub thereof; but this passed away, and nature reclaimed her order, proving that "there is no true foundation set in blood." No doubt, wars have been part of the great scheme of earthly things, and will still continue to be waged, and waged terribly. But they are not the chief means to the important results of the world; they work subordinately. It is not in the hurricane, the earthquake, or the fire, that change operates most

significantly and greatly; but in "the still, small" principles that grow and vegetate, as it were, in the thought of man, under the overruling law of God, working through the laws of nature.

We cannot, therefore, accept the philosophy offered in this work, as apparently imparting a dignity and interest to these familiar classic details. We prefer to take the themes themselves, simply — seeing that Mr. Herbert has treated them with much spirit, and tells the general reader what he could not learn so well from Goldsmith, Keightley, Gillies, Mitford, and the rest. The great campaign of Miltiades is well depicted. But we do not think he does that renowned soldier justice. Indeed, we have an idea, that, as respects the history of that old period, the author does not strictly observe the moral unities, being too much disposed to judge the men of the Olympiads according to the ideas of the nineteenth century. His estimate of Miltiades is harsh. The morality of that chieftain's day was not very high; and the military trade was never very consistent with the purer virtues; and, furthermore, it may be admitted that, as a *strategos* by profession, it was only to be expected that he should be fond of feints, ambages, and stratagems. The greedy and enterprising Athenians sent him, at his own request, with a large fleet, to gather plunder from their enemies. He accordingly assailed the traitorous Parians, who had assisted the Persians in the late war, and demanded a hundred talents out of their treasury. If he had succeeded in levying this *black-mail*, and bringing it home, he would have been welcome, "and no questions asked." But the Parians beat him off, and sent him wounded and empty-handed to the Piræus. He then received the treatment of Sir Walter Raleigh, after the unlucky expedition to the Spanish settlements. Miltiades was blamed for the attempt to fleece the Parians, condemned to pay the cost of the fleet, and as he could not do so, thrown into prison, where he died. The Athenians were not so scrupulous afterwards, in the time of their "stately Pericles," who, with the money of the Greek confederates, obtained for common purposes, raised their splendid civic edifices, gave them entertainments, and otherwise benefited them.

We copy, in part, our author's description of the battle

which has made the name of Miltiades immortal. After enumerating the various races who made up the motley and multitudinous array of the Persians, he proceeds as follows.

"To confront this army and armament of nations, Miltiades drew out his handful, his ten tribes of Attica, his brave Platæans, and, as light troops, the slaves — on that day, for the first time, trusted with arms in Attica. Steadily, but without delay, he formed his army, which he was compelled to extend, even to the weakening of his centre — where fought Themistokles and Aristides, with the tribes Leontis and Antiochis — in order to avoid being surrounded by the enemy, who overflanked him on both sides; to counteract which peril he had reinforced his wings with double files. Kallimachos, by virtue of his office, led the right wing; the brave Platæans held the next post of honor, in acknowledgment of their prompt rescue, on the left. His little band thus marshalled, the sacrifices proved propitious; and, in a few brief words, he spoke to them as soldiers should be spoken to. His words are not recorded, nor, were they, should I quote them; for it is well known that in ancient history the speeches introduced embody only the author's understanding of the leader's motives; but we may confidently feel how an Athenian must have spoken, when the sacred earth of his country was polluted by such a scum of all barbarous nations; when he was leading forth from the consecrated grove of Herakles; when he was almost under the eyes of Athene on the Acropolis. Nor could he have failed to point out to the sensuous and superstitious Greeks, that, within sight of the battle-field selected by the enemy himself, was the cave of the god Pan, a little higher up the plain, and his baths, and the scattered stones, goat-shaped, which had from immemorial time been known and honored as his flock — the god Pan, who had announced himself their sure ally, and promised them his succor.

"Then, without further pause, he gave the word, and contrary to all previous usage, led them at a run against the enemy, although the distance intervening was eight stadia, a little short of an English mile. The pace could not, of course, have been rapid; since it was absolutely necessary, to the very existence of the phalanx, that it should come in with all its large round shields close serried, and all its pike points in a row; neither could the men, after running a mile at speed, have been in breath to maintain a close struggle. The δρόμος of the Greeks, which is rendered run, was probably somewhat analogous to the French *pas de charge*, or our double quick

time, hurried undoubtedly, within the last few yards, to a headlong and overwhelming rush.

"The object of this movement was threefold; first to precipitate the Athenians into action as rapidly as possible, without giving them time to consider the numbers, or calculate the odds against them; second, to dismay and surprise the barbarians by attacking, instead of waiting to be attacked; lastly, to get hand-to-hand at the earliest, and to avoid the storm of javelins and arrows, which must have been shot and hurled into their ranks like hail; since they had neither horse to make a diversion in their favor, nor archery to cover their advance.

"Down they came, closing their ranks still as they rushed on, and quickening their pace at every stride, 'a long array of helmets bright, a long array of spears,' shouting their pæans, and hymning Enyalios, the war god — for to the Greeks, as to our Anglo-Norman race, the same shout was the charging cry of battle, and the cheer for victory — shouting their pæans, till the craggy heights of Brilessos sent back the prophetic clamor; and clashing their spear-heads against their shields of bronze, till the whole air was alive with the brazen clangor.

"The Persians saw them come, and joyously stood forth to meet them. For, as they saw them charging, as men never charged before, with flanks unguarded either by archery or horse, they believed that some madness, and most destructive madness too, had fallen upon the Greeks, and that the gods had given them into their hands. Thus thought the barbarians, and shot, and slung, and darted, and received them front to front, manfully.

"What Hippias, the renegado and ex-tyrant, thought, what felt, when he heard those pealing pæans, prophetical of triumph, and saw those serried shields come down abreast, with the bright spear points all advanced, in swift unbroken order, history has not told us, could not tell us; but he well knew what was that madness, which swelled the Attic war note.

"'When the Athenians broke down upon the barbarians, in close order,' says Herodotus, 'they fought worthily of mention. But a long time elapsed while they were engaged hand-to-hand.' There is no greater error than to fancy, because they were perpetually beaten by numbers so far inferior, that the Asiatics were pusillanimous or dastards. Inferior in physical strength to the Europeans, to the Greeks, trained athletes all, they were undoubtedly; and in arms, weapons, discipline, most hopelessly behind them. But, in all instances, they fought worthily of their ancient renown, even to striving

to break with their bare hands, or wrest from the grasp of the Greek Hoplitai, the formidable pikes, whose bristling lines they could not penetrate; and now, in the centre, where fought the Persians proper, and the Sacians, they actually forced back the weak lines of the attenuated phalanx, and drove them in confusion toward the upland, broken, but still resisting, and retreating with their faces to the foe. In the mean time, however, on both wings, where the files were doubled, the Attic charge had been irresistible; and, though the enemy fought well, falling where they stood, rank after rank, and giving way only when bodily borne down by the brunt of the unbroken spears, they were now routed utterly and fled toward the sea. Such a resistance only can account for the length of time consumed in an action, which was decided by one charge, without much subsequent manœuvring.

"Still at this moment, the battle, so far from being won, might, like Marengo by the Austrians, have been lost right easily by a single error. Had Miltiades chased with his wings, as was Rupert's wont, his centre would have been annihilated before his return; the barbarians would have renewed the battle on the following day; and, the Greeks disheartened, numbers would probably have carried it. But the Greek captain was too able so to err. Halting both wings simultaneously, and wheeling both inward, this to the spear, that to the shield, he closed them both into a compact body, in an inverse direction to that in which they fought before, with their backs now to the sea, and their faces to the mountains.

"One charge more full on the rear of the victorious Persian centre, Themistokles and Aristides rallying their men stoutly in their front, and the last enemy was broken; and, all but the after slaughter, the day won.

"The Persians fled, not to their camp — that they left with all its pomp and treasures, striking no blow to defend it — but to their ships, slaughtered mercilessly now, not by the phalanx only, but by the light-armed slaves, who butchered them at pleasure. About the ships, the fight again waxed hot and furious; and here it was a melée, each man fighting for himself, so that the Greeks had less advantage either of discipline or weapons. And here was slain the Polemarch Kallimachos, a man of great note on that day; and here, Stesileos, son of Thrasyleos, one of the ten generals; and here, with many other notable Athenians, Kynegeiros, son of Euphorion, but more remarkable as brother of the poet Aischylos, his arm lopped off with a battle-axe, as he grasped the stern-decoration of a Phœnician galley.

"The Greeks took seven triremes, and won gold and silver in heaps, and wealth, in plate and garments, unspeakable. But they won more than this — they won their liberty, and fame immortal, fame, even to this time unforgotten; that men who fight to-day for freedom,

"Still point to Greece, and turn to tread,
So sanctioned, on the tyrant's head."

pp. 87 – 91.

We think Themistocles also has been rather severely judged for the tortuousness and strategy of the means by which he attained his ends. If human greatness is to be estimated by the straight-forwardness and moral purity of men, more than by the force of will and passion, which effects remarkable things without much respect to scruples, we shall have few lofty specimens of humanity to look up to; we shall, perhaps, have to look down for them, in the more overlooked and common walks of life. Themistocles had to deal with the very impulsive, ill-informed Athenian people, attached to old ways and modes of warfare, and extremely distrustful of their officers and one another. He had to combat ignorance and prejudice, in his efforts to keep together the quarrelsome and ill-cemented states of Greece; and he resolved to sway by subtlety those whose obstinacy or stupidity he could not persuade. He begged a fool to strike him if he saw fit, but still to hear him out. The characters of the Greek generals, in fact, were necessarily modified by the characters of their governments. We therefore think our author does this Ulysses of the Persian war but scant justice in the following.

"All other politicians at this period, it would seem, considered that the danger of Oriental invasion was completely at an end — the courage of the Persians having, as they argued, been thoroughly broken, and their hopes of success permanently overthrown, by the check they had encountered from Miltiades. Not so Themistokles. He was by far too good a judge of human nature in general, and of the vainglorious, heaven-reaching ambition of the Persian kings in particular, to believe that the defeat of Marathon would have any other effect than to convert what had been, in the first instance, but a passing scheme of ambition and aggrandizement, into a settled purpose of hatred and revenge.

"It would not, however, have been Themistokles to stand forth

manfully and boldly on the turret-top, like the mariner, who, from the masthead, peers with eager eyes into the gathering gloom of the horizon, where his experienced eye can presage, and his alone, the brooding of the tempest that shall burst anon in wreck and devastation, and cry to all the city, 'Sleep no more! Gird up your loins, and belt your swords upon your thighs, and keep your watch-fires burning; for lo! in the hour that you think not, the Persian cometh.' No! had he been certain that his words would have found ears to hear him and hearts to leap at his warning, that course he would not have taken. To convince men to their good, seemed to his acute, subtle, and casuistical intellect, a poor, homely, and unscientific way of coming to his end. In order to be satisfactory to him, the result, whatever it was, at issue, must be gained by skill, by craft, by playing a deep artificial game. All men, whether friends or foes, must be tricked and cheated — his friends and countrymen cheated to their own good; his antagonists and enemies cheated to their ruin.

"And thus it was, throughout his whole career; he was perpetually playing games of political chess with whomsoever he came in contact; and it was his highest satisfaction, his most exquisite delight, when he could see them squirming and writhing impotently to avoid his imminent checkmate.

"Thus, he induced the impulsive and improvident populace to raise their navy to two hundred admirable triremes, which were the finest class of war-ships then in use, thoroughly manned, in the most effective state of equipment, and with crews in rigid discipline through constant practice. Nay! he even obtained a decree, setting aside the whole revenue of the silver mines on the promontory of Laurion for the expenses of the navy, and for the annual building of twenty new galleys. And all this, without one word concerning Asia, one hint of the danger approaching from Persia, Darios, or Xerxes. There was the crowning rapture! One can fancy, when the Persian actually came, and instead of empty dock-yards, an impoverished treasury, a navy to be hastily knocked together and manned with slaves and merchant sailors, the wily statesman found himself with the finest and best manned fleet on earth in his command, with ample supplies, and with all the sinews of war strung, and as it were case-hardened — one can fancy, not how he rejoiced with a noble and statesmanlike exultation — this is my doing; I it was who forewarned my people of this peril, when it was yet afar off and invisible, and they believed me, and lo! here we are prepared to beat the peril back — oh no! But how he grinned, and chuckled,

and crowed in the secret places of his cunning heart, that he had checkmated his rash and headstrong fellow-citizens — tricked them, sorely against their own will, to their own advantage.

"And so it was. And so he played many political chess-games in his life; and checkmated all who played against him. But, like all men of his stamp, he played one game too many, and checkmated himself at last. For when all was done, there was no man living who could cheat Themistokles, except Themistokles." pp. 103–105.

The Retreat of the Ten Thousand, under the scholarly Xenophon — as dexterous in telling his story, as in dodging his pursuers and obstructors, after that *filibustering* raid of the Greek mercenaries to the Euphrates — is agreeably traced by our author. He also does justice to the character of Epaminondas, who seems to have first adopted, or, at least, remarkably illustrated, the oblique mode of moving into battle, as contradistinguished from the bull-headed, Homeric fashion of rushing straightforward on the enemy. As a careful and courageous general, Epaminondas ranks with the best leaders of ancient times; and his victory at Leuctra, assisted by the fine charge of Pelopidas, as opportune and effective as Kellerman's at Marengo, was glorious in the demonstration that the Spartan phalanx was not unconquerable.

But Mr. Herbert does not seem to do justice to the young king of Macedon, whom he follows only as far as Arbela — summing up and dismissing the rest of his career with a severe brevity unfavorable to the pretensions of that commander. Alexander was, doubtless, the most splendid Captain of antiquity, — "the arm and burgonet" of fighting men; and we do not see why he should not be called the greatest. Our author holds him lightly, because he overran countries, shed blood like water, gained fruitless victories, was prone to anger and jealousy — deeming himself a god; showed foolhardy courage, and founded cities whose names are now forgotten. We repeat, if moral rules are to be applied to the lives of those the world will call great, their dimensions will be wonderfully reduced, and George Washington will have few to keep him company in the Valhalla of Heroes. But seeing that, as yet, the idea of human greatness is connected with

vast achievements performed, and much noise in the world, we must not be entirely guided, in estimating heroes, by the strict codes of utilitarianism and morals. The trade of a man of war is mainly in blood and tears; and the greater the hero, the greater the probability of suffering and bloodshed. The greatness we are, consistently, to consider here, is that of passion and of resolve—

> "That column of true majesty in man."

It has been too much the fashion to speak of "Macedonia's madman" after the fashion of his sententious and waspish namesake, Pope; and to agree that Alexander followed nothing in his career but his military frenzies. This is a thoughtless way of deciding the matter, into which people are led by the difficulty of tracing the conqueror's marches, at times, with certainty, by the falsehood that he died in a drunken debauch, and by the fact that fate

> "Had placed a barren sceptre in his gripe,
> Thence to be wrenched by an unlineal hand,
> No son of his succeeding;"—

that, in fact, his empire fell to pieces when he had drawn his last breath. But surely the latter consideration might very well lead people to form a truer estimate of Alexander's powerful character.

As long as military energy and the audacity of the human will shall be held in heroic esteem, Alexander of Macedon must be placed at the head of the world's children of the sword. His object was as legitimate and justifiable as that of any other great conqueror that ever lived; and his judgment, in all things, was of the clearest and most admirable order. The history of his astonishing military career proves this. At the age of twenty, on ascending a throne from which five of his seven immediate predecessors had been precipitated by assassination, he resolved to carry out the plans of Philip, and march against the Persian king, who, by his emissaries and bribes, was endeavoring to thwart the Macedonian in his effort to attain the supremacy of Greece, and who had suborned, as the young man believed, the murderers of his father. What stronger motives than these need

any kingly young soldier look for? There have been many weaker causes of world-shaking armaments.

The scheme of invading Persia did not originate in Alexander's mind. It was a long-meditated and cherished idea among the Greeks. Aristagoras, wishing to incite the ambition of the king of Sparta, told him, that, in the Persian city of Susa, there was treasure enough to enable him to vie with Jupiter himself in the amount of his riches. It was this national feeling, doubtless, which Aristotle, the tutor of young Alexander, embodied in the expressed opinion that, "if the valiant, energetic, free, and well-governed Greeks were united into one state, they could exercise dominion over all the barbarians." All these considerations urged the young king across the Hellespont. But, in the midst of his Persian plans, he stopped short for a domestic object. His first task was to punish the murderers of his father, and then to win over the jealous and bickering states of Greece, and induce them to submit to what they considered the semibarbarian suzerainty of Macedon. At the age of twenty, then, he began his difficult labors. Holding together, with a firm hand, the loose, federal form of government arranged by Philip, he went into the south of Hellas, and, by a judicious mixture of keen diplomacy and consummate generalship — by dexterity of address and the bloody promptness of the sword, either persuaded or fought the states, Sparta excepted, into adhesion, and an acknowledgment of himself as Captain-General of Greece against Persia. In all this, the discretion with which he accepted wise advisers, and listened to them, was more glorious, at his green years, than the Greek federation, kept obedient at the wafture of his sword.

At the age of twenty-one, he crossed the Hellespont into Asia, to subdue it. The annals of the world do not show another military phenomenon like this. Napoleon was twenty-seven when he marched to conquer Italy. It is a mistake to suppose there was any great desperation or Quixotism in Alexander's undertaking. He knew Asia Minor was full of Greek colonies, subdued for generations under the Persian satrapies, but not forgetful of their origin and former kin-

dred or alliance. Wherever he marched — through Phrygia, Lydia, Pamphylia, Caria, Lycia, Paphlagonia, Cappadocia, — the cities met him with gifts and submission, he, on his part, receiving them into alliance, promising them their more ancient forms of government, and for the rest, treating the whole country after the paternal fashion of a man who looked upon it as his own. In the mean time, storming the banks of the Granicus, and otherwise exhibiting his vehement soldiership, he assailed the Persian satraps everywhere. Thus pushing the Asiatic power before him, he burst, next year, through the Lyrian Gates, and fell upon Darius at Issus, where he overthrew the magnificent armament of the great king, and took prisoners his household gods — that is, his mother, wife, and daughters. Here it is to be observed, that the Persians were no effeminate military rabble, without spirit or discipline, whom it was no honor to beat. In all these Persian armies were thousands of Greek mercenaries, under their own leaders, of approved courage and skill. At Issus, a formidable force of about 30,000 Greeks fought, says Arrian, against the Macedonians. For, though the people of southern Greece did not dare openly to assail the supremacy of Alexander, even in his remote absence, they encouraged their soldiers to go as volunteers into Asia and fight against him, for pay, under Persian banners. This mercenary warfare was an old Greek custom, especially among the somewhat unprincipled and brutal prize-fighters of Sparta; but now, for cause of political animosity, it was more common than heretofore. Thus arduously were the victories of Alexander achieved; not alone against a preponderating multitude of Orientals, with their fierce and splendid cavalry, but against the bravery and firmness of the renowned Hoplitai themselves, drawn up in phalanx.

Mr. Herbert condemns the military conduct of Alexander, inasmuch as, after the battle of Issus, he did not march at once eastward into the heart of the Persian monarchy. But Alexander doubtless felt the danger of leaving the cities and seaports of Phœnicia, either independent or hostile, behind him. He therefore marched from the north-east, downward along the coast of the Mediterranean, took Sidon, Tyre,

(the fall of which resounded through the maritime world,) Gaza, and other places; and then, moving farther south, made himself unresisted master of Egypt. He then returned, and feeling secure as regarded the west, went boldly towards the east.

Crossing Mesopotamia and fording the Tigris, he entered Assyria, where, on a level space of desert, affording room enough for the operations of a numerous cavalry, Darius had gathered the *arrière-ban* of his wide empire, to check the progress of the fiery Greek. Alexander, who always began his operations by leading an oblique horse onset from his own right, broke in upon the Immortals who fought around Darius, and, putting the latter to flight, broke the whole Persian battle. Our author objects that Alexander's courage was foolhardy. But it was the great element of all his victories; and was, moreover, governed by the coolest and soundest judgment. He knew that the vehemence of that sidelong charge of his Companions or peers, was to be the necessary counterpoise of the numerical balance against him; and sought victory with a fierce and well-reasoned impetuosity. He fought like a trooper, that he might have a chance of reigning like an Asian king. Danton's charm of success, "*l'audace, l'audace, l'audace*," was never more triumphantly relied on and vindicated. It should, however, be remembered, that a great deal of what is termed foolhardiness is doubtless due to the exaggerations of the annalists.

Alexander entered victorious into Babylon, at the age of twenty-five. Here "the prudent young Emir" adored Jupiter Belus, as he did the gods of every country he visited — not excepting Judea, where, by the side of Jaddeus, he had bent his head before the God of Israel. Having conciliated the Babylonians, by his care in providing for the building of the Temple of Belus, he proceeded to Susa. Here he found the bronze statues of Harmodius and Aristogeiton, carried away from Athens, about a century before, by Xerxes, whose "Conquest of Greece," (saying nothing of the *checks* at Thermopylæ and Salamis,) was doubtless to be found at Susa, too, in arrowhead manuscript. If Xerxes had known these two bronzes represented a pair of regicides, he would

not have brought them so far, probably. They were sent back to Athens by Alexander; who then passed to Persepolis, where the Persian palace and many public buildings, alluded to in Dryden's immortal lyric, were set on fire, in a spirit of revenge, it is said, for the burning of Athens by the great king. Thence Alexander proceeded through Ecbatana, now Ispahan, to the Caspian Gates, where he found the dead body of Darius, who had been killed by the satrap Bessus and others, and left behind in their retreat. In Hyrcania, the perils of savage warfare were aggravated by those of household conspiracy. Alexander discovered a deep and dangerous plot against his life, conducted by Philotas, son of his greatest general, Parmenio. Philotas was condemned to die by a council of Macedonians, and his father, being implicated in the conspiracy, was put to death at Ecbatana, by the officers of the king. The latter now passed on, fighting and skirmishing, crossing rivers and besieging fortresses, through Bactria, Sogdiana, and the country of the nomade Scythians. He spent about two years in these regions, where he founded eight cities, and was forced to put to death several Greek youths, and the philosopher Callisthenes, who were weary of northern Asia and the war, and had formed one more conspiracy to destroy Alexander.

In his twenty-ninth year, the king marched into India. Having crossed the Indus, he led his army to the Hydaspes, now the Chelum, and there met the stately and high-hearted Porus, the ancestor probably, occupying the ground at least, of those Punjaub "Lions" who lately measured scymetars so courageously with the red-coat soldiers and Spahis of Hardinge, Keane, and Gough. Having beaten the "Singhs" of Porus, and, with a better soldiership, won the friendship of that chief, Alexander, still mindful of something more than war, built two cities on the banks of the Chelum, one of them named Bucephala, after his old war-horse, who had just died of old age. When the troops of Alexander had conquered the Punjaub, or country of the Five Rivers, (the Indus, the Hyphasis, or Sutledge, the Hydaspes, or Chelum, the Hydraotes, and the Chenab,) they thought they had gone far enough — had done enough for glory; and forthwith began

to murmur. The king desired to pass on to the Ganges and the Eastern Sea — *ad Auroram et Gangem.* He told his army that there was an ocean at the extremity of Asia, on which they could return in ships, pass round the African peninsula, and finally, sailing in between the Pillars of Hercules, reach Macedonia. But this idea of a bold geographical brain, instead of encouraging, only depressed and bewildered the spirits of his soldiers, who felt like the mariners of Columbus, when the Admiral talked of Zipango, and of reaching the east by going to the west. Alexander therefore made the Hyphasis the eastern boundary of his dominion. A flotilla was then constructed, and a portion of the army, under Nearchus, sailed down the Hydaspes to the Indus, whence, with the rest of the army on board, the ships proceeded to the ocean. Leaving Nearchus to carry the fleet round to the Persian Gulf, Alexander led his army through the Gedrosian desert, where the soldiers suffered dreadfully from heat, drought, and want of food. When he had reached Kirman, in Carmania, he found that Nearchus had reached Harmozia, on the coast, in safety. From Carmania, the Macedonian armament proceeded to Susa and Persepolis.

At this time, seeing the necessity of uniting the Macedonians and Persians as closely as possible, for the security of his new empire, (for Alexander conquered to establish, and not to lay waste,) he celebrated at Susa his own marriage with Stateira, daughter of Darius, and, at the same time, the nuptials of eighty of his officers with Persian brides. He also largely recruited his Companion cavalry, the phalanx, and other squadrons of his army, from the most disciplined of the Persian youth, of whom he formed 30,000 into a band styled the *Epigonoi.* These proofs of his foresight and wisdom excited the jealousy of the Macedonians, and a mutiny was the consequence. This storm soon blew over; but Alexander, who had never bent before it, sent home 10,000 of his war-worn veterans — his *grognards*, or grumblers — well rewarded, under the care of Craterus.

He now fixed on Babylon as the seat of his empire, being geographically in the centre of it. As he approached his burial-place, with a pomp and circumstance unrivalled by

those of any of his Persian predecessors, he received the embassies, gifts, and congratulations of all the states of Greece, and of other European and Asiatic powers. And there, at the summit of his wishes and of his glory, and in the thirty-third year of his age, he died of the pestilent marsh fever of the climate, superinduced by his fatigues and wounds, and aggravated by his festive habits and his neglect of the first symptoms of his illness. The fever of ambition, and the injuries of ten years' travel and warfare, had probably destroyed his constitution, too recklessly exposed to the sternest wear and tear of life.

Alexander was not alone a brave and skilful general. He was a statesman of the ablest order. In his military progresses, through Africa and Asia, he founded nearly seventy cities, and made harbors and canals innumerable; so that, if he had lived, the trade and internal prosperity of Asia would have largely benefited by his enlightened policy. By the force of his energetic genius, he kept together, fed, disciplined, and led to victory, for ten years, an army composed of various tribes of Europeans and Asiatics. His battles were the least difficult duties of Alexander. They were, in fact, his relaxations, his breathing times and rewards, for all the anxieties of conspiracies, insurrections, commissariats, negotiations, embassies, mutinies, and the politic hypocrisy of the daily sacrifices. He was the soul of his armament. It cannot be said that much of his glory was owing to his officers and men. For, many years before his death, these would rather have carried him back to Greece than followed him any farther towards the Caspian and the Indus. They had no stomach for the world-overrunning business, of which he was so much enamored. His will alone, it was, which organized and moved his army, and at the same time, overcame the strength of his enemies and the obstacles of nature. The difficulties of Hannibal's campaign in Spain and Italy were not equal to those of Alexander in the wildernesses and battle-fields of India.

But there was an element of Alexander's character in which he is distinguished above all the other great generals: —the haughty aspiration and will, "the unrivalled royalty of

thought," which sustained him to the height of the great argument of his life, blent, as it was, with the warmth and noble frankness of his passions. He was an imperial genius. He had great faults, because his feelings were strong; the soil which produces the richest vegetation will necessarily nourish rank weeds. The soul of Alexander was capable of the finest emotions of friendship, generosity, and heroism. He loved to sit with his Macedonian peers, and talk cheerfully of camp themes, philosophy, or military glory, in a spirit of festive equality which was a graceful and manly trait of his nature. We do not know that his affectionate, fuddled familiarity with Hephæstion and Clitus did not show the good qualities of his character as much as any thing else. He stabbed Clitus in a moment of intoxication, when the latter, half drunk also, behaved with unwarrantable insolence. In fact, the semi-republican freedom of the Greeks, especially when they were stung with jealousy to see the favors he bestowed on his Persians, was often grossly offensive, and meant to be so. Alexander had an unguarded, fearless frankness, leading him to that impulsive familiarity which breeds contempt in contemptible natures; and this often produced disrespect on one side, and fiery indignation on the other. The etiquette of Alexander's court was very badly managed; in that respect, he was greatly below Napoleon. His Macedonian officers could not understand the policy which led him to wear the loose Median garb — to say nothing of its convenience in a hot climate, — to enlist Persian or other barbarian soldiers, and adopt, in his hours of state, the demeanor of those potentates whom he had succeeded. They were true Greeks, and would have the Asiatics, after the good old fashion, trampled, insulted, and sold as slaves, for their own benefit. Hence many of those tent-quarrels, by which the hot blood of Alexander was chafed, and his hands stained. But he was, in all things, beyond the mere general, the mere Hannibal, or Napoleon, or Wellington. He was a genial being — the man as great as the soldier, — with all the passions and faculties in full blow about him. His mind was not the technical, severe mind of Hannibal, narrowed powerfully on one great argument. He had none of the sullen, cold-blooded

reserve of the atrabilarious Napoleon, who never probably laughed heartily or got fuddled in his life; and whose silent, ascetic moodiness contained, probably, more sanguinary extravagance than ever flushed the open face of Alexander. There is something inhuman in Napoleon's glory; something austere in Cæsar's. Alexander, to our ideas, is eminently human and social; his faults, his philosophy, the hilarious excesses of his festive hours, seem to give him a moral superiority over those other great generals, who approach nearest to him in other respects.

Altogether, we must dissent from the very succinct and severe estimate of his character given by Mr. Herbert. So splendid and rare a specimen of humanity — a character so irregular, so obscured, yet so dazzling, — must not be measured by those rules which answer very well for the age and society we live in. Perhaps it is the hardest thing in the world, at times, to do historical justice, at great distances. In the case of Alexander, the writers of Greece, regarding him as an arbitrary despot, whose glory eclipsed that of Marathon and Salamis, set down and circulated every thing which might detract from the surprising renown of the young hero. They who admired the character and noble eloquence of Demosthenes could hardly feel very favorably towards either Philip or his son.

Mr. Herbert makes Hannibal the first among generals — above all Greek, above all Roman fame — *maestro di lor che pugnano.* Hannibal, indeed, stands up, the most austerely warlike figure in all antiquity — uniting in himself the deliberateness of the Roman "Cunctator," and the thunderbolt attributes of Scipio. But after the battle by Thrasymene's lake, in the defiles fatal to Roman rashness, Alexander would certainly have marched, confiding in his fortunes, full upon Rome, and made either a Cannæ or a Zama on the spot where Hannibal sat on horseback, before the Colline Gate, looking with his stern sole eye upon the undespairing and impregnable city. We give Mr. Herbert's description of the battle of Trebbia.

"It was now mid-winter, for neither of the belligerents had thought of going into winter quarters — Hannibal, from the imminent necessity

of striking quickly and decisively, and the Romans, from the impossibility of suffering him to keep the field unwatched. Even now, the climate of the plains at the foot of the Alps, included in the districts of Lombardy and Piedmont, is severe and inclement in the winter season; but in those times, when the country lay in great part uncleared and covered with primitive forest, it was far more tempestuous and cold than at present.

"The Trebbia, swollen with snow-water, ice-cold from the frozen Apennines, ran now a breast-high torrent, though in the summer droughts its pebbly bed might be crossed almost dry-shod. Across this paralyzing stream Sempronius suffered Hannibal to allure him, on a wild morning, with flying sleet storms and snow gusts, by a false attack and feigned retreat, to his own side of the river; and that, too, without allowing his men to breakfast; while the Carthaginians, expectant of what was to come, had fed heartily, and armed themselves in their tents by blazing fires. In addition to this advantage, an ambuscade of two thousand horse and foot had been concealed, under Mago's command, in an old watercourse covered with brushwood and coppice, which Sempronius, negligently or disdainfully, left in his rear, as he hurried on to attack the enemy, who had drawn out from their camp, and formed line of battle, facing the river, to oppose him.

"The order of battle was simple, and on both sides the same; indeed, it was the only order then in use, the centre being formed of the heavy infantry, covered by their light troops and skirmishers, with the cavalry on either flank. So far as I can observe, this form was rarely deviated from by the ancient military nations; the cavalry were invariably directed against cavalry; and, after an equestrian combat, which generally terminated in the chase of one party for miles, perhaps leagues, from the field by the other, a second engagement followed between the solid infantry, which often led to the occurrence of drawn battle. The same defect of strategy is observable in all Prince Rupert's fighting, during the English civil war, who, in four or five different pitched battles, had he wheeled on the flanks and rear of the Parliamentarian foot, after scattering their horse by his headlong charge, would have terminated the war at a blow. Hannibal, who made more use of his cavalry arm than any other general of antiquity, never appears to have attacked infantry in front with horse, or even in flank, until the enemy's cavalry were in flight; and yet, the Roman foot — as foot, the best undoubtedly in the world — were, from their armature of heavy missile javelins and short stabbing swords, not differing much from the larger bowie knife, peculiarly unfitted to resist the charge of cavalry, which their loose and open order was calculated to invite.

"The result of this battle was as must be foreseen from the preceding events which led to it. In the fight itself, there was little strategy; the great abilities of Hannibal had been displayed in the manœuvres by which he compelled the enemy to deliver battle, and then induced him to deliver it at disadvantage, and on ground selected by his enemy. The rest he left to his soldiers, confident that they would do their work to his satisfaction; nor was his confidence disappointed. He was, moreover, in the open field, greatly superior to his enemy, even without taking the exhaustion and ill plight of the legionaries into consideration, who fought wet to the skin, chilled, and fasting, against men full-fed, fresh, and warm from their recent camp-fires. His cavalry, ten thousand strong, six thousand of whom were incomparable African cuirassiers and Numidians, could not be checked by the feeble legionary cavalry of four thousand, for a single instant. The Balearian slingers and African archery were as much superior to the Roman light troops, who fought only with slender javelins; the Italians never having been famous for the use of the bow. The velites of Sempronius, therefore, were driven in upon the legionaries at the first onset, and passed through the intervals of the Manipules to the rear, while the cavalry were scattered, as by a thunderbolt, on both wings simultaneously, by the Carthaginian elephants and horsemen. The soldierly qualities of the Roman foot did not fail them in this emergency — in fact, never did fail them throughout the war, for when opposed to foot they were never beaten — for they maintained the fight, exhausted as they were, with advantage, until Maharbal, whom Arnold styles, not unjustly, 'the best cavalry officer of the first cavalry service in the world,' leaving the pursuit of the flying horse to his Numidians, unequalled in such operations, thundered on both their flanks with his elephants and cuirassiers, and, to complete the whole, Mago, bursting from his ambush, broke down upon their rear, horse and foot, pell-mell, and pierced them through and through. The legions of the centre, still undismayed and unbroken, cut their way straight through the African foot before them and reached Placentia in safety, though the whole Carthaginian army was interposed; the rest were slaughtered ruthlessly and unremittingly, according to the usages of ancient warfare, until the ice-cold waters of the Trebbia checked the pursuit of the victors, and saved the residue from slaughter. During the same night, Scipio, with the shattered relics of the army, re-crossed the Trebbia, and joined his colleague in Placentia; whence in a few days they retreated separately, Scipio on Rimini, Sempronius across the Apennines into Etruria, leaving Hannibal, at the close of his first short

campaign, the master of all Cisalpine Gaul, or, in other words, of all Italy, north of the Apennines." pp. 343 – 350.

In this work, the Greek orthography of Grote is adopted — an innovation, or restoration, the propriety of which is very questionable. The earliest European knowledge of Greece and her writers was filtered through the more generally known literature of Rome; and, in this way, the *ch*, the *c*, the *us*, and the diphthongs *æ* and *œ*, (not to mention some more important variations,) were substituted for the *k*, the *ai*, and *os* of the Greeks. These Latinized forms, by long use, are now incorporated into the very framework of our language, and cannot be weeded out of our literature. If we discard Hercules for Herakles, the epithet *herculean* must, in consistency, be also given up; and there are many similar cases. Jupiter, Vulcan, Mercury, Minerva, Juno, Ceres, are familiar names to all English readers; while not one in a hundred of these readers knows a syllable of Greek, or has any acquaintance with Zeus, Hephaistos, Hermes, Athene, Here, or Demeter. Must we mangle the verse of Shakspeare and Milton, in a laboriously pedantic effort to make them speak better Greek? Then let us be bravely consistent, and restore the Anglo-Saxon orthography, resolving our noble mother tongue into a piebald jargon, which an Adelung or a Mezzofanti would find it difficult to understand. Many of Mr. Grote's pages are nearly unintelligible to one who has not a very vivid recollection of the little Greek which he picked up in college. As for ordinary readers, after ransacking their English dictionaries in vain for such words as *metic*, *hegemony*, *kleruch*, *dikastery*, *œkist*, *hermokopid*, *autonomy*, and a host of others, they give up in despair the attempt to follow an author who is too learned to write English. If, occasionally, one of these forms be introduced for the sake of brevity, variety, or vivacity, as has been done in this article, let the stranger be stigmatized by Italics as an alien.

The style of the work is very animated, with a certain picturesque power of phrase which gives great effect to the narrative. But in many places, the apparent rapidity of composition has left it somewhat involved and incorrect, obliging

the reader to pause and turn back, which — particularly in the heat and crisis of a military evolution or charge — is, it must be allowed, vexatious enough. One would say, that, at times, the writer thinks he is in a fight, and holds a battle-axe instead of a pen, he enjoys the shock of arms in such a soldierly way! He has a soul for the archaic poetry of war and heroic verse; which is demonstrated in his vigorous and glowing translation of Æschylus, and is not less visible in the engravings, done after his own cunning pencil, which ornament his book, and heighten the effect of the text by the testimony of "the faithful eyes" of the reader.

ART. III. — 1. *Discussions on Philosophy and Literature, Education and University Reform: — chiefly from the Edinburgh Review, corrected, vindicated, enlarged, in Notes and Appendices.* By SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON, Bart. London: Longmans. 1852. 8vo. pp. 758.

2. *The Works of* THOMAS REID, D. D., *now fully collected, with Selections from his Unpublished Letters. Preface, Notes, and Supplementary Dissertations*, by SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON, Bart., Advocate, Master of Arts (Oxford), etc.; of the Institute of France, the Latin Society of Jena, and many other Literary Bodies, Foreign and British; Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. *Text collated and revised, Useful Distinctions inserted, Leading Words and Propositions marked out, Allusions indicated, Quotations filled up. Prefixed, Stewart's Account of the Life and Writings of Reid, with Notes by the Editor. Copious Indices subjoined.* Edinburgh: Maclachlan, Stewart, & Co. 1846. 8vo. pp. 914.

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON, as an author, is not so well known as he should be, out of Scotland, though the list of honors appended to his name on the second title-page here transcribed, is enough to prove that his merits are fully recognized by the learned. With all his marvellous acquirements and

qualifications, he is singularly deficient in the art of making a book. His gifts are, eminently, those of a critic; he either cannot, or will not, expound his own thought, except while commenting on the thoughts of others. As a critic and a controversialist, however, he is, perhaps, the most formidable person in Europe. His erudition is so extensive and profound, as to be somewhat oppressive; but this load of learning, under which a common man would be extinguished as effectually as Goose Gibbie was in the moss-trooper's helmet, seems only to add keenness and force to his offensive weapons. It is used by him, not in Dugald Stewart's manner, to overlay his thought with the pleasant shows of literature, but to buttress his assertions and vindicate his logic. In the forest of citations, with which some of his essays are overgrown, it would be difficult to point out one which is either inappropriate or superfluous, except that, the point being already established, it might be regarded as a needless accumulation of evidence. Some of his articles are as great curiosities in their way as the famous Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris, by Dr. Bentley,— to whom, by the bye, in some striking points of character, Sir William Hamilton bears no small resemblance. He is equally keen and merciless in detecting the blunders of his opponents, and quite as pungent and effective in the epithets with which he brands their short-comings and their errors. We will not say, that, like Bentley, he has a natural liking for these gladiatorial contests, and is ever ready to answer a challenge or provoke a fight on some matter of recondite learning, or some dispute about the management of a college. But, in view of his original and ingenious criticisms upon the leading principles of logic and metaphysics, of his learned contributions to the history of philosophy, and of his admirable essays upon university education, we may be permitted to regret that any thing of merely personal and temporary interest should have been allowed to divert his time and attention from them, so that they now appear only in a form which he would himself designate as fragmentary and incomplete. The editor of Dr. Reid is himself in great need of an editor; or rather, he should have had some person at his elbow to perform for him the

same service which Dumont rendered to Jeremy Bentham. With all his learning and acuteness, with a style almost unrivalled for conciseness, precision, and force, and with wonderful clearness of thought in evolving the gist of other people's ideas or expounding his own, he is wofully deficient in that very low but very necessary art, — the art of book-making. In these days, when the art of book-making seems about the only portion of the trade of authorship which is thoroughly understood, it is ludicrous to meet with a volume like this edition of Reid, — a stout octavo of nearly a thousand pages in double columns and fine print, — bristling with erudition, concise in expression, and rich in thought, and yet so imperfectly put together that one cannot read twenty pages understandingly without painfully ransacking other portions of the volume — the promised "copious indices" being yet unpublished — and which was so hurried through the press that the last page ends, not only in the middle of a paragraph, but absolutely in the midst of a sentence. The very title-page of the book, as we have copied it at length, is a bibliographical curiosity.

No wonder, then, that the professional critics, who are supposed to live only by skimming other people's milk, have not seen fit to meddle with such a publication. It has not been formally reviewed, we believe, in any of the leading journals of Great Britain, though it has been before the public six years. There is no such thing as reading Sir William Hamilton's books superficially; one might as well attempt to skim Euclid, or the *Mécanique Céleste*. The fragmentary form in which his writings have appeared is doubly unfortunate, because his turn of thought is so rigidly logical and systematic. No one is more capable of rounding off his speculations into a system or connected whole; yet no eminent thinker has accomplished less in this respect, so far as the form of his publications is concerned. His own doctrines have been explained and illustrated only while he was engaged in commenting upon the doctrines of others; they are vindicated more by refuting all the opinions with which they come in conflict, than by an array of argument or evidence tending directly to their support. Of course, the validity of

this proceeding depends on the completeness of the previous enumeration and survey of the other systems which have been proposed, or may be conceived as possible. The mathematical process of *exhaustion* is usually held to be exclusively mathematical, because the narrowness and severe method of the science of pure quantity allow all the possible solutions of the problem to be brought together in a single view, and all but one being eliminated by demonstrative reasoning, the truth of that one is established. But Hamilton has successfully applied this form of reasoning to metaphysical subjects, being admirably qualified for it by his immense erudition, and the singular accuracy and neatness with which he states a problem, so that all the suppositions which can be framed respecting it may be confronted with each other, and their relative merit be determined. His statement and definition of the four fundamental forms to which all theories respecting the Absolute and the Infinite can be reduced, of the six "possible and actual" systems of the philosophy of perception, and of the seven hypotheses that have been framed to account for the judgment of causality, are masterpieces of brevity, clearness, and precision. But his own opinion is thus left to stand in juxtaposition and contrast with the opinions of other philosophers, or, in reference to himself, as an isolated doctrine upon one particular subject; it is not seen in connection and harmony with the rest of his philosophy, of which it is but a fragment. All his publications being occasional in origin and critical in form, these parts or fragments, though perfectly consistent, and having indeed a secret tie of connection and interdependence, have never been brought together, and framed into one whole. He has only given us the stones out of which an arch can be framed, without troubling himself to put them together. The Supplementary Dissertations to Reid, as we have said, are unfinished; each of his contributions to the Edinburgh Review upon metaphysical subjects contains the germs of his whole theory; but they are so imperfectly developed, that no hand but his own can expand them into a uniform system.

To the edition of Dr. Reid's writings, which was published in 1846, was appended an advertisement of two works then

"preparing for publication by Sir William Hamilton." The first was an "Essay towards a New Analytic of Logical Forms," intended to be a full exposition of the additions which he claims to have made to Aristotle's doctrine of the syllogism, whereby the theory is simplified and completed; the second was entitled "Contributions towards a true history of Luther and the Lutherans," being essentially a rejoinder to Archdeacon Hare, who had somewhat fiercely attacked Sir William for a few sharp observations, incidentally made in the Edinburgh Review, upon the character of the great Reformer. Even these announcements or promises were probably extorted from him by two controversies in which he was involved, — the one, as indicated, with Dr. Hare, and the other with the distinguished mathematician, Mr. De Morgan, respecting the priority and validity of certain discoveries, claimed by both, in the science of logic. But the announcements have not been fulfilled, and are not likely to be; from a failure of health or inclination, or from an invincible repugnance to the idea of making an independent book, he has been obliged to turn commentator upon his own occasional writings. Portions of the supplemental matter attached to the work first named at the head of this article seem designed to take the place of both the promised publications. Some very learned and truculent notes to the offensive passage originally inserted in the Edinburgh Review is his only reply to Dr. Hare; and an Appendix, "Of syllogism, its kinds, canons, notations, etc.," contains his rejoinder to Professor De Morgan. We shall not meddle with either of these controversies, and have only alluded to them as curious illustrations of the writer's reluctance to make a book, or to publish any of his speculations complete in form and detail. We put aside, also, all that relates to logic, for within our narrow limits, the subject could hardly be made interesting, or even intelligible. A brief consideration of some of his metaphysical doctrines, with a rapid glance at what he has written upon university education, with especial reference to Oxford, is all that we shall attempt.

On the very threshold of psychological or metaphysical inquiry, almost the first question which suggests itself is that

which concerns the existence of an external world, and the means by which we obtain our belief or knowledge that it exists. The phenomena of dreaming, which often exactly repeat or counterfeit our waking experience, are enough to suggest the possibility, at least, that this waking experience, also, may be deceitful, and the objects represented in it may be counterfeit. Perhaps these phenomena, also, first suggested the doctrine which, till the time of Reid, was generally accepted by the philosophers, that the mind does not take cognizance of external things themselves, but only of their images, shadows, or impressions on the brain. The maxim, that nothing can act but where it is, seems almost to compel us to believe, that the thinking being can perceive nothing with which it is not actually in contact, and that, in its narrow seat within the recesses of our mortal frame, — be it in the brain, or elsewhere, — it can *know* only the images or impressions which are brought to it through the senses, and, from these, it can only *infer* the real existence of the outward objects which the ideas or images represent. The system of idealism, or of disbelief in the reality of outward things, which is naturally suggested by these considerations, is neither extravagant nor absurd. It cannot be confuted by the Johnsonian argument of striking one's foot against a stone, and it does not expose the adherent of it to the imputation of inconsistency for turning out of the direct path in order to avoid an obstacle, or for taking good care to avoid a fire or a precipice. The idealist admits that *the ideas* are real, and that we are as intimately concerned with them as if they truly represented outward objects; he believes, also, that they follow each other according to the usual sequences of cause and effect, and are governed throughout by laws as invariable, and as easily ascertained, as those which the realist attributes to the external universe. Admit, that the precipice and the fire do not actually exist; still, if we are sure that the mere imagination of falling over the one or being burned by the other will be followed by the feeling or sensation of exquisite pain, we may reasonably so guard our conduct as to prevent this imagination or idea from coming into our minds. It is not pleasant merely to dream of some great calamity; and he

who is apt to have such dreams may reasonably take what precautions he can against their recurrence, though he knows the calamity to be a mere figment of the brain.

Reasoning in this manner, the idealist further denies that his system is either sceptical in itself, or that it naturally leads to scepticism. It leaves human conduct to be regulated precisely as it would be upon the realist hypothesis. It disturbs neither our memories nor our anticipations; and it elevates and spiritualizes our existence. It cuts up materialism by the roots; and as it does away with the chief difficulties which ordinary minds find in admitting the doctrines of the being of a God and the immortality of the soul, it offers a broad and sure basis for religious truth. It was for these reasons that the most distinguished advocate of idealism in modern times, Bishop Berkeley, espoused the system so warmly, and defended it with so much acuteness. There can be no doubt that he was a thorough convert to it; he accepted it, not merely as ingenious philosophical speculation, but as a fact, — as the only true view of the phenomena of our nature, and the government of God.

But whatever force there may be in the arguments which were so convincing to him, it was found, practically, that the system *did* lead to scepticism. By taking away the grounds of a belief which is both natural and universal, and which cannot, at first, be even doubted without a severe exercise of thought, it shook men's faith in all those primary truths which are at once the basis of their knowledge and the guides of their conduct. It *seemed* to throw distrust on the evidence of the senses, as it really invalidated the spontaneous conclusions which every man inevitably forms from that evidence. If a main pillar of the edifice could be so easily shaken, why might not the whole fabric be thrown down? Hume attempted to answer this question. Beginning where Berkeley began, he proceeded much farther, and left unassailed hardly one article of human faith. He denied the reality, not only of the object perceived, but of the mind perceiving. He reduced all thinking existence to a succession of rapidly fleeting ideas, each one being known only at the instant of its manifestation to consciousness, and then fading away, leaving no

surely recognizable trace of itself on the memory, and affording no ground for an anticipation of the future. We do not even know, he maintains, that any one thing depends upon another in the relation of an effect to its cause. We know no true cause whatever; and our only idea of power is a fiction and a blunder. The conclusion of the whole matter, according to his philosophy, is, not the mere negation of this or that positive belief, but universal distrust of the human faculties, considered as means for the acquisition of truth. They contradict each other, and leave nothing certain except that nothing can be known.

Against scepticism so sweeping as this, a reaction was inevitable, and it speedily came. The Scotch philosophers, with Reid at their head, appealed to common sense, as the only means of rescue from speculative vagaries and delusions. The appeal was successful, but the sceptics denied that the question had been referred to a competent tribunal; they said they had been voted down, but that their arguments had not been confuted. Hume always admitted that the common belief was invincible; but he maintained that it rested on no sure foundation — that it was, in fact, not only baseless, but contradictory. His conclusion was, that human nature compels us to believe what the reason rejects, so that we are necessarily involved in a contradiction, and are slaves to error. It was not so much the truth itself, as the competency of our faculties to discover truth, which he impeached. Philosophical scepticism, therefore, cannot be refuted by an appeal to common sense, until it is proved that this authority has jurisdiction in the case, or is competent to decide the question. Thus the issue was changed, and the Scotch philosophers were compelled to make it their chief object to legitimate the argument from common sense, and to prove that it was strictly philosophical and scientific. One of Sir William Hamilton's Supplementary Dissertations is devoted to this subject, and is certainly the most elaborate and thorough discussion of it which has yet appeared.

The sceptic, as well as the believer, is bound to admit, that there are certain primary truths, on which all reasoning is founded, and to which it can all be traced back; otherwise,

he has no starting-point for his argument, and his whole proceeding is null. Foremost among these truths are the facts of consciousness, which we cannot doubt, because that doubt itself, being an affection of mind, can be known only so far as we are conscious of it. It would be suicidal, on the part of any philosophy, to call in question the real existence of those sensations, emotions, and thoughts, of which at each instant the philosopher himself is conscious, and on which he builds his system, whatever it may be. Hume, therefore, who doubted every thing else, admitted the reality of these mental states, limiting each, however, to the instant of its manifestation. The testimony of consciousness is to be strictly confined to what occurs within its own province; it is good evidence as to the reality and the character of the mental phenomenon, but not to any outward fact which that phenomenon is supposed to represent. It evinces, for instance, *the reality* of our belief in the existence of an external universe; but it does not prove the *correctness* of that belief. With this exception, however, it is a good witness as to the character or nature of that belief; it comprehends the whole psychological phenomenon, but nothing beyond it.

What, then, is its testimony respecting our perception of outward things? It is, that *this perception is immediate*, or, in other words, that we take cognizance of the external object itself, and not merely of an idea, image, or mental representation of that object. How such a perception is possible — how the mind can, as it seems, go beyond itself, and acquire immediate knowledge of what is foreign to its own being, without the intervention of something else, we cannot understand; this problem is beyond the reach of the human faculties. But it would be the grossest presumption to argue that a thing is not, because we do not see *how* it is — to deny the fact, because we cannot comprehend the mode, of its existence. Of the fact, we are certain, for it is a phenomenon within the sphere of consciousness, and that faculty testifies distinctly as to its existence, and as to its character, — namely, that it is immediate, or that we perceive the thing itself, and not merely its representative. The sceptic cannot reject the evidence of consciousness in this case, because he is obliged to

admit it in every other, and to discredit it in a single instance would be to stultify his whole argument. He may still argue, it is true, that, for all we know, the object of which we have this immediate perception is an illusion and cheat; for it is not pretended that consciousness takes any note of the object itself, but only of the manner in which it is made known to us. It testifies not that the object is real, but that the perception of it is immediate, or that it does not take place by means of a representative image. The distinct exposition of this truth, — the immediateness of our knowledge of external things, — and the consequent refutation of the ideal or representative theory, is the great service which Dr. Reid has rendered to philosophy.

How far this fact goes towards establishing the correctness of our belief of the existence of an outward universe, is very clearly and forcibly shown by Sir William Hamilton.

"In the act of sensible perception, I am conscious of two things; — of *myself* as the *perceiving subject*, and of an *external reality*, in relation with my sense, as the *object perceived*. Of the existence of both these things I am convinced: because I am conscious of knowing each of them, not mediately, in something else, *as represented*, but immediately, in itself, *as existing*. Of their mutual independence I am no less convinced; because each is apprehended equally, and at once, in the same indivisible energy, the one not preceding or determining, the other not following or determined; and because each is apprehended out of, and in direct contrast to, the other." p. 747.

This is a brief exposition of what is usually called the argument from common sense for the existence of things without us. The substance of the argument is Reid's; the limitations of it, the nice distinctions which it involves, and the carefully guarded and precise manner in which it is stated, are Hamilton's. In its present form, it is certainly very far from an appeal to popular prejudice; nothing more rigidly scientific and exact can be found in the whole compass of metaphysical reasoning. That it is susceptible of abuse must be admitted; it is an appeal to the common understanding, the universal consciousness, of mankind, in order to clear a question of the needless subtleties with which it had been perplexed. Reid himself stated it very loosely; Brown

misconceived it altogether. But when kept within its proper limits, it is authoritative and legitimate. We do not say, that, properly speaking, it is a *proof*, or demonstration, that the outward world exists; for such proof the human faculties are not competent to give. No matter of fact can be demonstrated; only the relations of ideas, and abstract propositions — things which can be perfectly apprehended in themselves — are susceptible of this kind of reasoning. But the reality of outward nature is sufficiently established when our immediate knowledge of it is placed upon the same basis with our consciousness of our own existence. Then, it cannot be *dis*proved; and this is all, in our dealings with the sceptic, that we require. "The argument from common sense," says Sir William, "is of principal importance in reference to the class of contingent truths. The others, from their converse being absolutely incogitable, sufficiently guard themselves."

The question, whether any thing really exists out of the mind which perceives it, is here taken, it should be observed, only as a capital instance, or instructive example, of the application of the argument from common sense. Our author's chief purpose is to vindicate the legitimacy of this argument as one means for the discovery of truth; to show how far, and under what conditions, it is applicable; to point out its essential characteristics; and to prove, "by a chronological series of testimonies, from the dawn of speculation to the present day," that it has been generally recognized by philosophers both in reality and in name. We cannot follow him in the consideration of this broad subject; most of his conclusions may be anticipated, or deduced, from the example that has been given. The common objection, that this argument takes away the decision of a scientific question from the judgment of philosophers, and accords it to the verdict of the vulgar, is thus admirably answered.

"The first problem of Philosophy — and it is one of no easy accomplishment — being to seek out, purify, and establish, by intellectual analysis and criticism, the elementary feelings or beliefs, in which are given the elementary truths of which all are in possession; and the argument from common sense being the allegation of these feelings or beliefs as explicated and ascertained, in proof of the relative truths and

their necessary consequences; — this argument is manifestly dependent on philosophy, as an art, as an acquired dexterity, and cannot, notwithstanding the errors which they have so frequently committed, be taken out of the hands of the philosophers. Common Sense is like Common Law. Each may be laid down as the general rule of decision; but in the one case it must be left to the jurist, in the other to the philosopher, to ascertain what are the contents of the rule; and though in both instances the common man may be cited as a witness, for the custom or the fact, in neither can he be allowed to officiate as advocate or as judge." p. 752.

The argument from common sense, or the testimony of consciousness, (for they mean the same thing,) must be universally accepted, or universally rejected. If competent to prove any thing, it must be competent to prove every thing that comes within its scope. For the truths or facts which depend upon it are simple and primitive; and they depend upon nothing else. They cannot be proved by reasoning, and they rest upon no other evidence. When there is but one witness, his testimony must be unimpeachable in every respect, and upon all particulars; *falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus.* For this reason, Hamilton maintains that Dr. Thomas Brown's theory of perception is contradictory and absurd, inasmuch as it denies that we have any *immediate* perception of external things, herein rejecting the testimony of consciousness, and still bases the fact of their existence upon the universal belief of mankind, such belief resting on no other ground than what he has just refused to accept. For this reason, also, there is peculiar pertinency in our author's attempt to bring together the various appellations by which the principles of common sense have been designated, and in the series of quotations from the philosophers of all ages, in which the paramount authority of these principles is directly recognized. This work is performed with astonishing erudition and acuteness, the authors cited being the highest names in the history of philosophy, the quotations being apposite, and the commentary which accompanies them, though concise, is singularly complete and instructive. It is well to know, that the most profound philosophy is, in some of its most important results, identical with the plainest common sense, and that this has

always been acknowledged by the philosophers in general terms, however the interests of their respective theories may have led them to question it in a particular case.

It is an obvious corollary from the doctrine already stated, that all our knowledge must be either immediate and intuitive, or mediate and representative. We know either an object itself, or its image and representative, — the action of the mind in the former case being single and direct, while in the latter it is complex and indirect. Sir William Hamilton's second Supplementary Dissertation is intended to illustrate this distinction. Consciousness is the medium through which all knowledge is presented to us. If we are studying the phenomena of our own minds, with regard only to their actual condition and present existence, and without reference to any other object or idea which they are believed to represent, then our knowledge of them is intuitive, or, as our author prefers to say, presentative. But if the mental phenomenon be an act of memory or imagination, then it is considered mainly with reference to something past, or to something merely possible, but not real, which it represents. Even in this case, however, we have an intuitive knowledge of the mental phenomenon itself, and of its representative character, — the latter being as strongly marked and distinct as the former. The conclusion is, that cognitions which are intuitive are as clearly distinguished by consciousness from those which are merely representative, as feelings are from judgments, or sensations from volitions. Consequently, the assumption that mediate or representative knowledge can simulate an intuitive character, is perfectly gratuitous; the testimony of consciousness, which is the highest ground of certainty, is impeached by a blank hypothesis. It is no more reasonable to deny the immediateness of our perception of outward things, than to affirm that acts of memory are not even believed to represent some past occurrence or thought.

It is not pretended that our intuitive knowledge of the object of perception is a complete knowledge. We know it directly, but imperfectly. Nay, in one important respect, we do not know it at all; matter, or substance itself, is not cognizable by us, except as the unknown seat of certain qualities

or attributes, which are manifested to sense. Any particular body appears to us only as *something* which is extended, figured, colored, movable, hard or soft; what that something is, we cannot tell. And further, a distinction must be made among its sensible qualities, some of them being merely names for certain sensations, which exist only as they are felt, though they are referred to the body that causes them; while others are conceived to belong necessarily to the constitution of the body which is perceived, without reference to our mode of viewing it. The latter may be called the *essential*, the former are only the *accidental*, qualities of matter; but they have been commonly designated as Primary and Secondary qualities. Any given substance is capable of exciting in us a variety of sensations, some of which are so clearly referable to the constitution of the person receiving them that we never think of considering them as qualities of the outward object; they vary with different individuals, and with the same individual at different times. They are effects produced on our nervous organization by certain properties of the outward body which we know but imperfectly, or not at all. Others *seem* to belong to the object, inasmuch as we find it difficult or impossible to represent or image that object without them; but a little reflection satisfies us, that, at least in the form in which they are manifested to us, they are affections of the senses and the percipient mind, proceeding from some peculiarities of the thing perceived, the operations of which we can but obscurely conjecture. Others, again, necessarily belong to the object, as we are convinced both from the mode in which they are perceived, and from the fact that they are essential to our notion of any material substance, for, being abstracted, nothing is left.

This distinction of the real from the apparent, or of the objective from the subjective, properties of matter, was recognized by philosophers at an early day, though Descartes and Locke usually have the credit of having first expounded it at length, and with considerable precision. Most subsequent writers have simply borrowed it from them, without attempting to explain the distinction any farther, or to render the classification complete, so that all the properties of matter

should be arranged under one head or the other. Some attributes have remained in dispute, whether they should be considered as primary or secondary, the principle of distinction not being clearly defined. This omission to complete the work is the more remarkable on the part of Reid and his followers, since, upon their doctrine of immediate perception, outward things are known to us as they really exist, and therefore we ought to be able sharply to distinguish those qualities which are really inherent in them from those which are merely reflected back upon them by the effects produced on our senses. Hamilton has attempted to supply this defect; and the classification which he offers is certainly more precise and complete, whatever may be thought of its correctness, than any which preceded it.

He differs from other philosophers, first, by proposing three classes instead of two, calling them respectively Primary, Secundo-primary, and Secondary. Under the first head are ranked those qualities which are *essential* to our notion of body, any one of which being abstracted, the notion itself disappears, or body becomes incogitable. These may all be deduced from the single property of *occupying space*, or rather from the two elements which this notion includes, — first, of *geometrical solidity*, or a threefold extension in length, breadth, and depth, and second, of *physical solidity*, or impenetrability, the property of excluding any other body from the space thus occupied. As these two qualities are viewed in different aspects or relations, six others may be deduced from them *a priori*, by a necessity of thought, or without any further empirical knowledge of the object. Thus, geometrical extension, if limited or definite, as it must be in the case of any particular body, obviously implies *divisibility*, *size*, and *shape* or *figure;* and the physical quality of solidity or impenetrability implies *mobility* and *position*. From *size* again, (if we think of the quantity of space occupied in relation with the quantity of matter occupying,) we have the additional attribute of *density* or *rarity*. We have eight qualities, then, which are rightly called Primary, since they must belong to the object as it exists, and not merely as it is perceived.

The Secundo-primary qualities may all be comprised under

the single category of *resistance*, or *pressure;* they are only forms of measurable or superable resistance to displacement. They may be deduced from the three leading properties of *attraction* (comprising gravitation and cohesion,) *repulsion*, and *inertia*. According as bodies are compared with each other in these three respects, they are distinguished as heavy or light, hard or soft, brittle or tough, elastic or inelastic, movable or immovable, &c.;—a complete list would evidently be a long one. They are not Primary qualities, because they are not essential to our notion of body, which can evidently be conceived without them. On the other hand, they are not Secondary, because they suppose the Primary qualities, and are therefore objective attributes, or real properties of the thing as it exists; they are not imputed sensations, or qualities reflected from mind upon external nature. As accidental, and yet objective, they are termed Secundo-primary.

But Secondary qualities are true subjective affections, and are no farther inherent in the external object than as this is so constituted as to affect our nervous organization in one way rather than another. Certain cutaneous sensations are produced when a foreign body is brought in contact with the skin, such as sneezing, titillation, and shuddering, which we never think of attributing to the body, except as contact with it is the cause of them. In like manner, pleasure and pain are properly limited to the percipient subject affected by them, and are not projected, as it were, beyond consciousness. A little reflection shows that the case is precisely similar with the proper affections of the several senses, such as colors, sounds, tastes, and smells. The nervous organization of the eye, ear, or nose,—not the specific qualities of the stimulus which is applied to it,—determines the character of the sensation. Any kind of stimulus, if powerful enough, calls forth from the affected nerve its one peculiar sensation,—sometimes momentary, sometimes continuing long after the object or cause is withdrawn. A blow on the eye, or even on the back part of the head, may give as vivid a sensation of light as sudden exposure to the sun. Diseased nerves may call up many of these sensations, without the presence of any external stimulus. These Secondary qualities being very nu-

merous, and most of those which belong to the same class being shaded into each other by imperceptible degrees, an enumeration of them is unnecessary.

We cannot dwell longer on these Dissertations supplementary to Reid. Our sketch of them, though exceedingly imperfect, is enough to show that they form a curious and important addition both to the history and the theory of mental science. They relate almost exclusively to the philosophy of perception, a Dissertation upon the doctrine of mental suggestion or association being left unfinished. For the author's views upon the other great questions in philosophy, we must look to the republication of his articles from the Edinburgh Review, with its copious appendices and notes, the new matter being about half as much as the old. These articles, on their first appearance, attracted much notice, especially on the Continent of Europe, where they were translated into French, German, and Italian, and made the subject of considerable commentary. In this country, also, they have not passed without remark by the few who have given any attention to metaphysical science. This notice was the more complimentary, inasmuch as Sir William had not courted it by arraying his speculations in any attractive garb. His style is vigorous and expressive, but void of ornament; the sentences are packed with meaning, and the argument expressed almost with algebraic conciseness, so that a painful effort of attention is needed to follow the train of thought. The numerous divisions of the theme often reduce it to the dryness of a catalogue, and the frequent use of technicalities gives the page a forbidding appearance. But in spite of this rugged manner, the writer's strong grasp of the subject, and comprehensive exposition of it, united with his clearness of thought and vigor of reasoning, enforce the attention of the reader, though they may not always command his assent.

Of the sixteen essays here reprinted, six are devoted to philosophy, eight to education, and only two to general literature. The first appendix, or Supplementary Dissertation, now first published, gives a very brief sketch of the fundamental points of the writer's system of philosophy, which he calls the philosophy of the Conditioned, in distinction from that of the Ab-

solute. The scheme is a very bold one, as it professes to give an alphabet of thought, or a complete list of the conditions under which alone thought is possible. Its conclusion is an avowal, not of scepticism, but of ignorance and impotency. We *must* believe what we cannot understand, and cannot represent in thought, even as possible. But a sharp distinction is taken between what is impossible in itself, or from the nature of things, and what is impossible only to thought. The latter we may be compelled to accept as a fact, without finding ourselves thereby involved in a contradiction. Thus, there may be two contradictory propositions, one of which, under the rule of excluded middle, must be true; yet the truth of either is absolutely inconceivable, because they both transcend the conditions under which alone thought is possible. Of pure space, for instance, we cannot represent to ourselves either the absolute limitation or the infinite extension. Place the boundary of space where we may, even in thought, we cannot help recognizing the possibility of extending it farther. On the other hand, the infinite in extension equally passes the bounds of our faculties; if we attempt to construe it in thought, it becomes either the indefinite or the finite. Yet, of these two contradictory propositions, one must be true, either that space has a limit, or it has not. One of them must be accepted, though both are incogitable.

Without attempting to follow Sir William Hamilton in his attempted enumeration of all the conditions of thought, which could not be done without borrowing his language, we will consider only, as an illustration of his doctrine, the application which he has himself made of it, to the problem respecting the principle of causation. The problem may be thus stated: Every change, every phenomenon which begins to exist, compels us to believe it had a cause, — some agency or power in action which determined it to be. This is not a particular judgment, or one founded on experience; — in fact, experience, (so far, at least, as the outer world is concerned,) does not make known to us a single true cause. It shows only a succession of events, but nowhere reveals the link which binds them together, or their necessary dependence, one upon another. Yet we unhesitatingly affirm of every event, that

it must have a cause, or that it could not take place without some determining agency. Why do we so affirm? What is the ground for this judgment, thus imposed upon us by the very constitution of our nature, that nothing can begin to be without a cause?

According to our author, seven different answers may be, and actually have been, proposed to this question. Four of these are based on experience, or affirm that the causal judgment is acquired, being derived from observation, either of outward events, or of the phenomena of our own minds; the other three regard it as an *a priori* cognition, or law of thought. The *first* opinion, that we are able to detect the efficient causes which govern the succession of events, even in the outer world, the true *nexus* or bond of union between the phenomenon and its cause being exposed to our observation, though it continues to be the belief of the vulgar, is now generally abandoned by the learned. It was rejected even in our statement of the problem, so that we need not dwell upon it here. The *second* opinion, which refers the judgment of causation to our mental experience, or to consciousness of the power of volition over our acts, is rejected by Sir William Hamilton, but, as we maintain, for insufficient reasons. The discussion may be postponed, however, till we have considered the other theories, one of which he adopts. The *third* explanation of the phenomenon refers it to induction, and affirms that we obtain our knowledge of causation in the same way by which we trace out other recondite laws of nature. We have repeatedly observed that two events happen in immediate connection with each other; we have never observed the one except in its union with the other. We infer, then, that they are necessarily connected with each other; and farther observation bringing to view a multitude of such instances, we generalize the fact into a law of nature. But this theory is logically absurd, because more is collected in the conclusion than was distributed in the premises. We cannot affirm, on any occasion, that *all must be*, because *some are*. On this theory, it would be perfectly competent for us to say, that an event which happens to have remained as yet unobserved by us, *may* take place without a cause. But our judgment of

causality denies this; it affirms that every phenomenon *must* have a cause. The *fourth* theory, which seeks to resolve the whole difficulty into the influence of custom or habit, amounts nearly to the same thing, and is equally unsatisfactory. "The customary never reaches, never even approaches, to the necessary. Association may explain a strong and special, but it can never explain a universal and absolutely irresistible, belief. On this theory, also, when association is recent, the causal judgment should be weak, and rise only gradually into full force, as custom becomes inveterate. But we do not find that this judgment is feebler in the young, and stronger in the old."

All the theories which are based on experience being thus adjudged insufficient, let us examine those which give an *a priori* origin to our idea of cause, or resolve it into a law of our mental constitution. The first of these, or the *fifth* theory in the full series, considers the causal judgment as a primary revelation to the intellect, or an ultimate principle, the genesis of which does not admit of explanation. This opinion is adopted by Reid, Kant, Stewart, and Cousin; and it is now more generally received than any other. But as ultimate principles are not to be multiplied without necessity, this theory cannot be accepted till all modes of explaining the phenomenon are proved to be unsound. We speak of *all* explanations, because, in truth, this theory is no explanation at all. It only states the fact, that the causal judgment is necessary, and asserts that it is also primitive, only because we cannot explain its origin. This opinion, moreover, is sceptical; and, in so far as it is sceptical, it is insufficient. The question is, *How* do we know that a cause is necessary for every event? and the answer, according to this theory, is, that *we do not know it*, but by a necessity of our nature, we are compelled to believe it. Whether this belief has any objective validity, whether one event is really caused by another in the way in which we are compelled to believe, is what the theory not only does not attempt to prove, but asserts to be incapable of proof. We need not dwell upon the *sixth* system, as it is only an endeavor to demonstrate by abstract reasoning, or upon the principle of contradiction, what is asserted in the causal

judgment. The attempt is vain, because our knowledge of causation is not involved or implied in any higher act of judgment or self-evident proposition, from which it can be deduced by analysis. The reasoning which would trace it to any higher principle is now universally admitted to be inconsequent.

We come, then, to Sir William Hamilton's own theory, as the *seventh* opinion that can be formed upon this difficult subject. He resolves our positive affirmation, that every event must have a cause, into a mere negation, or a result of the incompetency of the thinking faculty. We cannot conceive, we cannot even think, an absolute commencement of existence. The causal judgment is but one form of the universal maxim, *e nihilo nihil fit*. Because we cannot imagine, or in any way construe to thought, that something should be created out of nothing, whenever a new phenomenon appears, we are constrained to believe that it did really exist, prior to this manifestation of it, under other forms. "But to say that a thing previously existed under different forms, is only to say, in other words, that a thing had causes." If the event be an isolated one, — that is, if it be not observed in immediate connection with another event, or in a line of successive phenomena, — we are still compelled to imagine that it did not then really begin to be, but that it previously existed under some unknown form; that it had an occult cause. But if two events are observed in direct succession, as antecedent and consequent, we conceive that the latter is but a repetition, or in other words, an effect, of the former.

But this is only one pole of the doctrine to which we are led by the mere impotence of the thinking faculty. Not only are we unable to conceive an absolute commencement, but we cannot think out an absolute *non-commencement*, or a succession of causes and effects stretching back to infinity. The doctrine of fatalism — in the rigid form in which alone it is presented by consistent thinkers, like Spinoza and Fichte — is just as inconceivable, just as impossible to thought, as the doctrine of free-will. We are alike unable to think that the world ever had an absolute beginning, or that it never began to be.

"What is our thought of creation? It is not a thought of the mere springing of nothing into something. On the contrary, creation is conceived, and is by us conceivable, only as the evolution of existence from possibility into actuality, by the fiat of the deity. Let us place ourselves in imagination at its very crisis. Now, can we construe it to thought, that the moment after the universe flashed into material reality, into manifested being, that there was a larger complement of existence in the universe and its author together, than, the moment before, there subsisted in the deity alone? This we are unable to imagine. And what is true of our concept of creation, holds of our concept of annihilation. We can think no real annihilation, — no absolute sinking of something into nothing. But, as creation is cogitable by us, only as a putting forth of divine power, so is annihilation by us only conceivable, as a withdrawal of that same power. All that is now *actually* existent in the universe, this we think and must think, as having, prior to creation, *virtually* existed in the creator; and in imagining the universe to be annihilated, we can only conceive this, as the retractation by the deity of an overt energy into latent power. In short, it is impossible for the human mind to think what it thinks existent, lapsing into non-existence, either in time past or in time future." *Discussions.* pp. 592 – 593.

The material universe is conceived as existent in space; events take place, or exist, in time. The equal impossibility of conceiving, and of denying, the infinity of space and time, gives rise to the contradictions which Kant calls "the antinomies of pure reason." There are four such antinomies stated by Kant; each consists of two propositions contradictory of each other; and he demonstrates both. Of course, the proof of one is a demonstration of the falsity of the other; yet the other is also demonstrated to be true. Thus far, then, Hamilton's doctrine is only a repetition of Kant's; the former only changes the order of the proofs. Kant demonstrates that the contradictory propositions are both true; Hamilton demonstrates that they are both, in our apprehension of them, false, — borrowing, for this purpose, Kant's proof of the opposite doctrine. The example, which we have just given, of the application of his system to the opposite doctrines of fatalism and free-will, is one of the antinomies of the German philosopher; and the reasoning in the two cases is the same. But here the two systems diverge. These contradictions drive

Kant into sheer scepticism; he affirms that no metaphysical science is possible, and that the doctrines of ontology and speculative theology are self-contradictory and absurd. Hamilton tries to struggle out of the abyss, by converting a real negation into an apparent affirmative; by evoking a substantive *power* out of a mere *incompetency* of the intellect; by resolving our positive affirmation of a cause into our inability to conceive of any absolute beginning of existence. The two contradictory propositions are not false, but they are impossible to thought. Because they are contradictory, one of them *must* be true; but the reasoning faculty alone cannot decide *which* is true, or *how* it can be true. Some things may be possible in themselves, or may be real existences, though they are impossible to thought; in other words, what is incogitable is not necessarily non-existent. Going back to the problem or causation, he maintains that our mere consciousness of moral liberty cannot be allowed to contradict the positive law of intelligence, that nothing can absolutely begin to be, and consequently, that there can be no independent cause — no cause which is not at the same time an effect of something else. The one consciousness being just as strong as the other, there is no reason for subordinating one to the other; and if consciousness be allowed to contradict itself, all its affirmations are discredited, and we have no refuge against complete scepticism.

"But the doctrine which I propose is not obnoxious to these objections. It does not maintain that the judgment of causality is dependent on a *power* of the mind, imposing, as necessary in thought, what is necessary in the universe of existence. On the contrary, it resolves this judgment into a mere mental *impotence*, — an impotence to conceive either of two contradictories. And as the one or the other of contradictories must be true, whilst both cannot; it proves, that there is no ground for inferring a certain fact to be impossible, merely from *our inability to conceive it possible*. At the same time, if the causal judgment be not an express affirmation of mind, but only an incapacity of thinking the opposite; it follows, that *such a negative judgment cannot counterbalance the express affirmative, the unconditional testimony of consciousness, — that we are, though we know not how, the true and responsible authors of our actions*, not merely the worthless links in

an adamantine series of effects and causes. It appears to me that it is only on such a doctrine that we can philosophically vindicate the liberty of the human will, — that we can rationally assert to man — 'fatis avolsa voluntas.' *How* the will can possibly be free, must remain to us, under the present limitation of our faculties, wholly incomprehensible. We are unable to conceive an absolute commencement; we cannot, therefore, conceive a free volition. A determination by motives cannot, to our understanding, escape from necessitation. Nay, were we even to admit as true, what we cannot think as possible, still the doctrine of a motiveless volition would be only casualism; and the free acts of an indifferent, are, morally and rationally, as worthless as the pre-ordered passions of a determined, will. *How*, therefore, I repeat, moral liberty is possible in man or God, we are utterly unable speculatively to understand. But practically, the *fact*, that we are free, is given to us in the consciousness of an uncompromising law of duty, in the consciousness of our moral accountability; and this fact of liberty cannot be redargued on the ground that it is incomprehensible, for the philosophy of the conditioned proves, against the necessitarian, that things there are, which *may*, nay *must* be true, of which the understanding is wholly unable to construe to itself the possibility."

Discussions. pp. 596 – 597.

This system is certainly an ingenious one, and it is supported with great subtlety of reasoning, — to say nothing of the long string of authorities, from Democritus to Scaliger, which, *more suo*, Hamilton cites to prove that the consummation of knowledge is a confession of ignorance, and that "the grand result of human wisdom is only a consciousness that what we know is as nothing to what we know not." But we cannot admit that the system is satisfactorily made out, or that it differs very widely from the scepticism which it professes to shun. We object to the first step in its application to our judgment of causality. Our philosopher seems to confound *being* with *doing*, or existence with causation. But can we not easily conceive of passive or inert existence? And is not this precisely our notion of matter, as opposed to mind? He resolves our necessity of thinking that every event has a cause, into our inability to believe that something can be created out of nothing. It would be better to reverse the process; the causal judgment is the more comprehensive one of the two, and the maxim, *e nihilo nihil fit*, is but an inference

from it, or an application of it to a particular case. It is surely more natural to say, that *something* (i. e. some being) cannot be created out of nothing, because *every* thing (i. e. beings and events) must have a cause, than to make the premise and the conclusion change places with each other. And we cannot see that much progress is made towards the solution of the problem by this reasoning, however stated. The two propositions being equally undeniable, the question of logical or chronological priority between them is one of no importance.

The system is faulty, again, because, instead of explaining the connection of cause and effect, it boldly identifies the cause with the effect, and thus falsifies the conditions of the problem. If we believe the phenomenon must have a cause, only in order to avoid believing that the sum of existence is actually increased, then the cause and the phenomenon are really the same existence, — and no change, no event, has taken place. Sir William's doctrine explains only continuity of existence, not causation. Even his language shows hesitation and uncertainty here. Unwilling explicitly to say, that the cause is precisely the same thing with the phenomenon, he affirms only that "the elements of its existence" are the same, that the cause is only the phenomenon itself, which "did really exist prior to [its manifestation] *under other forms*." But this will not help him any; for a change *in appearance* is just as inexplicable as a change *in reality*. It is still a change, an event, and as such, it must have a cause. "The elements of its existence" are now differently combined; or, the same existence now appears "under other forms;" or, at any rate, the phenomenon *now first* manifests itself *as such*, or in its proper shape. What was it, which combined the elements anew — or gave them a different form — or allowed the former occult existence to become manifest? The theory is evidently at fault here, and just where it is most wanted.

But the great vice of the theory is, that it ignores altogether the notion of *power* or *force*, though this is a necessary element of our idea of causation. The impossibility of thinking the sum of existence to be either absolutely increased, or absolutely diminished, can explain, at the utmost, only the *juxtaposition* (so to speak) of causes and effects. It cannot

prove more than the necessity of thinking that the succession of phenomena is continuous — without break before or after — each one being only a disguised repetition of its predecessor — and not one either really beginning to be, or really ceasing to exist. It cannot prove or explain (what we are still obliged to believe) that each phenomenon is really produced or evolved by some exertion of force — some power in action. If causation is any thing more than invariable succession — and Sir William sharply criticises Dr. Thomas Brown for maintaining that it can all be reduced to this, thus "quietly eviscerating the problem of its sole difficulty" — then the phenomenon not only apparently *begins to be*, but we necessarily assume that *force* was exerted, which determined it to be what it is, and not something else. Otherwise, how came we by our notion of *power*, or active agency? Will our author avowedly resolve this notion, also, into an *impotency* of thought?

Finally, we cannot accept this theory, because we find no valid objection to the *second* opinion stated in our author's list, which refers the origin of our causal judgment to a distinct self-consciousness of the efficiency of our own volitions. This is the theory the consideration of which we postponed, in order to bring it up here in more immediate contrast with Sir William Hamilton's system. That we may not understate the objections which have been made to it, we will give them in his words.

"There are many philosophers who still adhere to the second opinion; — a theory which has been best stated and most strenuously supported by the late M. Maine de Biran, one of the acutest metaphysicians of France. I will to move my arm, and I move it. When we analyze this phenomenon, says De Biran, the following are the results: — 1°, the consciousness of an act of will; 2°, the consciousness of a motion produced; 3°, the consciousness of a relation of the motion to the volition. And what is this relation? Not one of simple succession. The will is not for us an act without efficiency; it is a productive energy; so that, in a volition, there is given to us the notion of cause; and this notion we subsequently project out from our internal activities into the changes of the external world. But the empirical fact, here asserted, is incorrect. For between the overt fact of corpo-

real movement, which we perceive, and the internal act of the will to move, of which we are self-conscious, there intervenes a series of intermediate agencies, of which we are wholly unaware; consequently, we *can* have no consciousness, as this hypothesis maintains, of any causal connection between the extreme links of this chain, that is, between the volition to move and the arm moving. (See Dissertations on Reid, p. 866.)

"But independently of this, the second objection is fatal to the theory which would found the judgment of causality on any empirical apprehension, whether of the phenomena of mind or of the phenomena of matter. Admitting the causal efficiency to be cognizable, and perception with self-consciousness to be competent for its apprehension, still as these faculties can inform us only of individual causations, the quality of necessity and consequent universality by which this judgment is characterized, remains wholly unexplained." *Id.* pp. 587 – 588.

The passage referred to in the Dissertations on Reid is the following.

"Volition to move a limb, and the actual moving of it, are the first and last in a series of more than two successive events; and cannot, therefore, stand to each other, immediately, in the relation of cause and effect. They may, however, stand to each other in the relation of cause and effect, mediately. But, then, if they can be known in consciousness as thus mediately related, it is a necessary condition of such knowledge, that the intervening series of causes and effects, through which the final movement of the limb is supposed to be mediately dependent on the primary volition to move, should be known to consciousness immediately under that relation. But this intermediate, this connecting series is, confessedly, unknown to consciousness at all, far less as a series of causes and effects. It follows, therefore, a fortiori, that the dependency of the last on the first of these events, as of an effect upon its cause, must be to consciousness unknown. In other words, — having no consciousness that the volition to move is the efficacious force (power) by which even the event immediately consequent on it (say the transmission of the nervous influence from brain to muscle) is produced, such event being in fact itself to consciousness occult; *multo minus* can we have a consciousness of that volition being the efficacious force by which the ultimate movement of the limb is mediately determined." Reid's *Works*. pp. 866 – 867, note.

We admit the facts as here stated, and still deny that the doctrine of M. de Biran, when properly stated, is at all affected

by them. Hamilton assumes that the efficiency of the volition is recognized only because the effect — the movement of the limb — actually follows. Our position is, that the efficiency of the volition is immediately recognized, because we are directly conscious that the volition tends toward the movement — exerts an effort, or expends power for it — and, therefore, accomplishes *something*, though it may not accomplish *all*, that we intended. The limb may refuse to move, either from a paralysis of the nerves, or from the weakness of the muscles. But this does not prove that *no* power was exerted, but only that the particular modicum of power was insufficient for the whole end in view, and was, therefore, apparently, spent in vain. It was not *really* wasted. If a laborer, who is capable of lifting only six hundred pounds, strives to raise a rock weighing a thousand, no effect seems to follow; the rock does not move. But he is conscious of having put forth a great effort to move it; and, *as power in action is necessarily causal or causative*, an effect was truly produced, — as would be seen if a power in aid were exerted, for the rock would then rise under an additional force equal to only four hundred pounds. Mr. Mill justly remarks, that, "in those sciences of causation which have an accurate nomenclature, there are special words which signify a *tendency* to the particular effect with which the science is conversant. Thus, *pressure*, in mechanics, is synonymous with tendency to motion, and forces are not reasoned upon as causing actual motion, but as exerting pressure."

Sir William Hamilton's own analysis of the action of the will in determining motion might have convinced him of his error. In this action, he rightly distinguishes three things.

"1°. The still immanent or purely mental act of will: what for distinction's sake I would call the *hyperorganic* volition to move; — the *actio elicita* of the schools. Of this volition we are conscious, even though it do not go out into overt action.

"2°. If this volition become transeunt, be carried into effect, it passes into the mental effort or *nisus* to move. This I would call the *enorganic volition*, or, by an extension of the scholastic language, the *actio imperans. Of this we are immediately conscious. For we are conscious of it, though by a narcosis or stupor of the sensitive nerves we*

lose all feeling of the movement of the limb; — though by a paralysis of the motive nerves, no movement in the limb follows the mental effort to move; — though by an abnormal stimulus of the muscular fibres, a contraction in them is caused even in opposition to our will.

"3°. Determined by the enorganic volition, the cerebral influence is transmitted by the motive nerves; the muscles contract or endeavor to contract, so that the limb moves or endeavors to move. This motion or effort to move I would call the *organic movement*, the *organic nisus;* by a limitation of the scholastic term, it might be denominated the *actio imperata*. pp. 864, 865, note.

It is in this *third* element — the *organic* nisus and the *organic* movement — that Sir William seeks for evidence of the efficiency of the will, and rightly declares that it cannot be found. We agree with him. "Between the extreme links of *this* chain, — that is, between the volition to move, and the arm moving," he says, "there intervenes a series of intermediate agencies, of which we are wholly unawares." How mind operates upon matter, — even upon the matter of our own bodies, with which we are so intimately connected, — we do not know. How the action of the will is communicated to the muscles, — whether by one, two, or three intermediate steps, — we do not know.

But we find proof of the efficiency of volition in the *second* of our author's three elements, where his language, which we have italicized, is so explicit that it seems strange the conclusion could have escaped him. By the "*enorganic volition*," we understand neither "the still immanent or purely mental act," nor yet the organic *nisus* or movement which is wholly exterior to the mind, but the transeunt act from one to the other, *the command*, whether it is obeyed or not; — and of this enorganic movement, "we are immediately conscious," though the limb may be paralyzed. It is *action*, of which we are here conscious; otherwise, the "purely mental act of will" could not have "become transeunt." We are conscious of an *effort* in this act — conscious of *putting forth power* — conscious of *attempting* to move the muscles, whether they obey or not. The laborer is not more clearly conscious that he has *tried* to raise the rock. It is certain, also, that power in action is necessarily causative; it forms our only idea of causation.

It *must* produce an effect, though perhaps not the whole effect which we desire. The pressure is not lost, though the rock does not move. We have, then, the direct evidence of consciousness, — of that faculty not one of whose dictates can be impeached, — that the will is a true cause — an efficient cause, not a mere antecedent — a *limited* cause, indeed, but supreme within its proper domain — not always *suf*ficient for the end proposed, but always *ef*ficient, or expending force, which is real, though often inadequate. It was from overlooking this distinction, and confounding sufficiency with efficiency, that the question has been so much perplexed. We have here all the marks or tests, by which efficient causation is distinguished from mere antecedence. In the case of material phenomena, the result can be ascertained only by experience; we learn only by trial, that one substance is soluble, and another not, — that iron expands, and clay contracts, in the fire. But in the case of mental exertion, the result to be accomplished is *preconsidered*, or meditated, and is therefore known *a priori*, or before experience; the volition succeeds, which is a true effort, or power in action; and this is necessarily followed by an effect, partial or complete.

The first of Sir William Hamilton's objections to this theory, (the second on his list,) seems then to be completely obviated. His only remaining argument is more easily disposed of. He objects, secondly, that as the faculties of perception and self-consciousness "can inform us only of *individual* causations, the quality of *necessity* and consequent *universality*, by which this [causal] judgment is characterized, remains wholly unexplained." But we trace this quality of necessity to our intuitive appreciation of the fundamental and essential distinction between matter and mind, — to the first act of self-consciousness by which the *me* is distinguished from the *not-me*. In that primitive cognition, we are directly conscious of the *me* as essentially active, and the *not-me* as essentially inert or passive. This is the necessary antithesis which the thinking being establishes between himself and the outward world, just as soon as he arrives at a consciousness of either. He necessarily attributes power and activity to himself, for he cannot even imagine, he cannot even think, himself deprived

of power, or, what is the same thing, of will; for in our analysis, the two things are identical. Imagine yourself, if you can, deprived even of the power to will; you cannot do it. Outward restraint is nothing; bars and fetters cannot bind the soul. Paralysis is nothing; we can yet *will* to move the limb, though it remains fixed. The effort may be powerless, but it is still an effort, and can always be made. You cannot cease to be conscious of a power to will, without ceasing to be conscious of yourself.

Now, the outward world first manifests itself to us as an obstacle, a limitation, a resistance to be overcome. Our first consciousness of its existence is a perception of its inertness, or want of power, — its essential passivity. We cannot cease to be conscious of this quality in it, without losing consciousness also of that which renders it different from ourselves. Every thing which is foreign to the perceiving mind is perceived to be in antagonism with it; as the one is known only under the conditions of life and activity, the other is recognized only as dead and motionless. It is essential to the one to move, and to the other to be moved. Because matter is perceived, through its antagonism with mind, to be essentially inert, we say that every change in its state must have a cause, or that mind, the only true energy or source of power with which we are acquainted, must be acting upon it, either from within or without. Because incapable of acting itself, it must be acted upon. We never attribute action to matter, except figuratively; for we cannot even conceive of force or energy, as inherent in it. The fatalist himself is obliged to admit this, and consequently to ignore the idea of power altogether. His favorite metaphor of a chain of causes and effects is, in truth, only a succession of effects. Upon his system, every thing is caused, nothing causes; every thing is moved, nothing moves; power is transmitted, as it were, from one event to another, each one being compelled or necessitated by that which preceded it, and in its turn compelling its consequent; and yet this power, thus transmitted, and thus enforcing the law of necessity, has its origin nowhere. We pursue its fleeting shadow through a series of events, but can never overtake it, for the series is infinite.

As all actual and all imaginable existence must be either identified with the *me*, that is, with *mind*, or considered as foreign to it, that is, as *matter*, it must also be conceived either as essentially active, or essentially inert. Here, then, we find a firm basis for the universal and necessary character of the causal judgment; and our author's second objection proves as baseless as his first.

But our readers are probably anxious, by this time, to get out of the wilderness of metaphysics; and we have no wish to detain them there longer than is necessary to form a tolerably fair estimate of the value of Sir William Hamilton's contributions to philosophy. Though we differ from him in opinion on many subjects, and have ventured to express and defend this disagreement, we cannot think of what he has done to maintain among his countrymen that interest in the study of philosophy, which they have always manifested, without a strong feeling of respect and gratitude. He has done much for the refutation of many hurtful errors, and the general character of his speculations has been favorable to morality and truth.

We must pass hurriedly over his writings upon education, as they relate almost exclusively to the constitution of the English and Scotch Universities, and therefore touch upon many topics with which, in this country, we are but little concerned. Yet he has treated the history and the theory of University education in Europe, but especially in England, with his usual affluence of learning, keenness of criticism, and boldness of remark; and the favorers of liberal studies everywhere may find something to interest them in the results of his researches, and the measures which he commends. The controversy which he evoked, though it seemed for many years to have produced little fruit, was not without effect upon public opinion, and has probably added force and given direction to the present movement in England in favor of University reform. The republication of his Essays, therefore, just as the Commission of inquiry into the state of the University at Oxford had finished its labors, was seasonable; and the long Appendix, which he has added to them, upon "Oxford as it is, and Oxford as it might be," was probably in-

tended to influence the action of the Crown and of Parliament upon that Report. Less antagonistic and minatory in tone than the articles to which it is appended, it still lays bare many abuses and defects, and advocates the most sweeping measures to remedy them. The general views contained in it respecting the management of University education deserve attention and study in every land where liberal studies are held in honor.

In one respect, Sir William Hamilton's position as a reformer is a remarkable one. He appears as the advocate, not so much of innovation, as of restoration. To demonstrate that the actual system pursued at both the English Universities, but especially at Oxford, was a usurpation and an abuse, seemed to him the most probable means of effecting its improvement. Accordingly, the doctrine maintained in his earlier articles upon the subject in the Review, and maintained with great earnestness and an imposing display of curious learning and historical research, was, that the present academical system existed in defiance of the statutes and the intentions of the founders, having been surreptitiously introduced into the University for private ends, though virtually acknowledged to be inadequate to accomplish the purposes of the institution. In its origin it was illegal, and it had been perpetuated by constant perjury and breach of trust. The continuance of the system was incompatible with good faith or any regard for moral obligation; for it made the University a snare for tender consciences, and a school to harden one in the practice of equivocation and false swearing. Such charges, deliberately made, and enforced with a formidable show of arguments and authorities that seemed scarcely questionable, of course, excited great commotion at these venerable seats of learning. The controversy that followed their publication, though not of great length, was of unusual bitterness. Sir William's language was as defiant and contemptuous, as his accusations were severe. We will not say that the occasion did not justify it; but, if he looked only to the beneficial effect to be produced within the University itself, where any reform, to be truly effectual, must originate, it should have been more temperate and conciliatory. As it

was, probably, so much indignation was excited that the facts could not be fairly weighed, and the suggestions were unheeded. Perhaps the writer despaired of convincing the authorities directly of the necessity of a change which would be prejudicial at first to their private interests, and therefore aimed at bringing upon them a pressure from without which should enforce reform. If such was his purpose, the success which he obtained was not flattering. The fever of innovation, which seemed to animate the English people about the time of the passage of the Reform Bill, when Sir William's articles first appeared, and which appeared for a season to menace even the security of the Church, passed away without materially troubling the peace of the Universities. Improvements in details were quietly made, as occasion and the progress of opinion rendered them necessary; but the broad features of the system remain unchanged to this day. It now remains to be seen, whether the great authority of a Commission from the Crown can triumph over the prodigious *vis inertiæ* of these time-honored establishments, and overcome the repugnance to change which has always characterized them.

It may be freely admitted, that institutions endowed partly by the state and partly by private individuals, for the support of education and the encouragement of learning, have an irresistible proclivity to fall behind the demands of the age,—a tendency which necessarily increases with the lapse of years. This is no impeachment at all of the ability and integrity of those who have the immediate direction of them; it is a necessity imposed by the original limitations of their trust, and by the changing circumstances of the times. Donors are not aware of the responsibility which they assume, when they affix permanent conditions to the enjoyment of their gift; and even when time has demonstrated the necessity of a change, it is a delicate proceeding in morals to decree that the money shall be appropriated to other uses, not contemplated by those who gave it. It becomes a serious question, whether restrictions ought not to be put by law upon the power of bequeathing property to be held in mortmain, in order to prevent it from being tied up by directions so specific and minute, that the change of circumstances, in a century or two, will probably

render compliance with them impracticable, or reduce the advantages expected from the gift to a minimum. In England, the omnipotence of Parliament, to say nothing of the large powers vested in the courts of chancery, opens a way for revoking the injudicious provisions of a will or a deed of gift, and turning the endowment from a useless or injurious, to a beneficial, purpose. But in this country, the constitutional provision for the faithful observance of contracts, and the very limited grant of chancery powers to the courts, render it nearly impossible to alter the conditions under which a gift is enjoyed. If one would know to what strange purposes money may thus come to be devoted, or the shifts to which institutions may be driven in order to keep their funds in use, he has only to look at some of the endowments of the colleges at Oxford. Oaths are still taken by lay Fellows which record the ecclesiastical intentions of the founders, and which include a provision that the juror, who is often a student at law, will make theology the end of his studies, and "will never seek for any dispensation from this his oath, nor will accept it, if sought by others, and offered him." Professors, as well as students, still swear faithfully to observe statutes which they have never read, though a compliance with many of them, even if it were practicable, would be forbidden by the college authorities. If the wills of the founders and benefactors of the institution were observed, more masses for the dead would be repeated in a Protestant college than in any Catholic church. Where such things are done, or left undone, it is little to call a University a school for perjury; and we are not surprised to find that the officers and teachers in it consider the oaths which they have taken as a very slight impediment to any alteration or omission which, not necessity, but convenience or indolence, may require. Sir William Hamilton quotes Butler against them, —

> "They swore so many lies before,
> That now, without remorse,
> They take all oaths that can be made,
> As only things of course."

There is another reason why endowed seats of learning generally fail to answer the impatient demands of those who

delight to talk about "the progress of the age." Experiments must not lightly be tried in them; if unsuccessful, the evil done to at least one generation of students is irreparable. The institution itself, considered as an aggregation of instructors and means of learning, has a continuous existence, and may at any time, without great loss, return to a position which it had injudiciously quitted. But a generation of undergraduates continues only four years, so that the introduction of a new system is, for them, a final and decisive measure, less time than this being insufficient to test the merits of the system by experience. There is an old adage about the *experimentum in corpore vili*, which many strenuous innovators might well keep in view.

Yet this plea, and all others which can be urged, are insufficient to justify that blind and indolent adherence to the past which has always characterized the English Universities. They are insufficient, because, to adopt Lord Bacon's phrase, time innovates for the worse, if men do not innovate for the better. An absolutely stationary position cannot be maintained; either progress or retrogression is inevitable. What is illegal and corrupt in the present system at Oxford, as Sir William Hamilton has pointed out, is the silent growth, or rather the silent deterioration, of centuries. What was abandoned was often necessarily abandoned, because a change of circumstances had rendered it no longer practicable; but no exertion being made to fill up the blank which was thus created, the institution was gradually shorn of its ancient means of usefulness, its sphere of effort was contracted, and its influence diminished. One unhappy change, thus silently made, created a necessity for others. An oath to observe the whole body of the statutes was still exacted, though compliance with them in one particular had become impossible; and a habit of careless or false swearing being once formed, the oath ceased to be any barrier to numerous departures from the old system. The Colleges having illegally supplanted the University, as our author maintains, the Professorships became sinecures almost as a matter of course. All instruction falling into the hands of the Colleges, which possessed only very incompetent means of instruction, the sphere

of tuition was necessarily contracted. The University continued to grant degrees in all the Faculties, when it no longer taught in any, and when no public instruction was offered anywhere, except for the lowest degree, or in the Faculty of Arts. So many changes for the worse could not all be made at once, or even in the course of a single century; but one silently and unavoidably brought on another. Abuses were linked together, and perpetuated, not by innovation, but by inaction.

Recognizing these facts, though our author stoutly maintains that the ancient and statutory constitution of the University was far superior to the mutilated fragment of it which now exists, he admits "it would be a rash inference to conclude, that what is old and even statutory is all good, or that what is new and even illegal is all vicious." As his articles first published in the Review were devoted chiefly to historical statements and arguments, to prove that the present University is a vicious and illegal innovation, so, in the Appendix to them, now first published, he endeavors to point out what is desirable for a reform, and how it may be effected; in other words, to show what Oxford is, and what it might be. Before following him, in this discussion, a brief notice of the facts which he professes to have established, by historical evidence, is essential. We review them the more willingly, as they throw much light upon the origin and progress of the European system of University education.

The name *University* does not import, what many falsely suppose, a place where all the sciences are professedly taught, but one to which all persons may be admitted to learn. *Studium generale* was the designation first in use. *University* first signified the whole number of a company or corporation of individuals, united for some common end; as applied to a seminary of learning, it denoted the whole body of teachers and learners. The language, cited by our author, of a great jurist of the sixteenth century, who was Dean of the Law Faculty in three Universities, is decisive on this point.

"Potest dici *studium generale* et *universitas* ratione eâdem, quòd studia quæ ibi tractantur *universis proposita sint*, et sint publica, et

gratis, *volentibus discere*, proponantur ab institutis præceptoribus, sintque privilegia universis studentibus concessa. *Neque ideo minus studia generalia dicentur aut universitates, quod non omnes scientiæ ibi, sed certæ tantùm, tractentur et doceantur. Nam generalitas ad universitatem non pertinet scientiarum, sed ad publicam causam docendi.*"

Tholosanus *de Republicâ.*

We may remark, in passing, that those who are anxious to assimilate our American Colleges to European Universities may be convinced, by this statement, that they cannot obtain their end by simply enlarging the course of studies. Some of these Colleges already profess to give instruction in as wide a range of sciences and languages as was ever taught in an English or Scotch University, either of ancient or modern times. The University, as first constituted, did not give instruction, or grant degrees, even in all the Faculties. It was limited to that which is the foundation of all, — the Faculty of Arts or Philosophy. Professional learning lay beyond its purpose. The Faculties of Theology, Law, and Medicine were added subsequently, and so added as not to appear component parts of the original institution, but rather as convenient appendages to it, and connected with it by only a slender tie. "The University of Paris, like those of Oxford and Cambridge, at first existed only in the lay Faculty of Arts. On this Faculty these great Universities are founded, as in it alone they once existed; and in the two latter, the higher Faculties never were separated, as in the Continental schools, into independent corporations." And because the instruction given was meant to be liberal or general, not professional or specific, — a common foundation, or general training of the mind, preparatory for the special studies appropriate to different pursuits in life, — the instruction given in the Faculty of Arts did not claim to be universal, or to include all the sciences. The censure thrown upon the ancient Universities for their limited courses of study, and for selecting studies which were not practically useful, is, therefore, unfounded. As well might the ancient Greeks be censured for their scheme of physical training, because they sent their youth to the palæstra, where all the muscles of the body were developed by exercises devised for that end alone, instead of putting

them into workshops, where their manual toil would conduce to some useful end, though, in each case, but one arm, or one set of muscles, would come into use. What the Greeks accomplished for the body, the ancient Universities attempted to accomplish for the mind. The subjects taught in them, as well as the exercises prescribed, including disputation and tuition, — for all were obliged to teach, in order to learn, — looked chiefly, if not exclusively, to the general training of mind, not to imparting useful information. They "considered their function of *prelection* as in importance greatly inferior to their function of *exercise;* and among the exercises which they sedulously enforced, that of *disputation*, regular and frequent, was the principal." In this respect, our author strenuously contends, their system was better than the modern one.

"Strange to say, the whole function of a University is now, for the most part, concentrated in the useless office of communicating information; that is, the academical teacher or professor reads to his auditors a course of lectures upon subjects which they, with far greater convenience, might study for themselves in books, — lectures, too, which, were they ever printed, no one would probably ever dream of reading; whilst disputation, (if not every other exercise,) which public seminaries alone can realize, is utterly abandoned, and even unknown. Thus, the Universities of old ably and faithfully discharged their higher and their lower duties; whereas, of late, they attempt, too frequently, only what is of least importance, and attempt this minor duty only through inefficient means. But could disputation, the practical exercise of reasoning, be again restored, (of course in the vernacular of the disputants, and perhaps less limited, than of old, to mere logical form,) I have no doubt that it would constitute an era in academical efficiency. Lord Bacon has indeed recommended this. For whilst testifying that the practice of disputation renders the mind prompt and all-sided, he proposes the establishment of what he calls a College of Controversies. . . . .

"As it is, indeed, and out of school, all profitable study is a silent disputation — an intellectual gymnastic; and the most improving books are precisely those which most excite the reader — to understand the author, to supply what he has omitted, and to canvass his facts and reasonings. To read passively, to learn, is, in reality, not to learn at all. In study, implicit faith, belief upon authority, is worse even than, for a time, erroneous speculation. To read profitably, we

should read the authors, not most in unison with, but most adverse to, our opinions; for, whatever may be the case in the cure of bodies, *enantiopathy*, and not *homœopathy*, is the true medicine of minds. Accordingly, such sciences and such authors as present only unquestionable truths, determining a minimum of self-activity in the student, are, in a rational education, subjectively, naught. Those sciences and authors, on the contrary, which constrain the student to independent thought, are, whatever be their objective certainty, subjectively, educationally, best." *Discussions.* pp. 681, 682.

As Sir William Hamilton's authority, both from his long academical experience, and his high standing as a scholar and a philosopher, is very weighty in this matter, we gladly borrow other portions of his remarks upon the same subject. The prevalent opinion in this country, and the practice in our Colleges, are just the opposite of what he recommends.

"A University in ordinary, and in ordinary acceptation, involves two very different things: — involving 1°, what is properly the University, a school, to wit, for liberal or general knowledge; and 2°, a collection of special schools, for one, two, three, or more of the learned professions. In the former respect, the student *is considered, as an end unto himself;* his perfection, as a man simply, being the aim of his education. This is the end proposed in what is academically known as the Faculty of Arts or of Philosophy. In the latter respect, the learner *is not viewed as himself an end,* that end being now something *out of himself;* for not his perfection as a man, but his dexterity as a professional man, — in a word, his usefulness as an instrument, has become the aim of his scientific preparation. This end is that proposed in, what are academically known as, the Faculties of Theology, Law, Medicine, &c.; and in this relation, a University is, in fact, only a supplemental and contingent aggregation of special schools, the only connection that these have with each other, or with the University, being, that they all hold out to be *liberal,* that is, they all hold out to educate to professions which presuppose always a liberal accomplishment, if not always an education in the liberal faculty, or faculty of arts. In certain universities, indeed, and in certain of their professional faculties, a degree is now given without a liberal education; but in these cases, the profession has ceased to be liberal or learned, and the instruction by the academical faculty is really that of a mere special school. . . . . .

"As knowledge (man being now considered as an end to himself) is only valuable as it exercises, and by exercise develops and invigor-

ates the mind, so a University, in its liberal faculty, should specially prefer those objects of study which call forth the strongest and most unexclusive energy of thought, and so teach them, too, that this energy shall be most fully elicited in the student. For speculative knowledge, of whatever kind, is only profitable to the student, in his liberal cultivation, inasmuch as it supplies him with the object and the occasion of exerting his faculties; since powers are only developed in proportion as they are exercised, that is, put forth into energy. The mere possession of scientific truths is, for its own sake, valueless; and education is only education, inasmuch as it at once determines and enables the student to educate himself. Nor is there time to lose. In fact, it is now or never; for, as Rousseau truly says, — "L'inhabitude de penser dans la jeunesse en ôte la faculté durant le reste de la vie." The objects of knowledge, which combine more entirely this end with the first, ought thus to be the principal branches of primary academical education." *Id.* pp. 672, 673, 677.

A University, as originally constituted, was a *national* establishment, and even something more; it was open to all the world. It did not profess to teach all sciences, but it did profess to teach all students, the teachers and the taught being united into one corporation, and frequently interchanging their respective functions. It was a place of great resort, especially during the Middle Ages, when books were scarce and dear, when the learned had a common language, and nearly all instruction was necessarily oral. In the middle of the thirteenth century, it is said, there were thirty thousand scholars at Oxford; and though this statement has been doubted, there is good evidence that the number at times exceeded fifteen thousand. The University probably dispensed about all the formal education that was given in the kingdom; students certainly entered it at an earlier age, and remained there much longer, than is common in later times. These numerous students taught each other, there being no separate body of salaried teachers or professors. A degree was a formal permission to teach, the sphere of tuition corresponding to the rank of the degree. Evidence of this fact has come down to the present day, in the form of graduation, the Bachelor or Master receiving a book, "together with the power of publicly expounding it." The Bachelors, indeed, read lectures,

under the supervision of a Master or Doctor, mainly as an exercise useful to himself, but partially because it was advantageous to others. "The Master, Doctor, or perfect graduate, was obliged immediately to *commence* (*incipere*), and to continue for a certain period, publicly to teach (*regere*) some, at least, of the subjects appertaining to his Faculty." But the period of necessary regency was soon abridged, and dispensations were commonly allowed to those who were unwilling to lecture. As the body of graduates gave all the tuition, they also had the government or management of the University, and, to a certain extent, at Oxford and Cambridge, have retained it to this day. They assemble in a Senate, or House of Convocation, to confirm the laws that are proposed, or to approve the degrees which are to be given; a distinction between *regent* and *non-regent*, now applied to "resident" or "non-resident" Masters and Doctors, marks a difference in their privileges. The teaching graduates, receiving a fee from every one who attended their lectures, were engaged in active competition with each other; according as their teaching became more popular and effective, the number of their students and their emoluments increased.

Such, in reference to its plan and means of instruction, was an ancient University, — a disorderly and often tumultuous body, but instinct with life and activity, and efficient for the end proposed. The great concourse of students occasioned a scarcity of lodgings and exorbitant demands for rent. To protect them from undue exaction, and also to guard their manners and their morals, as many of them were of tender years, a regulation was adopted compelling them to live together in licensed Halls or Hostelries, under a Principal or Rector, elected by themselves, and subject, at all times, to the discipline and supervision of the University. The buildings were generally hired for the purpose, and the establishments differed but little from licensed boarding-houses. Five centuries ago, there were over three hundred such Halls at Oxford.

The poverty of the greater part of the students, and the disposition of pious and benevolent persons to take measures for their relief, gradually brought about a series of changes. Seats of learning have abounded with "poor scholars" in

every age; those students who are now living upon a pittance may console themselves with the reflection that they are no worse off than their predecessors. First, to relieve them from the charges for tuition, funds were contributed to pay fixed salaries to a number of lecturers, who then taught gratuitously. These salaried teachers soon received the title of Professors, and attendance on their lectures was made essential for obtaining a degree. Their services enabled the University to relieve the great body of the graduates from the obligation to teach; and though the right of every graduate to lecture remained entire, its exercise was generally abandoned. Yet the continuance of the right was not without good effects; it exposed the Professors to be met at any time by formidable competition, and they were thus prevented from slumbering at their posts.

Thus far, the condition of the poor students was considerably ameliorated; but food, clothes, and lodging expenses remained to be provided for, and as the University was a nursery of the Church, the piety of the faithful was stimulated to procure farther relief for them. Colleges were established, or eleemosynary foundations for the express purpose of maintaining indigent scholars at their studies. In each of these establishments, a certain number of students, depending on the amount of funds, received board and lodging gratis, and a small stipend to defray their other expenses. The benefaction was not confined to undergraduates. According to the practice of those days, the first, or Bachelor's, degree marked only the earliest stage of a University education; Bachelors, Masters, and Doctors still continued in residence, both to teach and to learn. The *Fellows*, so called because they participated equally in the endowment, were the graduates who were supported by the College; stipendiaries who had not yet passed their first degree, were usually denominated *Scholars*, though they were also known under other names. The College existed only for the support of these beneficiaries; it was not obliged to receive any other members than those "on the foundation." All Souls College, at Oxford, remains in this condition to the present day; it has no undergraduates, all its members being Fellows. But the

other Colleges, for their own convenience, and to increase their funds, gradually opened their doors to paying students, or independent members. In view of the youthfulness of the Scholars, they were placed under the domestic superintendance and private discipline of one of the Fellows, who was appointed their Tutor, and required to teach them the rudiments of religion and the Thirty-nine Articles, and to see that their boots and hair were properly cared for. In the nature of his office, he resembled the ancient pedagogue much more than the modern teacher.

The Colleges, being independent and extraneous foundations, were not under the control of the University. Established by the liberality of individuals, they were only bound to obey the statutes of their founders, which were generally minute, formal, and intolerant. They were not, in any sense, national establishments; they were private property, and, by the caprice of their founders, the benefits which they held out were often limited to the founders' kin, to the graduates of a particular public school, or to the inhabitants of a certain city, county, or district. Their endowments, consisting chiefly of real estate, rose immensely in value during the reigns of the Tudors and the Stuarts; and the income being shared by statute among only a certain number of Fellows and Scholars, the portion of each one rose, from the little pittance originally deemed sufficient for the support of a poor student, to the handsome revenues which now surround their fortunate possessors with the comforts and luxuries of life. The number of the Colleges increased, as that of the Halls diminished. Soon after 1300, there were but three of the former, to three hundred of the latter. A century afterwards, the number of the former had risen to seven, and in 1516, to twelve, the number of the Halls having fallen, meantime, to fifty-five. At present, there are nineteen Colleges at Oxford, and, nominally, five Halls, the latter, however, now differing from the former only in name, and by the fact that, not being incorporated, their property, if they have any, is held for them in trust.

It is evident, from this account, that the Colleges were not originally either seats of learning or places of education, but

private charitable establishments, endowed for the beneficent purpose of supporting poor students while they were engaged in their studies at the University. The great and illegal change which Sir William Hamilton complains of, took place when these private institutions gradually supplanted the public University, which was a national establishment, usurped its functions, deprived it of all efficiency, and reduced it in fact to the shadow which it now is. The civil wars of the Roses, the decline of the scholastic philosopy, and the disturbances produced by the Reformation, greatly diminished the concourse of students, and Oxford, for a time, was nearly deserted. The Halls, which, as unendowed establishments, were entirely dependent upon the number of their inmates, consequently fell into decay, and were abandoned. The land and buildings which they once occupied became greatly depreciated in value, and were generally purchased at a low price by the Colleges, whose endowments carried them safely through this period of adversity. These institutions were now enabled to monopolize the ground, and most of them having greatly enlarged their borders and opened their doors for independent members, they became desirous of drawing the whole academical population within their walls, and assuming the entire control of the University. To prevent the reëstablishment of the Halls, the Chancellor obtained the exclusive privilege of nominating their Principals, or in other words, of preventing their institution, if he saw fit. The government of the University by all the Masters or Doctors, in Convocation assembled, was practically rendered null by instituting, in the reign of Charles I., a new Board, composed of the Heads of the Colleges, at whose "Hebdomadal Meeting" every proposal, intended to be made either to the Congregation or Convocation, must be previously discussed and sanctioned. Thus the Colleges, hitherto not recognized at all in the government of the University, now obtained the exclusive management of it.

Their next proceeding was to monopolize the instruction also. The statutory condition for obtaining a degree was attendance on the lectures of the Professors. The Heads of Houses ceased to enforce this condition, the lecture-rooms

consequently were deserted, and many of the Professors therefore ceased to lecture at all. Mere residence at the University for a prescribed period became the only necessary qualification for graduating in either of the Faculties. One exercise after another was dispensed with, or allowed to fall into disuse, till the system was so reduced, that a student became ultimately a Doctor of Laws, Medicine, or Theology, in the same manner in which a calf grows to be an ox. All the tuition actually afforded was in the lowest Faculty, that of Arts, and was given by one College Tutor, — an officer now elevated from the very humble position of a *pædagogus* into the very high and honorable one of dispensing all the education which the University afforded. The stipends of the Professors, fixed in ancient times, when the value of money was great and the expenses of living were inconsiderable, became quite inadequate to their support in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. This evil was remedied in other Universities by allowing them to exact moderate fees from those who attended their lectures, though their instruction was originally designed to be gratuitous. But the Heads of Colleges at Oxford refused to sanction this expedient, and the Professorships were therefore given either to very incompetent persons, or to those who, as the salaries had become almost nominal, did not scruple to hold them as sinecures. But the most important consequence of the usurpation of the Colleges was the loss of the public or national character of the University; the former, as private corporations, having a right to limit their privileges to any class of persons whom they preferred, exacted subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles; and all who were not members of the Church of England were thus, for a long period, deprived of the benefits of a University education, and are still excluded from Oxford and Cambridge.

These are the alterations, silently and gradually effected in the course of many years, to which our author attributes the decadence of the English Universities, both in reputation and efficiency. The measures that he proposes for their renovation are too numerous and complicated to be fully considered here, though a few of them may be specified. He asks, first, that the study of philosophy, so long preëminent in the

old University system, and still zealously cultivated, as a means of education, in France and Germany, may be again required at Oxford and Cambridge. Before this step can be taken, however, it is necessary that the standard of instruction should be raised; for it is remarked that "Philosophy, in Oxford, as in Cambridge, was only left untaught when the ordinary instructor had become incapable of teaching it." This seems strong language; but it is not more decided than that of Mr. F. W. Newman, a distinguished Fellow of Balliol College, and the editor of Huber's learned and elaborate work on the English Universities. Speaking of Theology, Mental and Moral Philosophy, Roman Law, and History, Mr. Newman says, "I appeal to any Oxonian, whether there is any one of these subjects for which Oxford is even a third-rate school." Hamilton maintains that philosophy ought again to be made an independent study — not a mere incident to the reading of certain classical authors — both for its own sake, and for its tendency to render the philological teaching there more philosophical. He holds the balance between Professorial and Tutorial instruction very evenly, giving no exclusive preference to either, but showing that both ought to have place in any complete scheme of University education. The function of a Professor he defines to be, the delivery, from his own resources, of a course of lectures on some department of knowledge, to the whole body of learners in the institution; that of a Tutor, is to teach certain books or codes of doctrine to a class of pupils, who constitute but one section of the whole academic population. The necessary condition of any improvement of Professorial tuition is a radical change in the mode of appointment, or in the system of patronage, which, as it exists at present, both in England and Scotland, he holds to be vicious and absurd. Despairing of the probability of any such change, he relies chiefly on the improvements that may be effected in the plan of Tutorial tuition. One is reconciled to this system by the consideration, that, in the character of the books which are authorized to be taught, some guaranty can be taken for the character of the instruction which is to be given; but the opinions of a Professor are those of an individual only, and whatever may have been his

reputation for learning, ability, and didactic skill, we can have no assurance of the soundness or wisdom of the doctrines he may inculcate. "How few academical courses have been thought worthy of the press, even by self-love or the partiality of friendship; and of those which have actually been published, how few have the public thought worthy of perusal!"

But to make the Tutorial system efficient, many modifications of it, as it now exists at Oxford, are essential. Mr. Newman rightly states, that it is both a great evil and a great injustice, first, to compel University students to enrol themselves in some College, — and as most of the Colleges at Oxford are crowded, the applicant must go to any one in which he can find a vacancy, — and then, to force upon them the Tutor of that College, "though a notoriously abler instructer may be on the other side of the street." Sir William Hamilton proposes, that, instead of being restricted each to his particular College, the Tutors should become University officers, and a number of them should be employed jointly in teaching each of the public or University classes into which the Collegians should be distributed. Thus brought into direct public comparison with each other, the spirit of competition would soon render them energetic and faithful in their work. None should be appointed to the office but those who have graduated with First Class Honors in the department in which they are to teach. A few College Tutors should be retained, to combine the advantages of private preparatory discipline with those of public instruction in the University class. The selection of books and studies should be made by a Board specially constituted for this very purpose; and it is insisted that, in making the selection, the studies should be viewed, not in their *objective* relation, as leading to useful knowledge for future application in life, but "in their *subjective* relation, as a means of cultivating the capacity itself of thought."

But we cannot follow any farther Sir William Hamilton's plan of University Reform, especially as it goes much into detail, and this article is already extended to an unreasonable length. It is a satisfaction to find, that, in some of its principal features, this plan is a near approximation to the system actually pursued in our American Colleges. With the unfor-

tunate exception, that studies here are almost universally estimated according to the usefulness of the information acquired in them, and to the directness of their bearing upon the student's future pursuits in life, it may be said that our Colleges already occupy the position which the English Universities are striving to attain. Of course, we do not allude to the amount of scholarship, the means and appliances of learning, or even the thoroughness of the tuition which is actually afforded. We refer only to the plan of operation, or the general arrangement of the machinery of a liberal education. Here, we are less fettered by precedents and positive institutions; we have not the collected abuses of six centuries to sweep away. Experiments are rashly tried in American Colleges, it is true; but even these experiments prove that we have a capacity for reform, and their unfortunate result supplies wisdom for the future. We lack the strong incitements to study, the prodigious stimulus to exertion, which the large population and magnificent endowments of the English Universities afford. But it is consoling to learn that so much is accomplished without them; and it is reasonable to hope that the proverbial liberality of our countrymen will soon supply the defect. If any are inclined to complain of the management of our higher seminaries of learning, and of the meagreness and inferiority of the work actually accomplished in them, when compared with the measure of a liberal education at the time-honored Colleges of our mother land, we commend them to an attentive perusal of Sir William Hamilton's strictures upon the history and present condition of the University of Oxford.

ART. IV. — 1. *The Wide, Wide World.* By ELIZABETH WETHERELL. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1851. 2 vols. 12mo.
2. *Queechy.* By ELIZABETH WETHERELL. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1852. 2 vols. 12mo.
3. *Dollars and Cents.* By AMY LOTHROP. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1852. 2 vols. 12mo.

WHAT would be the astonishment of Mrs. Anne Radcliffe and Mrs. Charlotte Smith, if they could revisit the glimpses of the moon they were so fond of, and remain long enough among us of the nineteenth century to read a fair specimen of the literature of the day! How would the exalted imaginations, which conceived The Mysteries of Udolpho and The Orphan of the Castle, accept the information that elegant sorrows no longer command sympathy; that the tender trials of Lord Algernon and Lady Helena are voted "flat," while pecuniary hinderances to the union of John and Sarah alone touch the feelings of a discerning public? Of all the fictions now in favor with that public, which would they find most tolerable or least intolerable, — the philosophical, political, sectarian, or philanthropic novels; or those of unstinted bloodshed, or those which are essentially essays on the condition of the poor, with hardly a film of fiction to soften the sharp outline?

We can form some notion of the perplexity and vexation of these excellent ladies, by recurring to a private experience still fresh in our memory. We were returning northward from a survey of the galleries of Italy, where Art has been the handmaid of beauty, elegance, and grandeur, till it seems to the delighted traveller vexing and vulgar to be obliged to devote part of every precious day to eating and sleeping, — into Holland, where the exquisite skill of Teniers and his compeers has been expended upon objects so mean and unpleasing that, if they came in our way in real life, the first thought would be a speedy retreat. To exchange the Transfiguration for Boors drinking — the Madonna della Seggiola for Paul Potter's Bull — the Apollo for the Subject for Dissection, — what perfection of execution could console us? Nay, the very perfection with which these mean and graceless things are

rendered, added to our vexation in contemplating them, for it was just so much deducted from the illustration of the true and ennobling realm of Art.

We would, by no means, be understood to say that there is no other side from which to approach this subject; but only that we must own to a good deal of sympathy with such feelings as we have ventured to ascribe to the illustrious *revenants* aforesaid. In their day, it had not yet become the fashion to draw conclusions as to national character from popular literature. Novels were not then supposed to express the spirit of the age. Their aim was to please the reader, insinuating a little instruction in morals meantime, and sometimes venturing upon satire, either general or particular, prompted by public ills or private resentment. Low life in them was either picturesque or brutal; poverty made angels or demons; and riches were the proper and certain reward of virtue, as well as the crowning grace of beauty. The romance proper dealt only with an ideal world; which, though it borrowed terrors and motives from this lower, every-day sphere, yet made them all its own by a judicious mixture of elegance and absurdity. One returned from its illusions to humdrum, common-sense life and duty, as we come out of a panorama exhibited by gas-light, to the sunny street and jostling crowd, — uncertain at first which is the false and which the true. To have let in the cool daylight upon the show, would have been to kill it completely — an ungrateful recompense for so much pleasure. Nowadays, every thing that will not bear this disenchanting light is ranked as meretricious; there is no truth but literal truth; heroines are no longer "mad in white satin"; troubles, to touch our hearts, must be every-day troubles; heroes, who do not interest themselves in political economy and the condition of the masses, are unworthy of good fortune. Instead of dealing with thrilling adventures, delicate shades of character, and love deferred by incredibly fiendish machinations, fiction now attacks the factory system; the Herodian schools, — as some wit has denominated those which murder, or even half murder, the "Innocents"; — the governess grievance, or the Court of Chancery; — using individual character and for-

tunes as mere machinery for the development of the leading idea. The novel has become a *quatrième état*; something considerable in government; a power formidable to evil-doers; but not particularly lovely or cheering to those who resort to it merely to delight or to exalt the imagination, — as suggestive of possibilities of happiness, or as counter-agent to the disenchanting tendencies of our wayward, blundering experience.

How far back shall we date this revolution? Miss Burney was a phœnix in her way, a marvel of adventurous naturalness for those times; but she called in the aid of rank and wealth, and depended not a little on the dazzle of high life. She was carefully genteel, and handled her low characters as with a pair of tongs, — as a fashionable physician of somewhere near her era is said to have felt the pulses of his poor patients with his cane. Mrs. Opie had a more comprehensive view of human nature, and a more general interest in it. She was a Quaker, and had never been a Maid of Honor. Religion and worldly wisdom were aptly blended in her agreeable novels; stylish follies were hit off, and many a social fallacy shown up by side-lights. Her Illustrations of Lying held "the mirror up to nature" to some purpose, and many were the conscious blushes it reflected. But we can hardly consider those easy, pleasant stories as ancestors of the trenchant novel of to-day.

Miss Edgeworth, in her half-didactic fictions, pictured high life as at home and low life as from above — a birds-eye or celestial view; and with her potent educational instincts, drew after her a mighty audience of parents and children, with a moderate following of young men and maidens. But the great public was not, could not be, hers. She held a ferule; she carefully maintained an aristocratic bearing, that warned the reader to remember the distinction between the writer and her more natural characters. She wrote to instruct the docile public in certain things, and not for the humble purpose of pleasing; yet she scorned not the aid of romance, and often made rather awkward efforts in that direction. But there was a fatal defect in her wing. She owned (in her books) no deity but Common Sense,

and Common Sense never yet touched the affections of mankind, or warmed the common heart into a sweet and holy forgetfulness of self. Honor to Miss Edgeworth for what she did! what she did not do, she did not try to do. Her novels were almost as much school-books, as those excellent lessons entitled Frank and Rosamond. Her teachings were direct and specific. She let the heart wholly alone, and contented herself with prescribing for the conduct. With Life, as a problem, she had nothing to do; it had not then begun to be called a problem. Its particular emergencies were to be dealt with by particular expedients, within the domain and potency of Common Sense; it was to be conquered, like Captain Bobadil's army, in detail. For want of a whiter or drier light than worldly experience or worldly wisdom can lend, even Miss Edgeworth's sagacity did not make the discovery that it cannot be so conquered. She did not perceive, that, if every one of her excellent precepts and hints had been adopted and acted upon, there would still have remained a world of evils untouched, of deadly faults uncared for. A social fabric built upon her plan might not have fallen to pieces before the blasts of fortune, or sunk by the slow undermining of folly or fraud. It might be fair to look upon, and available for most purposes of convenience; but it must ever lack the breath of life from heaven, and the direct, creative, vivifying beams of that Sun of Righteousness, without whose influence the heart of erring man is cold and hard as polar ice. How different that glorious edifice, all whose parts and dependencies, from polished corner-stone to dazzling pinnacle, are fitly joined together, each with each and all, "whose builder and maker is God!"

The illusions of old romance were, for a time, revived, while the splendid magic of Scott ruled the hour. Pageant and tournament, presence-chamber and battle-field, dizzy turret and fell *oubliette*, imprisoned the willing imagination in turn, while over all alike, hovered the sweet spirit of Humanity, and, not far in the background, beamed the hallowed face of Religion, consecrating our pleasure. O, those were happy days for readers! But the wondrous potentate resigned the throne, and left no successor. In the collapse of fancy that

followed that period of enchantment, Miss Ferrier and Miss Austen tried the power of every-day life and every-day character to interest the general heart. The sensible and amusing novels of these ladies are the product of much knowledge of society, and sharp, though not ill-natured, observations of its motives and pretences. They show up ordinary human nature under the modification of silk and broadcloth, ermine and epaulettes; and they do it well. We laugh at foibles or frown at meannesses; perhaps, resolve to beware of the one and the other. So far, well enough. But what is our feeling toward the social world thus exhibited? Is our love of kind increased? Are the Christian desire and duty of remedying the ills we see, quickened by these pictures of prevalent heartlessness and folly? Causes are no more indicated than remedies are suggested. The worldly view of corrupt and hollow social life is, simply, that such things are, and being so, must so remain, — the work of the satirist, and the legitimate object of ridicule, certainly, but a subject of effort to none but the inveterate Utopian. This remark applies generally to what are called novels of real life, the scene of which is laid in England. We have called this class of novels amusing, and so they are, if we do not look at them too seriously. They quicken the worldly discernment, help us to self-knowledge, and suggest toleration of things as they are. But it is a philosophic and Epicurean, not a religious, toleration. This would be no subject of complaint, if the novel limited its pretensions to amusing the reader. It is only when it undertakes the office of a moral engine, that we begin to test the springs or inquire into the principle. A puppet-show is safe enough; but a locomotive —

Bulwer we must consider as belonging to the school of romance, with its glories, its sweetening influences, its soft illusions. As far as he is distinctive and individual, it is in this direction. And because of this, we should have looked on him as a benefactor to his age, if he had been as pure as he was graceful and attractive in his fictions. But, until the Caxtons, almost every one of his numerous romances had some plague-spot about it, and should have been banished to the moral Lazaretto. Now that he seems to have found

some root of healing, we gladly accord him an honorable place among those who have increased "the public stock of harmless pleasure."

We are not about to run a tilt as the advocates of the religious novel, especially in its old, sectarian form — a form which, unhappily, is not wholly disused in our own day. But pictures, however attractive, of life disjoined from the influence of that religion which is its salt and savor, or forgetful of the great fact that human virtue can possess neither consistency nor stability without it, are like the crude efforts of the tyro on canvas, who, being endowed with a certain amount of observation and an eye for color, produces glowing and even fascinating figures and groups which, on examination, prove to be monsters — inasmuch as, under all their life-like hues and effects of beauty, they have bones and muscles placed according to fancy, rather than in agreement with nature and science. Such pictures may indeed please the youthful eye, but they would terribly mislead the student who should depend on them as models. Better, far, the angels of Art's early day, with lovely heads but empty drapery — terminating *in aria*, from a pious dread of ascribing human proportions to superhuman beings; or the equally ideal heroines of the old romances, strong only in beauty, yet subject to no weakness but love; — moral monsters, indeed, but having at least such religion as can be incorporated with such natures.

It were folly to deny that the novel has become more *respectable* in its modern form; we say only that it is less *pleasing*. It has not attempted to stem the utilitarian current of the time, like painting and sculpture, and music — (would we could add poetry, but that, alas! has become didactic, in order that it may be read) — Painting, Sculpture, and Music — blessings on them for standing proudly up, unmodified by all the press of world-tendencies — unaccommodated to the encroachments of vulgarity, however specious or popular — faithful witnesses to the high uses of Beauty! Fiction has confessed its inferiority as an art; it has sought not to lead, but to follow; not to inspire, but to persuade. It no longer claims to have an end within itself; it labors, and to an ultimate purpose. It has not only become a schoolmaster, but a

treacherous one; one who puts on a forced, cruel smile, to entice his victim, while he holds the rod behind his back, only waiting an unguarded moment to assume his natural look and his favorite office. But this office is very *respectable*, both in the book and in the schoolmaster, if we believe the "moral-pocket-handkerchief"-makers of the day. They insist that it is a "dooty" to mix the medicine with the syrup which our simpler fathers used to reserve to sweeten the imagination and brighten up the face of the imp, who had taken the less palatable potion without resistance. For, say they, people grow more and more unwilling to swallow instruction, and will hardly take it at all, unless it is cunningly disguised. It were a grave question to ask, how has instruction become so unpalatable?

It is but carrying our thought a step further to say that, although a very large proportion of the novels of the day are written by women, yet the novel feminine is nearly extinct. Not to speak of Jane Eyre and Shirley, of whose heroines a certain piquant ferocity, which now and then touches "the brink of all we hate," forms the principal charm, — where do we meet a novel of the first class that bears a decided and intentional feminine aspect, if we except some of the many volumes of the author of "Two Old Men's Tales," and the picturesque platitudes of Mr. James? Mrs. Gore's innumerable progeny all raise the suspicion of a maternal beard. The qualifications of our most popular lady-novelists are, not tenderness, piety, imagination, fancy; but keen observation, powerful satire, knowledge of the world, strong common sense, and — though last not least — democratic principles, of which women seem destined to be the instinctive apostles, as indeed they can well afford to be, occupying, as they do, a fixed aristocratic position in the world; born judges of a turmoil that can never reach them. Mrs. Inchbald set all the men in England weeping over her "Simple Story," a story so simple that our school-chits, nowadays, scorn to be moved by it; Miss Bronte puts all the reviewers to their trumps by a novel of morality so questionable, that good mothers are not a little in doubt whether it ought to have a place on the drawing-room table, while the light of its better part is like

steel-glints, and the music of its love like the clang of armor. Have the hearts of men, — and women, — grown harder than of old?

Novels of American life have thus far been rather picturesque than moral or "knowing." The new circumstances of our position, and the feeling that our country is too little known to other countries, have prompted a descriptive tone — both as to scenery and manners — an appearance of the attempt to give information — which has almost put them out of the pale of fiction and within that of travels. When Scott describes manners and customs, scenery, or historic characters, he does so because they are in themselves worth describing; they are curious, or quaint, or striking, or they have the points which fit them to be the components of a great picture in which the imagination shall find delight; when Mr. Cooper or Miss Sedgwick brings them forward, it is because they are American — new, unknown beyond our own borders, and because they *ought* to be interesting; — Indians, for instance, which writers *will* occasionally fancy they can *make* interesting, the true Indian, truly depicted, being about as interesting as the Patagonian or New Zealander. To teach morals has been no very direct aim of our indigenous novels. They have breathed a high and pure tone, but it has been an under-tone. Mr. Cooper, in his latter days, wrote some hard, blunt satires, under the guise of novels; but there is many a deposition that deserves the name better. Miss Sedgwick's minor fictions are parables, excellent ones, adorned with all the humane graces, and distinctly American; beaming all over with the earnest goodness of the author — her truth, her courage, her religious spirit; but hardly novels.

As our space will not allow a *catalogue raisonnée* of American novels, we must content ourselves with this mere reference to them. It is more to our present purpose to say that they have been accepted and admired at home, and not a little noticed abroad; though, on every fresh venture, there is a cry of "American! we want something American! something distinctive; something that would not be at home anywhere else; grand as your rivers; rugged as your mountains; expansive, like your great lakes," &c. There has

been, at times, a perfect hubbub of this sort — a very "Omnibus row," if we may credit the critic managers of British taste:

> "Folks of all sorts and of every degree;
> Snob and Snip and haughty grandee;
> Duchesses, Countesses, fresh from their tea;
> And Shopmen, who only read books for a spree,
> Halloo'd and hooted and roar'd 'cross the sea,
> 'Be grand! be grand!
> Let your lirles expand!
> We 'll take nothing small from so monstrous a land!'"

(We hope the ghost of the lamented Ingoldsby will not haunt us for the liberty here taken with his rhymes.) Yet the bigger we tried to write, the more they said we stole their thunder. So, by general consent, and in happy hour, we gave up trying to write to please or instruct any body but ourselves; and lo and behold, an American literature!

If we may accept as testimony the rapturous welcome of our British neighbors, Uncle Tom's Cabin is in itself quite sufficient to establish our claim in that quarter — an incidental obligation which we owe to Mrs. Stowe, in addition to the great one of having flung the heaviest stone at Slavery in the United States. But besides the glory of this unique production, the past year has witnessed another triumph, in the welcome given to a new venture in the new path; a welcome less enthusiastic, of course, than that accorded to the striking and masterly delineation of a social state about which the whole curiosity of the world was a-tiptoe; but most hearty, smiling, tearful; spontaneous, national, and untinctured by the poor pride which is unsatisfied without the recognition of outsiders. The Wide, Wide World struck a chord that was still vibrating when Queechy came to prolong the thrill; and later in the day, a modest, younger sister, bearing the unlovely name of Dollars and Cents, touched the same note, though with a less potent finger. In treating of these three books, we must notice the third only incidentally, yet its merit is undeniable. It has the disadvantage of being third and not first, or even second; and also of having appeared too soon after its elders, which it resembles too closely to hope to excite a fresh interest.

As far as we know the early history of the Wide, Wide

World, it was, for some time, bought to be presented to nice little girls, by parents and friends who desired to set a pleasant example of docility and self-command before those happy beginners. Elder sisters were soon found poring over the volumes, and it was very natural that mothers next should try the spell which could so enchain the more volatile spirits of the household. After this, papas were not very difficult to convert, for papas like to feel their eyes moisten, sometimes, with emotions more generous than those usually excited at the stock exchange or in the counting-room. Whether any elder brothers read, we must doubt, in the absence of direct testimony; for that class proverbially despises any thing so "slow" as pictures of domestic life; but we are much mistaken if the Wide, Wide World, and Queechy, have not been found under the pillows of sober bachelors, — pillows not unsprinkled with the sympathetic tears of those who, in broad day, manfully exult in "freedom" from the effeminate fetters of wife and children.

All this while nobody talked very loud about these simple stories. They were found on everybody's table, and lent from house to house, but they made no great figure in the newspapers or show-bills. By and by, the deliberate people who look at title-pages, noticed the magic words, "Tenth Thousand," "Twelfth Thousand," and so on; and as the publishing house was not one of those who think politic fibs profitable, inevitable conclusions began to be drawn as to the popularity of the books — conclusions to which the publisher had come long before, perhaps not without a certain surprise.

With our intuitive respect for the public fiat, we scarce feel like criticizing, in the usual terms, works which have received the unbought stamp of its hearty approval. All critical rules worth using are deduced from works thus stamped; that is to say, from works of genius; for the universal heart leaps up to none other. And as each of these must be to a certain extent original, we ought, perhaps, to consider it as instituting some new rules, of which it should itself first enjoy the advantage. We should certainly be much at a loss for any single book to which we might profitably compare these truly indigenous novels, unless we take the liberty of supposing that the Vicar

of Wakefield may have seemed to English readers of Goldsmith's time somewhat as these do to us — a simple transcript of country life and character, depending for interest partly on the ordinary joys and sorrows of our common humanity, partly on life-like pictures of individual loveliness and virtue, which sweeten what is homely in the accessories, and brighten scenes and fortunes that might otherwise leave on the mind a too oppressive sadness. As far as we can analyze the elements of literary popularity, that of the Vicar and that of these world-wide stories of ours rest on a somewhat similar basis, though we are far from claiming for the American tales an equality of merit. In plot they are deficient, certainly; may almost be said to have none; and in variety they fall immeasurably behind, as every picture of common life drawn by a woman necessarily must, for want of the wide experience open only to the other sex. But, even of the Vicar of Wakefield, Dr. Johnson said, "I myself did not think it would have had much success;" so difficult is it at first to discern the true merit of a life-like portrait by a master of the art. A daub strikes or disgusts at once; it is only the exquisite painter who keeps us long hovering in doubt through the subtle delicacy of his handling.

Miss Warner — who can no longer expect to find shelter under her pseudonyme of "Elizabeth Wetherell," — sets out on her task with a religious intention — as who should not? under the injunction, "WHATEVER ye do" — yet she does not write what we have been accustomed to contemplate under the title of a religious novel. Attempting, as her main point, the development of a female character from mere childhood upward, she makes religion the decisive element, as whoever would draw from nature must do, spite of convention, fortune, amiable dispositions, happy circumstances, or strange reverses. Whosoever looks below the mere surface of things, finds that when virtue, happiness, or even prosperity is in question, religion is the ultimate disposer, though the world is slow to recognize its power over "the life that now is." In our view, Miss Warner allows it no higher than its due place, and ascribes to it no wider than its real influence. She makes her young girl passionate, though amiable, in her

temper; fond of admiration, although withheld by innate delicacy from seeking it unduly. She places her in circumstances of peculiar trial to her peculiar traits, and brings her, by careful gradations, to the state of self-governed and stable virtue which fits woman for her great office in the world; a fitness which would be impaired by the sacrifice of a single grace, or the loss of one sentiment of tenderness. To build such a character on any basis other than a religious one, would have been to fix a palace upon the shifting sands; and we have no quarrel with Miss Warner that she has not taken pains to hide her foundations, as some poor architects do. Let us see that the base is sufficient, that we may not be disturbed by fears as to the permanence of an edifice we are compelled to admire. Ellen and Fleda are reared, by their truly feminine and natural experiences, into any thing but "strong-minded women," at least if we accept Mr. Dickens's notion of that dreadful order. They are both of velvet softness; of delicate, downcast beauty; of flitting but abundant smiles, and of even too many and ready tears.

> "Not learned, save in gracious household ways;
> Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants."

They live in the affections, as the true woman must; yet they cultivate and prize the understanding, and feel it to be the appointed guardian of goodness, as all wise women should. Without a touch of the Corinna, we feel that neither could ever sink to the level of Priscilla. They are conscious of having a power and place in the world, and they claim it without assumption or affectation, and fill it with a quiet self-respect, not inconsistent with modesty and due humility. Such is the ideal presented, and with such skill that we seem at times to be reading a biography. There is a sweetness in the conception and execution that makes the heart and the temper better as we read. A little gentle monitor puts our pride off its guard, and we are led away captive by goodness — even religious goodness — without resistance.

So much for the *charm* of the books. As a matter of pure judgment, we must place their pictures of American country life and character above all their other merits, since we know not where, in any language, we shall find their graphic truth

excelled. When after times would seek a specimen of our Doric of this date, Aunt Fortune will stand them in stead; and no Theocritus of our time will draw a bucolical swain more true to the life than Mr. Van Brunt. Even the shadow of Didenhover is a portrait; we see him, though he never appears in the flesh, and we feel him, too, though we have never let out a farm "on shares." Captain Montgomery is another of those invisible persons with whom we are perfectly well acquainted, although not a line is given to describing him; and the "hateful" clerk who wreaks his petty spite upon Ellen's horse, is a character whose truth to nature little girls bear witness to, by the hearty indignation with which they read the scene. Nancy Vawse is a white Topsy; Barby a perfect type of the American serving-girl, at once selfish and tender, coarse and delicate; and we might swell our list of life-like characters a good deal further, if their very number did not warn us against being too particular.

But, on the other hand, we are compelled to say that such magisterial lovers as Mr. Carleton and John Humphreys are not at all to our taste, nor do we believe they would in actual presence be very fascinating to most young ladies. It is true that youthful pupils have fallen in love with their schoolmasters ere now, but if we were condemned to go masquerading after a wife, we should, relying upon observation, choose almost any other *rôle* sooner. It is hard to imagine Ellen slipping into the equality of wifehood, from the childish reverence which she is represented as feeling, to the last moment, for him who has been for years her stern and almost gloomy teacher. As for Carleton, he carries his pretentiousness into the region of melodrama — awing people with looks; entering the drawing-rooms of ladies unnoticed, so as to be present when nobody is thinking of him, and scarce descending from his stilts even to his honored mamma, though he is

"All adoration, duty, and observance"

to the child Fleda, and on the point of fighting a duel about her, when she is scarce a dozen years old. This contrast between a man's natural or habitual character and manner, and that which he exhibits when in love, may be what novel-reading young ladies call "interesting;" but it is one scarcely

befitting a pattern man — a Christianized hero — one to whom humility is strength, and self-renunciation the only dignity. The least *soupçon* of strut spoils such a figure. We like the hero of Dollars and Cents — evidently a brother of the order, Rodney Collingwood by name — much better, though he walks under such a veil of dimness in the story, as told by a little girl, that we are hardly sure we know him fully.

In each and all of the three books we are thinking of, pecuniary difficulties are made the chief means of the development of character; in real life, as it seems to us, they are more certainly the means of developing talent. Is it not assigning to money an office higher than that which really belongs to it, to make the possession or lack of it so influential in that high region where the affections, the conscience, the hope for another life, are the acknowledged arbiters? Character must spring from the heart; conduct may be, in part, the result of circumstances. The possession of riches does, indeed, sometimes seem to harden the heart and deaden the sympathies; mean and shallow minds it makes self-forgetful and irreligious, sometimes. But, on the other hand, has not the struggle with poverty its mischiefs? Even the effort to escape, not from poverty, but from mediocrity, to the dazzling heights of wealth, — that strife which we of this "happy land" see around us every day, — may well remind a looker-on of the fate of those wretched prisoners, who, after agreeing to march in procession past the only breathing place, that each might have his share of the chance for life, soon forgot, in their frantic selfishness, that the good of all was the good of each, and trod one upon another, filling the air with poison and death. Only the philosopher, and, above all, the Christian, whose philosophy has possession and command of the entire man, heart as well as intellect, finds poverty favorable to the cultivation of all the virtues. Angry discontent, if not open murmuring against Providence; if not absolute and conscious envy, at least so much of it as prevents a hearty rejoicing at the prosperity of others; such a yielding to sordid cares as shall make the imagination a mere caterer to Mammon, and so stifle the affections that our eye shall be evil to the

son of our bosom as being another consumer of the diminishing store; these are some of the too common and natural evils of poverty; evils against which strength of mind offers no adequate defence, because the intellect alone makes poor and wavering battle against the passions and propensities.

Poverty is not, therefore, the ordeal to which we should choose to subject an ordinary mind and heart, with a view to their highest improvement. The trials of temper to which the little Ellen is exposed, under the iron hand of Aunt Fortune, are training indeed, and tests indeed. To profit by such blows, the heart must have had the annealing of heavenly fires, for none other would serve; to bear them without absolute injury would be above the moral strength of most children, as our painful interest in the struggles and slips of the dear little girl bears witness. Another sort of trial is the persecution of Fleda by Mr. Thorn, and the petty annoyance she experiences among the Evelyns. The entire picture of her conduct in these cases is excellently done, and offers some most salutary hints of united modesty and firmness, in positions which most young ladies would find difficult. The amiable amusement called "teazing" is well characterized; we have always felt it to be akin to that of pulling off the legs and wings of flies.

"Fleda had the greatest difficulty not to cry. The lady did not seem to see her disturbed brow; but recovering herself after a little, though not readily, she bent forward and touched her lips to it in kind fashion. Fleda did not look up, and, saying again — 'I will tell him, dear Fleda!' — Mrs. Evelyn left the room. Constance, after a little laughing and condoling, neither of which Fleda attempted to answer, ran off too, to dress herself; and Fleda, after finishing her own toilette, sat down and cried heartily. She thought Mrs. Evelyn had been, perhaps unconsciously, very unkind; and to say that unkindness has not been meant, is but to shift the charge from one to another vital point in the character of a friend, and one perhaps not less grave. A moment's passionate wrong may consist with the endurance of a friendship worth having, better than the thoughtlessness of obtuse wits that can never know how to be kind. Fleda's whole frame was in a tremor from disagreeable excitement, and she had serious causes of sorrow to cry for. She was sorry she had lost what would have been a great pleasure in the ride — and her great pleasures were not often — but

nothing would have been more impossible than for her to go after what Mrs. Evelyn had said; she was sorry Mr. Carleton should have asked her twice in vain; what must he think? She was exceedingly sorry that a thought should have been put into her head that never before had visited the most distant dreams of her imagination — so needlessly, so gratuitously; — she was very sorry, for she could not be free of it again, and she felt it would make her miserably hampered and constrained in mind and manner both, in any future intercourse with the person in question. And then, again, what would he think of that? Poor Fleda came to the conclusion that her best place was at home, and made up her mind to take the first good opportunity of getting there.

"She went down to dinner with no traces either of tears or of unkindness on her sweet face, but her nerves were quivering all the afternoon; she could not tell whether Mrs. Evelyn and her daughters found it out. And it was impossible for her to get back even her old degree of freedom of manner before either Mr. Carleton or Mr. Thorn. All the more because Mrs. Evelyn was every now and then bringing out some sly allusion which afforded herself intense delight, and wrought Fleda to the last degree of unquietness. Unkind — Fleda thought now it was but half from ignorance of the mischief she was doing, the other half from the mere desire of selfish gratification. The times and ways in which Lot and Abraham were walked into the conversation were incalculable — and unintelligible except to the person who understood it only too well."

Many of the social ills and errors called "petty," are touched upon with equal acuteness and courage — we say courage, because that is a quality required for touching on American social faults. One is proved a traitor, and will go nigh to be thought one shortly, who allows, even in the rarest paroxysms of candor, that our manners might be improved. But our authoress is on impregnable ground when she takes the golden rule as her standard of manners, and she makes us feel, in various instances, that convention is a far more arbitrary and fluctuating one. As good republicans, we ought to thank her for indicating the basis whereon we may build, even in this land of equality and fluctuation, a politeness more gentle, delicate, and consistent, than ever prevailed in the court of the Grand Monarque, or any other selfish King of Diamonds whatever.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary, after what we have already said, to state formally that we think the new American novels no whit too religious. If we were inclined to cavil at all in this direction, it would be at a too minute and rather feeble mode of presenting the great subject in certain conversations, where the effort has evidently been to simplify the whole matter, and clear it of the mystical dimness and dignity which persons of more intellectual pride than self-knowledge are apt to allege against it. We do not at all agree with the critic who objects to the attempt to "make people religious by quotations from Dr. Watts's hymns;" for a hymn is sometimes to a sermon what the smooth stone of the shepherd-warrior was to the ponderous spear of the heathen giant; or the scymetar of Saladin, that would divide a flying feather, to the broadsword of Sir Kenneth, made to hack and hew by the aid of main strength. "The Word"! who shall measure its potency, or prescribe the vehicle in which it shall find its appointed mark soonest? If any thing is taught equally by Scripture and experience, it is that in spiritual matters it is impossible to say "whether shall prosper, either this or that." To use an illustration called to mind by the rural pictures in the books before us;—a mass of hay not wholly dried may long be conscious of a rising heat, yet never reaching the point of combustion, grow cold again. But, while the temperature of the heap is thus raised, it takes but an electric flash from a passing cloud to wake it into flame. Poetry is electric, and oftentimes the dull, smouldering soul, long inaccessible to influences seeming stronger, finds its tiniest spark irresistible.

We cannot so confidently defend the long arguments which here and there dilute the richer current of natural thought and lively description that flows through Miss Warner's books. We tolerate interruptions to the leading interest only when they are recommended by peculiar felicities of style; importance of subject is not sufficient passport for such interpolations. Nor can we, by any glamour of *bonhommie*, be brought to look with complacency upon certain specimens of homeliness in diction carried further than the necessities of the case demand. Colloquialisms are racy; bad grammar and coarse expressions, however true to nature

in the delineations of certain characters, are sad blemishes when they creep into the writer's own style, or into the talk of people whom she represents as well-educated and accustomed to refined society. An old country gentleman may be made to say, "Suppose you and me was to have some roast apples;" but it grates on the ear sadly when Mr. Rossitur, who has spent his life in Paris and New York, says "I will not interrupt you but a minute," and the heroine herself falls into the same inelegance. Barby may talk of "hauling" a table up to the fire, or a gentleman's "feeling about his jaws and chin," as he stands before the fire; but when the author uses such expressions in her own person, or describes an elegant young lady "reaching over after a sausage," we must be allowed to feel slightly shocked. It is easy to perceive that these errors are the result of a deliberate determination on the author's part, to be true to nature at all hazards; but we submit, that, in fiction, truth must always acknowledge the dominion of taste. There is, indeed, a large class among us, lifted by sudden fortune into positions which render their lack of early advantages painfully obvious; but we protest against the insinuation that it is common to hear, among our better classes, cacophony as salient as Lord Dubuley's, or that English people alone speak correctly our native tongue. There seems a slight lurking of prejudice, hardly consistent with the general patriotism of Miss Warner's books, in this setting up of English people as models of virtue and good-breeding, and almost a solecism in sending across the water for an immensely wealthy English husband for the sturdy little American Fleda, whose breeding of hap and hazard certainly have fitted her so admirably for making some indigenous swain happy. But this choosing of husbands for themselves, or their heroines, is a matter in which ladies have always the privilege of being a little wilful, if not whimsical.

Where, then, let us ask, in conclusion, shall we class these American novels of ours? There is very little romance about them; they have nothing of the Edgworthian didactic tone; they are not devoted to showing up the vices and weaknesses of society; nor do they take up any particular grievance, in

order to probe the sluggish consciences of those who practise or tolerate it. They have no evident aim at the picturesque or grotesque newness of our green land. May we not, then, consider them as having a character of their own — humane, religious, *piquant*, natural, national? They paint human nature in its American type; they appeal to universal human sympathy, but with a special reference to the fellow-feeling of those whose peculiar social circumstances and trials fit them to be judges of the life-picture in whose background may be discerned so many familiar objects. They recognize the heart as the strong-hold of character, and religion as the ruling element of life; religion — no *ism*, however specious or popular — being "of one mind with Christ;" the "faith that worketh by love;" whose fruit is obedience, and whose reward, a peace that can be attained by no other method. We know of no prototype of such books, unless we venture to claim a family likeness to the world-wide favorite mentioned some time since — a claim, however, which must not imply the relinquishment of that of originality, since there is no room for suspicion of imitation. Nothing could be easier, to be sure, than to show, that, by the side of Goldsmith's, our author's literary style is "nowhere," to use a recently popular phrase; yet we insist there is a resemblance that lies deeper than mere style. Let us hope, that, encouraged in all future efforts by the gratifying welcome accorded to these comparatively crude ventures, she may catch the style, as well as the spirit, of the great master of English prose narrative.

To us, there is something very pleasing in this welcome. Such a spontaneous popularity is interesting as an index of national character. Not that we would draw too broad conclusions from a single instance, but that we must consider so striking a fact to have some general meaning. When a story of real life — American rural life, of the homeliest — unheralded at home, unstamped by foreign approval — lacking the tempting bait of national flattery — and wholly deficient in the flash and flippancy that might attract the vulgar mind, springs at once to a currency which few books ever reach — cried to the skies by the "most sweet voices," of old and young, gentle and simple, — we cannot help feeling the verdict to be significant.

To borrow a Swedenborgianism, we are what our loves are; and, although nations are perhaps as subject as individuals to be led away by clamor or sympathy into demonstrations of that which has no true vitality, there are expressions whose heartiness is their warrant. What are the grounds of the admiration, or rather love, excited by these books? The interest of both lies in a most life-like picture of the character and fate of a little girl — for we feel Ellen and Fleda to be one and the same; — a little girl such as any of our daughters may be; unfortunate in some respects, happy in others; dependent, as all little girls, whatever their station or fortune, must be, on the virtue and affection of those about them; but showing, what all little girls cannot show, a degree of character, a firmness of principle, a sweetness of disposition, by no means impossible under the circumstances, yet far enough raised above common experience and expectation, to excite the imagination and stimulate the sympathy. This little figure, set in a frame-work of homely circumstances, coarse dress, domestic drudgery, and uncongenial companionship, is the light of the book. All else, however excellently sketched in, is subordinate. It is of the little heart, beating at once with timidity and courage, that we think. The sweet childish face and loving ways make "a sunshine in the shady place," under the most humiliating circumstances. We care for all else only as this little piece of tender, budding womanhood is affected or influenced. When she is abused, we burn with indignation; when she is exalted, we feel that only justice is done her. When saucy and teasing things are said to her by envious people, we long to hear what she will say in reply, and when she answers well, (as she always does,) our eyes sparkle as if she were our very own. From all this, we cannot help coming to the conclusion that the author is very able, and that we are — very amiable! And in this comfortable frame of mind, we take our leave for the present.

ART. V.—*Outlines of Universal History, from the Creation of the World to the Present Time.* Translated from the German of DR. GEORGE WEBER, Professor and Director of the High School of Heidelberg, by DR. M. BEHR, Professor of German Literature in Winchester College. London: Whittaker & Co. 1851. 8 vo. pp. 483.

THE translation of this work has been received with much favor in England, and with good reason. It is an attempt, which, in the main, is a very successful one, to give the outlines of universal history in a form more available for the purposes of education than that in which they have usually been presented. Instead of laboring to compress the largest amount of material into the smallest possible space, thus forming a sapless abridgment, or mere bead-roll of names, dates, and events, about as interesting for continuous perusal as a dictionary, and as likely to be remembered, the writer has avoided entering into any detail, and, bringing forward only the capital facts, has thereby gained room for considering them in their causes and consequences, and exhibiting them so as to excite the imagination, and leave a deep imprint upon the memory. His success consists in applying the rules of historical perspective to the annals of the world and of all time, as they are usually applied only to the history of a single country or a single age. In an outline, much more than in a finished picture, every thing depends upon the distribution of light and shade, — upon the artist's skill in selecting and giving prominence to the points of real interest and importance. If the canvas be crowded, though it be small in size, the eye wanders over it in as great perplexity as one feels in the attempt to take in all the parts of Michael Angelo's immense and populous fresco of the Last Judgment. A page must no more be burdened with details than a volume. A compend of history must be a true compend, and not merely a complete history viewed through the wrong end of a telescope; for, by losing sight of the proportion and relative importance of events, the record is just as much falsified as if a material part were omitted altogether. An able judge has declared, that the highest excellence of Gibbon, as a historian, consists in "the

manner in which he masses his materials, and arranges his facts in successive groups, not according to chronological order, but to their moral and political connection; the distinctness with which he marks his periods of gradually increasing decay; and the skill with which, though advancing on separate parallels of history, he shows the common tendency of the slower or more rapid religious or civil innovations."

We are not here bringing great things to illustrate those which are ludicrously small. Considering the vast range of his subject, Gibbon's immortal work, notwithstanding its voluminousness, is a mere abridgment of history. It comprises the substance of many histories; it is a compendium of the annals of many countries and many centuries. He who would make a good text-book of history, for the use of schools, must imbibe the spirit of Gibbon's method, though he may not equal the brilliancy of his execution. His ingenuity will be taxed all the more severely, if it be his object to make an outline of *universal* history within the compass of a single volume. This is what Dr. Weber has attempted; and without saying, by any means, that he has accomplished all that can be desired, it is safe to affirm that he has shown a just conception of the plan of such a work, and has proceeded to execute it in the right direction. Accordingly, his book is far more readable than most abridgments. Nothing could be more comprehensive; the writer begins with the creation of the world, and ends only with the Hungarian catastrophe at Vilagos, and the downfall of the cause of United Germany. He gives at least an intelligible outline of all recorded events of great importance between these two epochs. His style, far from being affectedly concise, is flowing and sometimes animated; and the narrative is interspersed with as large a proportion of disquisition and philosophical remark, as is usual in histories of a far more limited scope. At the same time, the book is not tinctured with any of the peculiarities of manner or doctrine, which have given rise to a well-founded distrust of any work of German origin that admits of original speculation. The writer is neither a pedant, a dreamer, nor a sceptic; in respect to simplicity of manner, soberness of

thought, and sound common sense, he might easily pass for an Englishman. He believes in an overruling Providence, and holds that the best and truest philosophy of history is that which discerns, in all the great currents of this world's affairs, frequent and unmistakable traces of the moral government of God.

As an instance of the felicitous delineation of the characteristic features of a particular epoch, the sketch being a very comprehensive one, and yet clear and definite, never lapsing into vague remark or shadowy speculation, we would mention, with especial praise, the general view of society and literature in the Middle Ages. The passage is too long for quotation; but, as a companion picture, though on a smaller scale, we borrow a part of the able sketch of the condition of France during the age of Louis XIV.

"It was during the last three decades of the seventeenth century that France stood at the culminating point of her power abroad and of her prosperity at home, so that the flattering chronicles of those days described the age of Louis XIV. as the golden age of France. Trade and industry received a prodigious development by the care of Colbert; the woollen and silk manufactories, the stocking and cloth weaving, which flourished in the southern towns, brought prosperity; the maritime force increased, colonies were planted, and the productions of France were carried by trading companies to all quarters of the globe.

"The court of France displayed a magnificence that had never before been witnessed. The palace of Versailles, and the gardens, which were adorned with statues, fountains, and alleys of trees, were a model of taste for all Europe; fêtes of all kinds, jovial parties, ballets, fireworks, the opera and the theatre, in the service of which the first intellects in France employed their talents, followed upon each other in attractive succession; poets, artists, men of learning, all were eager to do honor to a prince who rewarded with a liberal hand every kind of talent that conduced either to his amusement or to his glory. Sumptuous buildings, as the Hospital of the Invalids, costly libraries, magnificent productions of the press, vast establishments for the natural sciences, academies, and similar institutions, exalted the glory and renown of the great Louis. The refined air of society, the polished tone, the easy manners of the nobility and courtiers, subdued Europe more permanently and extensively than the weapons of the army. The

French fashions, language, and literature bore sway, from this time, in all circles of the higher classes. The consequences of the establishment of the French Academy by Richelieu were a development of the language, style, and literary composition, that was extremely favorable to the diffusion of the literature. The language, so particularly adapted for social intercourse, for conversation and for epistolary writing, remained from henceforth the language of diplomacy, of courts, and of the higher classes; and although the literary productions are wanting in strength, elevation, and nature, the polish of the form, and the ease and felicity of the style, gave French taste the supremacy in Europe, and strengthened the French people in the agreeable delusion that they were the most civilized of nations. In the time of Louis, dramatic poetry reached its highest excellence in Peter Corneille (1684), whose "Cid" is regarded as the foundation and commencement of classical stage poetry; in J. Racine (1699), who, in his Iphigenia and Phædra, ventured to emulate Euripides; and in the talented writer of comedies, Moliere (1673), whose Tartuffe, L'Avare, Le Misanthrope, &c., evince a profound knowledge of human nature in its aberrations. Boileau (Despreaux) (1711), a dexterous versifier, was admired as the French Horace, on account of his odes and satires; Lafontaine's (1694) fables and stories are still familiar in all families, as school and children's books; and the adventures of Temachus by Bishop Fenelon (1715) are translated into all European languages, and have an immense circulation. At the same time, the eloquence of the pulpit was cultivated by Bossuet (1704) and other spiritual orators; the philosophy of scepticism, by the Huguenot, Bayle; and the literature of polemics by the religious party of the Jansenists, in its contests against the Jesuits and their dangerous morality. In this latter class, the Provincial Letters of Pascal occupy the first rank.

"But however flatterers may sing the praises of the age of Louis XIV., one spot of shame remains ineradicable — the persecution of the Huguenots. The French king believed that the unity of the Church was inseparable from a perfect monarchy. For this reason, he oppressed the Jansenists, a Catholic party, which first contended against the Jesuits, and afterwards against the head of the Church himself; and he compelled the Calvinists, by the most severe persecutions, either to fly, or to return into the bosom of the Catholic Church. Colbert, who esteemed the Huguenots as active and industrious citizens, prevented, for some time, these violent measures; but the suggestions of the royal confessor, La Chaise, the zeal for conversion of the affectedly pious Madame Maintenon, who had been first a tutoress of the court, and afterwards Louis's trusted wife, and the cruelty of Louvois,

the minister of war, at length triumphed over the advice of Colbert. A long succession of oppressive proceedings against the Huguenots prepared the way for the great stroke. The number of their churches was restricted, and their worship confined to a few of the principal towns. Louis's paro xysms of repentance and devotion were always the sources of fresh oppressions to the Calvinistic heretics, by whose conversion he thought to expiate his own crimes. They were gradually excluded from office and dignities; converts were favored; in this way, the ambitious were enticed, the poor were won by money which flowed from the king's conversion chest, and from the liberal gifts of the pious illustrious; a wide field was open to the zeal for proselytism by the enactment that the conversion of children under age was valid. Families were divided, children were torn from their parents and brought up as Catholics. Court and clergy, the heartless and eloquent bishop Bossuet at their head, set all means in motion to establish the ecclesiastical unity of France. When all other means of conversion failed, came the dragonades. At the command of Louvois, the cavalry took possession of the southern provinces, and established their quarters in the dwellings of the Huguenots. The prosperity of the industrious citizens, whose substance was devoured by the dragoons, soon disappeared." pp. 294–296.

It is a satisfaction to know that an American edition of so good a school book, carefully revised, and with considerable additions relating to the history of this country, is already in press, and will shortly be published in Boston.

Dr. Weber's method, in this work, and the success with which he has reduced it to practice, will go far to resolve a doubt which many have reasonably entertained, whether the study of history can profitably be made a branch of University or College discipline. An outline of the subject, indeed, comprising at least as much as is usually taught in seminaries of a lower rank, in academies and high schools, is an essential knowledge for every person who aspires to be even tolerably well educated. As we remarked on a former occasion, the value of such an outline consists, not chiefly, but solely, in the explanation it affords of the allusions, citations, and references with which all literature abounds. It is no more an introduction to the study of history than to the study of literature; for it is just as essential to enable the pupil to read Shakspeare and Milton, Bacon and Burke, understandingly, as to

open for him the pages of the professed historians of a particular country or epoch. But the question is, whether, beyond this superficial initiation in the subject, history can be systematically taught in our Colleges, as a part of the vigorous and comprehensive discipline of mind which is there the chief object of attention. Sir William Hamilton, whose authority as a philosophical thinker would be very high on a point of this sort, even if he had not been for many years Professor of History in the University of Edinburgh, decides this question in the negative, and offers several weighty reasons for his opinion.

He argues, that any knowledge which can only be derived from books, and can be obtained from them by mere perusal, without any strenuous exercise of thought, is peculiarly inappropriate for academical discipline. History, as commonly understood, is but a collection of results, which students and teachers alike must take only on report. These results are mere facts, *to be passively believed;* they satisfy our curiosity at no expense of thought, and hardly even cultivate the memory. He subsequently limits this remark, in great part, to modern history, especially when it is read in the vernacular tongue, and when the study of it is not made to consist in the active examination and pondering of authorities. Mere historical *reading*, he contends, does not necessarily call forth, exercise, and develop the higher powers of the intellect. It supplies, in part, the furniture, or equipment, of the scholar, but does not constitute his gymnastics. It furnishes knowledge which is admitted to be of great importance in itself; and a competent amount of it may be required as a qualification for a degree in the Arts, the books also being designated from which this *minimum* of knowledge is to be obtained. Farther than this, he deems the subject an inappropriate and impracticable one for professorial instruction.

This is a plausible view of the matter, and its correctness, to some extent, may be admitted. At any rate, it is a just censure upon the manner in which the study of history, in the higher seminaries of learning, has usually been conducted. But beyond that elementary knowledge, to which we have adverted, as being little more than a preparation for the study

of history properly so called, we cannot admit that the study is properly pursued by a mere perusal of books, and a passive reception of the facts or truths which they contain. Even if the object were only to obtain the knowledge in the form in which it is most likely to be remembered, and to be serviceable for future use, we hold that it would be very injudicious to limit one's efforts to mere historical *reading*. It is true, that one might thus pass over the most ground in the least time; but he would not thus learn the most, and of what he learned little would remain strongly imprinted on the memory. If a mere knowledge of events is made the secondary object of study, instead of the primary one, — if this be left to be acquired, as it may be, incidentally, while the mind is busy in active inquiry and reflection, looking to a solution of one or more of the countless problems which history suggests, then not only will the knowledge itself be most likely to remain a possession forever, but the exercise through which it was obtained may take rank among the most healthful and invigorating pursuits of intellect. Mere reading is not study, it is true; but an inert mind may read a book on metaphysical or natural science just as passively as a volume of history. Perhaps a little more effort may be needed, in the former case, to understand what one reads; but the labor which is necessary for a mere comprehension of the writer's meaning cannot be very severe or very profitable. It is only when one grasps the problem independently, and tries conclusions, as it were, with the author, that the toil becomes real and its consequences beneficial. Now, the problems which history suggests, as we have just intimated, are countless; and many of them are as intricate and perplexing as those which tax the judgment and the sagacity of the metaphysician. Some of them may be solved by reflection only; but most require an independent course of historical investigation. It is the business of the judicious teacher to point them out, and to indicate the path or general direction of historical inquiry, by which one must proceed to a solution of them. His function, in this respect, is precisely like that of the teacher of metaphysical philosophy, general grammar, or the art of reasoning, — all of which studies Sir William Hamilton ad-

mits into the academical *curriculum*. He also excepts from his censure the particular exercise — the active examination and pondering of authorities — to which the writer of history necessarily submits. Why should not the student so investigate the subject, as if he were to write upon it? It may be objected, indeed, that he would not advance far, if he proceeded with this degree of caution. Certainly he would not; but this objection is the very opposite of the one we have been considering, for it implies that the study requires too much, rather than too little, labor. As history is now written, and in fact, as it is generally understood, it includes a greater number of mooted questions and disputed facts, than any other science. What is universally admitted in one age, is often universally called into doubt in another. Before Niebuhr's time, the early history of Rome was generally received as fact; now, it is rejected as legendary and fabulous. In this case, also, the record was closed and sealed up, no further evidence being attainable; Niebuhr's discoveries were chiefly made by reasoning upon facts already known. But with respect to modern history, new facts are disclosed, and new testimony is continually coming to light. While the data are thus fluctuating, the conclusions also are subject to change.

We have spoken of the countless problems which history *suggests*. It might more properly be said, that most of these enter both into the foundation and the framework of history, so that a full consideration and professed solution of them is indispensable for the completeness of the theme. The chronicler is content to give a plain record of the occurrence; the historian aspires to do more, — to show *why* it happened, and how far its consequences extend. Because the questions thus introduced are so various and intricate, and admit of so great a variety of answers, almost every elaborate history that has been written is deeply tinged with the peculiarities of the writer's opinions in politics, philosophy, and religion. He must be a dull reader, indeed, who does not quickly discern that Grote is a Radical, and Mitford a Tory, and Gibbon an infidel. Even in so compact an abridgment of universal history as Dr. Weber presents, the view is not limited, as we

have endeavored to show, to a barren record of actual occurrences, but extends to a comprehensive survey of their causes and character, in which the leading traits of the writer's own mind and the general cast of his opinions very distinctly appear. Indeed, it is in the observance of this method that the excellence of his work consists. It is not a mere chronological table of visible events.

In view of the great number of secondary causes and modifying influences by which the course of events is governed, it may be said that the field of history, even where it has been most cultivated, is still far from being exhausted. What theme, for instance, has been more frequently or more ably handled than the progress of the English monarchy, and the growth of English constitutional freedom? Yet how much space is allotted, in the common books upon the history of England, to the consideration of that great system of jurisprudence, which, more than any other institution, reflects the leading traits of English character, and, more than any other cause, has affected the course of political events, and determined the fortunes of the English people? We mean the English Common Law. Out of the legal profession, indeed, it may be doubted if many readers of English history know what this great system is, how it originated, or how it is distinguished from the aggregate of the ordinary enactments of the legislature. So, also, in regard to the Church, as it existed before the Reformation — though all are familiar with the record of its frequent contests with the Crown, and with the history and character of many of its individual members, comparatively few have studied it in its most important historical aspect, — considered simply as an external institution, or distinct power in the state, which had its peculiar sources of strength and weakness, and which exerted at all times a mighty influence on the general direction of affairs, and on the progress of the constitution.

With a view to illustrate, in some measure, the variety and magnitude of the collateral inquiries into which one is necessarily led by the study of history when pursued in a proper method, we propose to consider, at some length, the nature and development of these two institutions on English ground.

We may begin by disclaiming all the professional knowledge of either subject which the professed lawyer or professed theologian is supposed to possess. We proceed only on the basis of that general acquaintance with the broad and conspicuous features of either system, which every student of history, and every educated citizen of the republic, ought to acquire. In regard to the law particularly, our object is only "to discover the fountains of justice, without pursuing the streams through the endless variety of their course." We have only to consider the origin and the theory of the system; its details, as well as the mode of carrying it into practice, may be left to those who have consumed the midnight oil upon the study of it for many years.

Yet the subject, even thus limited, is of immediate practical interest and importance. An inhabitant either of England or of this country cannot be supposed to be willingly ignorant respecting the origin and character of the English Common Law, — that great unwritten code, much of which has come down to us from an antiquity of at least eight hundred years, — which is peculiar to the English race as the English language itself, being, like that language, a compound of Anglo-Saxon, Norman, and later English elements, — which is our birthright and the most valuable portion of the inheritance which we have received from our English ancestors, — and which meets us at every turn in the management of our daily concerns, ascertaining and securing our rights, settling our controversies, fixing our obligations, and regulating our conduct from the cradle to the grave. It is around us like the air which we breathe, and almost as essential as that is to the continuance of our well-being.

The first question which arises respecting it, is, why the system needs to be so vast and intricate, requiring so much labor for its complete mastery, when the moral law, the highest rule of human conduct, may be all comprised in a few plain maxims, so patent to the conscience of every one, that the bare enumeration of them suffices for their approval? The answer may be found in a single phrase, — the vast variety and complexity of human concerns. A single illustration of this point will be enough. The recorded decisions of the

English and American courts, made upon the principles of the Common Law, are now contained in many hundred volumes of Reports; and the number of cases recorded in them must be counted by tens of thousands. Yet of the cases that daily arise in our courts, probably not one in a hundred is found to be covered by an exact case in point recorded in the books, so that the rule for its decision can be found without difficulty. For, observe, that each case is generally complex, involving many questions both of law and of fact; the latter to be settled by known rules of evidence, the testimony itself being taken with all the precautions which experience has shown to be necessary for the discovery of the truth; the former to be adjudged on principles previously known and established as maxims of law and justice. Either all this must be done, or the decision of each case must be left to the discretion of the judge, — that is, must be made by the varying judgment, passion, sympathies, and biases of one weak, fallible man, — no one decision thus given affording any rule or precedent whereby future suitors or litigants could form even a guess about the principles upon which their new case would be determined. An old Latin proverb says, "Wretched, indeed, is that slavery which exists where the rules of justice are vague and uncertain." Instead of complaining, therefore, about the extent and intricacy of the law, we ought rather to complain of the extent and intricacy of human affairs; for the two must be coextensive.

We may accept, then, in its full extent, the remark of Sir James Mackintosh:—

"The first principles of jurisprudence are simple maxims of *reason*, of which the observance is immediately discovered by experience to be essential to the security of men's rights, and which pervade the laws of all countries. An account of the gradual application of these original principles, first to the more simple, and afterwards to more complicated cases, forms both the history and the theory of law. Such an historical account of the progress of men, in reducing justice to an applicable and practical system, will enable us to trace the chain, which, though with many dark and hidden windings, links together the security of life and property with the most minute and apparently frivolous formalities of legal proceeding. We shall perceive that no human foresight is sufficient to establish such a system at once, and that, if it were so established, the occurrence of unforeseen cases

would shortly altogether change it; that there is but one way of forming a civil code, either consistent with common sense, or that has ever been practised in any country, — namely, that of gradually building up the law in proportion as the facts arise which it is to regulate. We thus learn to appreciate the merit of the common objections against the subtility and complexity of the laws; for we at once perceive, that laws ought to be neither more simple nor more complex than the state of society which they are to govern. Laws more complex than are necessary would only create embarrassment; laws more simple than the affairs which they regulate would occasion a defeat of justice. There is no more noble spectacle than that displayed in the progress of jurisprudence; where we may contemplate the cautious and unwearied exertions of many wise men, through a long course of ages, withdrawing every case, as it arises, from the dangerous power of discretion, and subjecting it to inflexible rules, — extending the dominion of justice and reason, and gradually contracting, within the narrowest possible limits, the domain of brutal force and of arbitrary will."

The whole may be summed up in one of the weighty sentences of Edmund Burke: — "The science of jurisprudence, with all its defects, redundancies, and errors, is the collected reason of ages combining the principles of original justice with the infinite variety of human concerns."

There are really but two original and complete systems of law, which have obtained among civilized nations in modern times; namely, the Civil Law and the Common Law, the former of which prevails in Continental Europe, while the latter, being exclusively of English origin, is limited to England and to the countries that have been peopled by Englishmen. Both these systems originated in the manner just described; they were gradually built up and developed, in the course of many centuries, from very rude and simple beginnings, as fast as the occasions arose which needed to be regulated by them. The collected wisdom, not of one generation only, nor of one age only, but of many, was needed to bring them to their present finish and completeness.

The Civil or Roman Law is the great intellectual bequest which the civilized world has received from the Roman empire; for it has affected the lives and fortunes of men to a greater extent than all the other works of this ancient mis-

tress of the world. It was founded, first, upon the enactments of the ancient Roman kings, next upon the twelve tables of the Decemvirs, then upon the laws passed by the senate or the people, the edicts of the prætors, the opinions of learned lawyers, and the decrees of the emperors, — all forming so vast a bulk, that an ancient author computed them to be many camels' loads. Some of these materials are at least as old as the year 450 before Christ; while the system may be held to have culminated under Justinian, in the year 550 of our era. The civil law, then, occupied at least a thousand years in the process of its formation. Its bulk and intricacy causing great inconvenience, the Emperor Justinian employed Tribonian, and some other eminent lawyers, to make a digest of it, which was completed in four separate treatises, which are usually called *the body of the Civil law*. So many voluminous commentaries have been written upon it in modern times, that its present bulk probably exceeds what it was before Justinian's abridgment was made. It forms, as we have said, the basis of the jurisprudence of Continental Europe, even the Code Napoleon, the present law of France, being, in great measure, derived from it. It is in force, also, in Spanish America, in Lower Canada, and even in one of the States of our own Union, Louisiana, where it is the foundation of the existing system of law. In the breadth of its diffusion, then, as well as in its antiquity, it is superior to its great rival, the English Common Law; but the latter greatly excels it in the numerous safeguards which it affords for civil liberty, and in the more free and generous spirit by which it is pervaded. The one is the product of despotism, — civilized and enlightened, it is true, but still harsh and forbidding; the other has grown up side by side with the liberties of England and America, of which it is still the surest protection and the brightest ornament.

So far as the Common Law can be traced to any source besides immemorial usage, three causes have chiefly contributed to determine its general character; the laws and institutions of the Anglo-Saxons, the principles of the feudal system, and the charters that were successively granted by the An-

glo-Norman kings to their subjects, among which Magna Charta is only the chief. There are no complete records of the legislation of the kingdom earlier than the time of Henry III., when the first regular parliament met; accordingly, it became a conjecture, or a fiction, of the lawyers, that many ancient maxims of the law, which could be traced to no certain origin, were derived from the unrecorded statutes of those early times. This supposition gave them a certain authority, and was so far useful; but it is more probable that they were first applied only as principles of natural justice, in the tribunals of a semi-barbarous people, who, as yet, had no fixed jurisprudence. Their continuous application, among a people so tenacious of ancient customs, sufficed to render them binding in later times. There are collections of laws still extant, which bear the names of some Anglo-Saxon and the earlier Anglo-Norman kings; but some of these are of doubtful genuineness, and all of them have been regarded as interesting the antiquarian and the historian, rather than as authorities in a court of justice.

In the earliest feudal times, there were three distinct classes of legal tribunals in the kingdom: the old county courts, of Anglo-Saxon origin, in which, of course, Anglo-Saxon maxims and usages prevailed; the baronial courts, in which each feudal lord administered justice to his own vassals, or rather practised every species of extortion and injustice upon them, under color of the rights and privileges given to him by the feudal law; and, lastly, the king's courts, in which the application of the royal will and the feudal law was somewhat checked and modified by the public concessions that had been made to the people, — as by the promise to observe the laws of Edward the Confessor, and at a later period, by the charters. The theory of the distribution of cases among these tribunals was, that the courts-baron administered justice among the vassals of a particular barony, the county court among the vassals of different baronies, and the king's court among his own immediate vassals, or tenants in chief, including the knights and the barons themselves. Gradually, however, the more popular county courts, the ancient safeguards of Saxon freedom, encroached upon the jurisdiction of the

courts-baron, many a vassal, by some subtlety of law, finding a protection in them from the local tyranny of his lord. Then the royal tribunals began to extend their dominion; and as they seemed less liable to partiality or intimidation than the provincial courts, suitors became willing to submit to their expensiveness and the inconvenience arising from their remoteness. It was obviously the king's interest to give such equity and steadiness to the decisions as to encourage this disposition. Nothing could better serve to establish the king's authority against the barons, and also to increase his revenue, as fines were paid for leave to plead in the king's court. But because comparatively few could have recourse to so distant a tribunal, and because the people were attached to their ancient right of trial before the neighboring freeholders, Henry II. established itinerant justices of his own court, to decide civil and criminal causes within each county, — a measure afterwards confirmed by the Great Charter. Thus ancient is the custom which still prevails among us, of the same judges going the circuit throughout the state, thereby giving assurance that one uniform system of law shall be administered, while each cause is still tried near the home of the parties, and by a jury selected from their neighbors. To this excellent institution we owe the uniformity of the Common Law, and the blending into one of the three elements which have been mentioned, each one of which formerly predominated in but one of the three classes of tribunals. To this it is owing, that the law has not been split, as that of France formerly was, into a multitude of local customs; and that the poorest and most remote inhabitant knows that his right is weighed by the same incorrupt and acute understanding which is trusted with decisions of the highest importance.

Another circumstance had great effect upon the character of the Common Law in its earlier stages. The clergy of that period were almost the only lawyers, or regular practitioners in the courts; they alone had the requisite learning for this end, and their acquaintance with the refinements of theology and metaphysics was no bad introduction to a knowledge of the subtleties of the law. The class against whom the protection of the law was most frequently claimed, was the

feudal nobility, composed of ignorant and rapacious men, haughty in demeanor and violent in conduct, who seldom acknowledged any right but that of the strong hand. To bridle their power and control their injustice, a circuitous course was necessary; they could not be directly overpowered, but they might be involved in a mesh of legal subtilties. As usual, the gown proved itself more than a match for the sword. The Church, it must be remembered, was always a democratic institution; that is, it was open to all orders and classes of men, and the highest offices in it might be attained by those of the lowest parentage. The sympathies of the clergy, then, were generally with the common people against their feudal oppressors. The priests and monks, moreover, were often of Anglo-Saxon extraction, and therefore the more willing, in their practice at the courts of law, to avail themselves of the free spirit of Saxon institutions to withstand the tyranny of the Norman aristocracy. Against their cunning fence of legal precedents and subtile distinctions, the brute force of the iron barons spent itself in vain attacks, and was hurt by the recoil of its own weapons. The nobles were mere men of the sword, haughtily regarding the habits of study and research, necessary to acquire a knowledge of the laws, as unbecoming their rank. The more complicated the legal net became which was woven around them, the more dependent they became on the shrewd men of the gown; physically stronger than the spider, they still became the spider's prey, when caught in the meshes of his cunningly devised net. The rules of legal decision among a rude people are always very simple; not serving much to guide, far less to control, the feelings of natural equity. Such were those that prevailed among the Anglo-Saxons; requiring no subtler intellect or deeper learning than the earl or sheriff, at the head of his county court, might be expected to possess. But a great change took place in about a century after the Conquest. The capacity of deciding legal controversies was now only to be found in men who had devoted themselves to that peculiar study; and a race of such men arose, whose eagerness, and even enthusiasm, in the profession of law, were stimulated by the self-complacency of intellectual dexterity in thridding its intricate

and thorny mazes. The Normans were noted, in their own country, for a shrewd and litigious temper, which may have given a character to the English courts of justice in early times. "Something, too," says Mr. Hallam, "of that excessive subtlety, and that preference of technical to rational principles, which runs through the English system, may be imputed to the scholastic philosophy which was in vogue during the same period, and was marked by the same features."

There were solid reasons, then, for the attachment which the English people and their descendants have always manifested for the system of the Common Law. It was not only hallowed to them by the recollections of Anglo-Saxon liberty and national independence, from which many of its principles were derived, and with the spirit of which nearly all its parts were imbued. It had also mitigated for them the rigors of the feudal system, and had been their only safeguard against the tyranny of the nobles. The clergy, their spiritual fathers, had expounded to them its provisions, and found security for their property and their rights by making a study of its mazes. Their veneration for it greatly increased, when the charters that had been successively extorted from their kings infused into it a still larger measure of the spirit of popular freedom. Then it became a bulwark, not only against aristocratic violence, but against royal misrule. In its vast storehouse of precedents and maxims, the earlier combatants for liberty found many a weapon and buckler ready to be wielded in their cause. Indeed, we cannot but be astonished at the bold and generous manner in which the earliest legal writers of authority interpreted its precepts for the retrenchment of the royal prerogative and the security of the subject. The oldest but one of these is Bracton, who flourished as a judge in the latter part of the reign of Henry III. "The king," he says, "must not be subject to any man, but to God and the law; for the law makes him king. Let the king, therefore, give to the law what the law gives to him, — dominion and power; for there is no king where will, and not law, bears rule." "The king," he says, in another place, "being the minister of God, can do nothing on earth but what he can do by law. Not only are God and law his superiors, but also his court of

earls and barons; for the former (*comites*) are so styled as associates of the king, and whoever has an associate has a master; so that, if the king were without a bridle, — that is, the law, — they ought to put a bridle upon him."

It cannot be said that the legal system of England was in any degree complete till the end of Henry III.'s reign, when the unwritten usages of the Common Law, as well as the forms and precedents of the courts, were digested into the great work of Bracton. It thus acquired shape and unity; and its completion in this form certainly conduced to the security of public freedom. For, however high the royal prerogative might be strained, it was incorporated with the law, and treated with the same distinguishing and argumentative subtlety as every other part. Whatever things, therefore, it was asserted that the king might do, it was a necessary implication that there were other things which he might not do; else it were vain to specify the former. The sweeping maxims of absolute power, which servile judges and churchmen taught the Tudor and Stuart princes, seem to have made no progress under the Plantagenets, and never became portions of the Common Law.

Thus far we have considered only the germs of the Common Law, — few and simple as were the occasions of men in those rude ages when they originated. We have looked only at a handful of acorns, which have since sprung up into a vast forest of oaks, under the shadow and protection of whose branches dwell two of the largest and most enlightened nations of the earth. The question remains, — In what manner, and by what principles, these few and rather incongruous elements of jurisprudence, (Anglo-Saxon, feudal, and statutory, or granted by charter, in their origin,) after being fused into one system, as in the treatises of Glanville and Bracton, have subsequently been developed into that grand and almost immeasurable repository of precedents and principles, now called the Common Law, to which we go with confidence in order to find a maxim or rule which, directly or indirectly, governs every possible case that can arise in the multifarious, infinitely varied, concerns of men? For this is the distinction between law in general, or a system or code of law, and a specific law

or statute; — that the former must supply a rule for every emergency that can happen, while the latter is intended only to govern a particular case, or class of cases. If it were not so, if the former were not, at all stages of its growth, sufficient for all demands that could be made upon it; if it did not supply a rule for every case that could happen; then, in regard to such cases thus unprovided for, there would be an absolute deficiency of justice. The courts could not act upon them, and must acknowledge their own incapacity; that is, they must cease to subserve the purposes for which they were instituted. The interests of society will not allow this; the interests of society require, that the law should, at every period of its existence, be coextensive with all the occasions or necessities, to provide for which the law was instituted. If it does decline jurisdiction of any point, it is not because that point has been overlooked, or because the law upon that point is acknowledged to be defective; but because it is in itself a principle or rule of the law, to avoid cognizance of such cases.

The perfection of the law, then, — that is, its sufficiency for all demands that can be made upon it, — is one of its own fundamental maxims. Strange as the assertion may appear, therefore, the law does not, and cannot, grow by positive legislation, or by direct enactments of the legislature; its principle of growth, its law of development, must be innate, — intrinsic, — a part of itself. Statutes may *alter* the law, but cannot *add* to it; for, before the statutes were passed, the law did in some manner provide for such cases, — did make some disposition of them. Again, therefore, the law is anterior to all legislation; its own immemorial antiquity is another of its own fundamental maxims. Hence the assertion in the books, that the Common Law is made up of customs so ancient that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. Thus are we led to invest the law with those sublime attributes, which, in the mouths of its votaries, have caused it to be denominated "the perfection of human reason," the sources of which are so ancient, or lie so far back, that its origin is as undiscoverable as that of the Nile. The language is strictly applicable to it which Hooker first used in speaking of the moral law, or

the principles of natural justice: — "Its seat is the bosom of God, and its voice is the harmony of the world."

Call these high pretensions legal fictions, if you will. In one sense they *are* fictions; in another, they are necessary suppositions, inwoven with every system or code, which, like the Roman or the Common Law, claims to fulfil its office, or to be commensurate with all the occasions of men, and with all the demands of justice. In drawing out the reasons of this assertion, we shall come to know what is that internal principle of development, or law of growth, through which the law has attained its present vast extension.

It is a principle of natural justice, then, as well as a principle of law, that every case which arises shall be decided by a rule previously fixed and established, and not from considerations connected with that case alone, or by a maxim first growing out of that case and ending with it. Otherwise — if it were decided from a view limited to its own merits — the decision would rest on the discretion, or passion, or fallible opinion, of the judge, who in that case would be a despot, possibly an oppressor. If, then, among the previously established and well known maxims and precedents, none can be found which *directly* governs the case, one must be sought by *reasoning from analogy*, — by ascertaining what *principles* are involved in some previous decision, which principles, being necessarily more general than the decision which they dictated, or in which they are involved, will cover so much more ground, that the new case will be found to be assumed under them, and it then becomes manifest how it must be decided.

Two checks are applied, to prevent this extension of the law through reasoning by analogy from becoming loose and arbitrary. The first check is, that the mode of reasoning, or kind of analogy, which is thus employed, is itself regulated and determined by fixed principles of law, which bind down or eliminate individual discretion and peculiarities of judgment. While thus seeking, amid previous decisions, for some underlying maxim or implied rule of law, which will decide the particular case, the judge must not reason like a mathematician, who will be satisfied with nothing short of demonstrative evidence; nor like a man of physical science,

who accepts every hypothesis as good which will account for the phenomena, though there be no direct evidence in its favor, *provided* there is no direct evidence against it; nor like a metaphysician, who too often splits hairs for the purpose of confuting his antagonist, without any purpose of arriving at the truth. But he must reason like a lawyer, — that is, after the manner recognized and well known in the courts, and which has been already applied in many cases for the purpose of establishing justice. Obviously, here is a very great check to the undue extension of what is sometimes reproachfully called "judge-made" law.

The second check is, that the decision, when arrived at, of this particular case, immediately becomes a binding precedent for all future cases; that is, the principles of law which underlie it, or are implied in it, must be such that they can safely be established as component parts of the law for the use of future ages. This check resembles the artifice of reasoning, often adopted by the mathematician, which is called a *reductio ad absurdum*. The rule which has thus been obtained for this particular case, must also be applicable, without injurious consequences, to all other cases which may arise hereafter; otherwise, it is no part of the law. Thus the discretion of the judge is limited, so to speak, both *before* and *after;* it must be founded on the *former* proceedings of the courts, — that is, the principle must not be wrought out by abstract reasoning from the general principles of morals, but it must be developed from some previous decision, and shown to be necessarily involved or implied in that decision; and it must have reference to the *future* proceedings of the courts, — that is, it must be a safe precedent, which can be extended and applied hereafter, without working wrong or injustice, or contradicting previously established principles.

Here, then, we have that internal principle of development, or law of growth, of which we were in search; it consists in the recognized authority of all decisions as binding precedents for the government of future cases. The law is extended or developed, then, just as fast as it is used or applied. Each application of it is, not merely a decision of the particular case in

hand, but an addition to the whole fabric, — the establishment of a new landmark for the guidance of future proceedings. The law is necessarily progressive; it does not double upon its own track, like a hunted hare, but each step taken is a step in advance. It does not necessarily go back, each time, to the oldest decisions and the longest established rules; but it finds in the latest precedent the most authoritative exposition of the law, — always supposing, however, that this latest decision has been made according to the established rules of judicial exposition; as otherwise, it is not merely bad law, but is no law at all, and may be overruled. This development or extension of jurisprudence, then, is in nowise arbitrary, or dependent on the discretion of the judge. It is a law of growth as fixed and regular as that which causes an acorn to be invariably developed into an oak, and not into a beech, a pine, or any other species of tree. In one sense, then, the whole body of the Common Law is contained in the few legal maxims and precedents which were in existence in the time of Henry III.; for it is all involved in them, and has been gradually developed out of them. In another sense, these particular maxims and precedents are now obsolete; for their sense has been so far limited and ascertained through the process of legal interpretation to which they have been subjected for six centuries, that they have ceased to afford directly new rules of guidance. The latest growth of the tree is an addition made from its smallest and youngest branches. To change the figure, we no longer draw water from the original spring far up among the mountains, but we follow down the rivulet till it becomes a great stream, pursue it in its meanderings among the habitations of men, to whose necessities it has successively ministered, and draw from it where the volume of waters is greatest. If the law be not, then, according to its own proud boast, the perfection of human reason, it is at least continually approximating such perfection. Each new application of it, each fresh decision, enlarges its scope, adds new precision to its rules, contracts the field of doubt, applies fresh limitations to the discretion of the judge, and renders the whole body of the law more capable of fulfilling its high office, — the ad-

ministration of justice between man and man. If it were less voluminous, less difficult of acquisition, it would be abstractly less perfect, — less capable of affording an established and precise rule for the government of every case which can arise in human affairs. And even this difficulty of acquisition has been exaggerated; for the greater part of the law is contained in comparatively few leading principles and leading decisions, most of them squaring very nearly and obviously with our natural conceptions of abstract equity and right; and the deductions or inferences from these few capital maxims and cases being so plain and abundant, that a mind of ordinary vigor and acuteness can develop and apply them for itself. Therefore, to adopt Macaulay's beautiful illustration, first applied to a different subject, the law is like the fairy Paribanou's magic tent, which might be folded up so small that it would all lie in the palm of the hand, or might be extended so far as to cover an immense army.

So, also, whatever may be said of the subtle and artificial character of portions of the law, and of the hardship created in individual cases by the rigorous application of its rules, still the general effect of its administration corresponds so perfectly to the consciences and the expectations of all disinterested persons, that the people acquiesce in the decisions of the courts with amazing unanimity and quietness. There is nothing more striking, considering the eagerness for innovation which characterizes our country and our age, than this general submissiveness of the community to the action of the courts in the exposition of the law. Their continued and salutary influence is alike conspicuous, whether employed in the arbitration of private disputes, in regulating the descent and transfer of property, in preserving the peace of society by detecting fraud and punishing crime, or in allaying popular fever and tumult on the great questions of political right and constitutional law.

One reason why the law is thus universally respected and obeyed, is to be found in its antiquity and its excellence. We couple these two causes together, because the excellence of the law is a consequence of its antiquity. For the reasons

already given, a long lapse of years, even of centuries, is required to bring any system or code of law to completeness; to make its provisions coextensive with the wants of civilized society, and with the infinite complexity of human affairs; to try every link in it, and prove it to be sound; to detect all the inconsistencies, defects, and wrongs in it, and remove them by the constant amendatory action of the legislature; and above all, to surround and hallow it with the moral power and interest which always attach to an ancient institution. We have seen that the two great systems of public law, the Civil and the Common, which now divide the civilized world between them, were respectively nearly a thousand years in attaining their present ripeness and perfection. During this long period, they were constantly improving by use, each of the countless applications of them tending to give them larger scope and nicer precision, and to narrow the territory of the discretion of judges and the arbitrary power of the government. And not only so, but they have been constantly subjected, during these many centuries, to the amendments of the legislature; so that, as fast as experience brought any obnoxious peculiarities to light, or as the increasing knowledge, freedom, and civilization of later times suggested improvements in them, the power has been ever at hand, and prompt to remove those faults and to make those amendments. With reference to our own system of the Common Law, this power has been exercised successively by the English and the American legislatures, — both jealous, in the highest degree, of arbitrary power, both animated, even to enthusiasm, with the spirit of popular freedom. Accordingly, if there is any one excellence which the Common Law can more rightfully claim than another, it may be found in the wisdom and abundance of its provisions for guarding individual liberty and right. Its character was early determined in this respect by the sweeping provisions of the Great Charter, by the institution of the trial by jury, by the writ of *Habeas Corpus*, and by all the wise precautions that an accused person may not suffer wrong, most of which have been formally reënacted in our National and State Constitutions, as if the ear was pleased by the frequent mention of them, though they have been in force for

ages. But important as these principles, thus formally confirmed, are, they are at least equalled in value by other maxims of the law, which are still portions of the unwritten code, that have been silently developed by the action of the courts, without the aid of the legislature. Among these may be mentioned the maxims so often appealed to, in criminal trials, by the counsel for the defence, that every man must be presumed innocent until he is proved to be guilty, — which throws the whole burden of proof upon the accuser; that the defendant is not bound to answer any questions that may be put to him, and that no presumption against him is to be drawn from his silence; and that, when a reasonable doubt remains of his guilt, he cannot be convicted. Under such rules, it is far more likely that the guilty will escape than that the innocent will be condemned; and it should be so.

In the general character of the great legal system, then, which obtains both in England and this country, we find additional proof of the assertion, that liberty does not exist as the antithesis of law, but rather in consequence of it, and under its safeguard. And so it has ever been esteemed during the long contest for popular rights, which began with the Norman Conquest, and ended only with the establishment of American Independence.

The leading features of this great system of jurisprudence have been so long ingrained with the habits and opinions of the people, that it may be said to constitute a part of the national character; and while it continues to be administered in our courts, we have the firmest security that earth can afford against the degeneracy of our institutions. Before our polity can be seriously injured by the opposite evils of a harsh and oppressive government, or of popular licentiousness, the people must have forgotten the history, and have become unmindful of the principles, of the Common Law.

Leaving here the subject of jurisprudence, we come next to speak of an institution, which was itself for many centuries an important element of the English Constitution, and still exercises a wide influence on the character and well-being of the English people; we mean the Christian Church. To us Americans, indeed, the interest of this portion of the subject

is only historical; for the Church, in the sense in which we are now to speak of it, does not exist among us; it is one of the elements of the Constitution which our ancestors preferred to leave behind them when they came to this country. Branches both of the Romish and English Churches, it is true, are established in the United States; but here they are only private voluntary associations — just like literary or scientific societies — not recognized by the state, and forming no proper part either of the political or social organization under which we live. But in England, it was and is far otherwise; and we cannot comprehend the process of development through which our own institutions have passed, till we have given some attention to the nature and history of the Church.

Observe, then, that we are not now to speak of Christianity itself, or of any religious belief whatever, which is wholly an internal thing, lying between each individual man and his Maker. We now refer to the Church only as an external institution, without reference to the doctrines professed by it, — a great organized society, partly interwoven with the state, and still independent of it, — having a government of its own, a succession of ranks of its own, its own revenues, its own means of independent action, and wielding an influence of unparalleled magnitude and importance, such as it is difficult in modern times even to conceive of. The unspeakable value of religion as a doctrine and a faith, and the fact that it has now become a strictly individual and personal thing, is apt to hide from us the great good which it has accomplished as an institution. We need to be reminded of the fact, that the Church, the external Church, was one of the great agencies of modern civilization, on many great features of which its paramount influence is inscribed in characters that cannot be mistaken. It was the ship in which were preserved and brought down to modern times, over the dark and stormy sea of the Middle Ages, not only the books and the learning, but every thing that was valuable in the civilization of the old world. Nay, more; we may well adopt the conclusion of Guizot, an eminently religious writer and a Protestant, that, speaking humanly,

or limiting our view to strictly natural causes, without the Church, Christianity itself would have perished in the great convulsion which overthrew the Roman Empire. Had Christianity been only a belief, a sentiment, an individual conviction, it would have fallen in Europe under the incursion of the Northern Barbarians, as it afterwards did fall throughout Asia and the north of Africa, on an occasion of a perfectly similar character, — the irruption of the Mahometan barbarians. There were then none of the means through which moral influences now exercise a great sway, independent of institutions; — none of the means by which a pure truth, a pure idea, acquires great authority over the minds of men, governs their actions, and determines events. A society strongly organized and vigorously governed was needed to struggle through such a disaster as the incursion of the northern tribes — to come out victorious from such a storm. At the beginning of the fifth century, therefore, it was the Church which saved Christianity; it was the Church, with its institutions, its magistrates, its peculiar power, which defended itself vigorously against the internal dissolution of the Roman Empire, against barbarism, and which conquered the Barbarians, and became itself the means and the principle of civilization, and the connecting link between the ancient and the modern world.

But apart from these general services to the cause of civilization throughout Europe, we have now to look at the power of the Church in England, and especially to the influence which it exercised in the formation of the English constitution. At the time of the Conquest, then, the Church owned one third of all the landed property of England; and by the exaction of tithes, it appropriated a tenth part of the income of the remainder. A century or two afterwards, Mr. Hallam estimates that nearly one half of the land had fallen into its grasp; and to prevent all the real property of the kingdom from being absorbed by it, a special law, the statute of *mortmain*, or the *dead hand*, was passed, — to prevent individuals from devising their estates to any self-perpetuating corporation, whose skeleton fingers, having once clutched the property, never afterwards relaxed their grip. As the Church

estates, like all others, were held in fee, or on the feudal tenure, when the call was made, the warlike prelates mustered their military vassals, and often buckled on armor over their own priestly robes, and led their troops to the field. The Bishops and Abbots of the larger monasteries took their seats in the House of Lords, where they even outnumbered the temporal Peers, so that they had a controlling voice over the whole legislation of the kingdom. When we consider further, that the clergy for many centuries monopolized learning, that they alone taught in the Universities and practised in the courts, since they alone had knowledge enough to draw up legal instruments and to thrid the mazes of the law, we can see that the power of the Church must have been immense, even if there had been no peculiar elements of its organization and mode of action which enabled it to wield an influence that no lay power could ever match.

But there were such elements, and they were so potent in their operation, that we can hardly see how it was, in the great contest between the State and the Church, that the latter did not come off victorious, and resolve the Constitution of England into a perfect theocracy. The doors of the Church were opened wide to all who aspired to share its labors and its honors, whether baron or peasant; but when they had once closed behind the neophyte, he had no retreat, and the personal ties which bound him to the outer world were forever severed. Henceforward, he had no property distinct from the Church; he had no family, no home except his ecclesiastical position, and he acknowledged no authority but that of his ecclesiastical superior. He could not go back, but he might go on to an eminence beyond that of a king; however poor and ignoble at the outset, the way was open for him to an abbacy, a bishopric, even to the papal chair, which has been filled by more than one who was peasant-born. Thus the Church applied the most effectual stimulus to the zeal and activity of its members. It was a democratic institution, — the only democratic institution of the age; it opened the only path by which low-born talent and merit might hope to mount to the highest honors, and to sway the councils of nations. All who were conscious of great ability,

and who had lofty aspirations, except the few whose noble birth opened to them the gates of ambition, flocked into the Church. This institution, then, monopolized all talent that was not essentially military. It furnished the real diplomatists and statesmen of the kingdom; for though great noblemen ostensibly held these high offices, each one of them had an astute priest at his elbow, who was his prompter, his secretary, and in fact his master. Hence the common belief, that there is something in the education for the Romish priesthood, which tends to make cunning, dextrous, and able men; the truth rather is, that the peculiar attractions and facilities offered by the Church draw into it nearly all of these qualities which exist in the community at large.

But a still greater source of the power of the Church, was the nature of its office, or the peculiar hold which it had upon the world without. Observe, then, that the Church at this early period was *one*, and that it was *universal;* it had no rival churches, no sects, no heretics to contend with; and not one member of the community could avoid its interference, or shake off the ties with which it bound him. It was as easy, indeed, to be irreligious then as now, perhaps easier; one might be wicked and profligate, — a tyrant, a robber, or a scoffer. But for all that, the Church did not relax its hold upon him. His relations to it were just as necessary as those which bound him to society, — as his need of the companionship of his fellow beings; he could avoid them only as he could avoid mankind, — by going out from among men, and becoming a solitary in the wilderness, or in pagan lands. Otherwise, the Church held him fast at the three great epochs of his life; — at his baptism, his marriage, and on his death-bed. Then, also, whatever good impulses stirred within him, whatever compunctions, whatever spiritual hopes or fears, whatever aspirations, — in any and every case, he must have recourse to the Church. This alone filled the whole horizon of spiritual truth and goodness. There was but one form of infidelity possible. There might be no religion, no truth, no righteousness, no immortality; but if there were one or all of these things, the Church had the absolute and exclusive guardianship of them. This last proposition was the only one which

men then never thought of doubting; its possible falsity had never occurred to them. The only kind of repentance and amendment, the sole hope of escaping everlasting damnation, was reconciliation to the Church. *That* included every thing. In the universal belief, the Church literally held the keys of heaven and hell; if we may so speak reverently, it brought down the judgment-seat of God, established it on earth, and called on all men to approach and hear their sentence. And this, its most awful pretension, was the only one which men never thought of denying. No one doubted that the solemn declaration of the Saviour was addressed solely unto the Church: "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, shall be loosed in heaven."

We see at once, then, one of the elements, one of the invaluable elements, which the Church imparted to modern civilization. Apart from all its external grandeur, apart from its immense resources of physical power, the Church did exert, both for good and evil, a vast moral influence. Thus it kept alive the belief in the reality of such an influence. Amid the deluge of physical strength, of mere brute force, which then pressed upon society with a mountain's weight, the Church kept alive the belief in a purely spiritual force, which rested only on moral sentiments and convictions. We cannot overestimate the importance of the service thus rendered. If the Christian Church had not existed, the world would have been given up to the dominion of brute material force. It alone exercised a moral power. It did more; it kept up, it spread abroad, the idea of a rule, of a law superior to all human laws; it professed this truth, which is essential to the safety of the human race, that there is, above all human regulations, a law which is called, at different times, and according to the varying opinions of men, either the law of reason, or of divine right, or the law of God, but which, always and everywhere, is the same law under different names.

The Church unconsciously rendered another great service to the cause of truth and progress. For selfish ends, for the sake of establishing its own independence, and promoting its

own aggrandizement, it proclaimed and enforced the entire separation of the spiritual power from the temporal power. It utterly renounced and anathematized the modern idea of the union of Church and State. The Church must be independent, exclusively spiritual in its functions, and not to be profaned by any interference whatever on the part of the laity. Now, this separation, as Guizot has happily remarked, is the origin, the beginning, of liberty of conscience; it rests upon no other principle than that which serves as a foundation to the broadest and most complete liberty of conscience. It is founded upon this belief, that physical force has no dominion and no power over the action of mind, over convictions and truths. This separation follows from the distinction established between the world of thought and the world of action. Thus it is, that this principle of liberty of conscience, for which Europe has so long contended, has so much suffered, and which prevailed only so late, and generally against the wish of the clergy, was yet introduced, under the name of the separation of the spiritual from the temporal power, into the very cradle of European civilization; and it was the Christian Church, which, by a necessity of its situation, in order to defend itself against barbarism, introduced and maintained it there.

But we have not yet completed our view of the means by which the Church, in the Middle Ages, amassed and defended its temporal power and influence. It had two contrivances for this end, — one a peculiarity of doctrine, and the other of discipline, — which worked so effectually that it seemed as if no human agency could withstand them. We refer to the doctrine of purgatory, and to the practice of auricular confession. By the one, it practically extended its influence beyond the grave, and played upon the strongest and holiest sentiments of the human heart, — attachment to the memory of our departed friends, and affectionate solicitude for their eternal welfare, — making them subservient to its own ends. By the other, it established an inquisition into the most secret motives and purposes of its faithful members' breasts, and assumed a guidance of them which rendered the penitent a very slave of his spiritual director's will. Not content with

the custody of the gates of Paradise, and of the dismal portals of the infernal regions, the Church created a third resting-place for departed spirits, — a sort of half-way house to hell, — from the mitigated torments of which unhappy souls might be rescued by purchased masses for the dead. Inferior contrivances for the same end were the consecration of cemeteries, and the religious inviolability of sanctuaries, often extended beyond the walls of the church edifice, whence the vilest traitor could not be dragged to justice.

Such means, operating upon the minds of semibarbarians, naturally caused a torrent of opulence to pour in upon the Church. It was not often endowed by law, and the English legislature often manifested great jealousy of its enormous and increasing wealth. But the voluntary munificence of kings and their subjects, often stimulated by a fever of remorse after the commission of great crimes, and still more frequently by the terrors of approaching death, amply supplied the place of endowments from the state. The wealthy sinner was taught that no atonement was so acceptable to Heaven as liberal gifts to its earthly delegate; and to die without allotting a portion of one's wealth to pious uses was accounted almost like suicide, or a refusal of the last sacraments. If the hierarchy had other ends to carry than those which depended solely on the possession of wealth, if it had the stubbornness of individuals or of princes to vanquish, and could not wait for the terrors of a death-bed to enforce its threats, it had means contrived to give the refractory a foretaste, as it were, of the punishment that awaited them beyond the grave. Individuals were excommunicated; provinces, and sometimes whole kingdoms, were placed under an interdict. The infliction of the former penalty was accompanied by every mark of abhorrence and ignominy. The unhappy man was to be shunned, even by his own family, as if he were infected with leprosy; meats which had passed his table were to be thrown into the fire, a bier was placed at his door; and if he died, he had no regular burial, and his carcass was supposed to be incapable of corruption, as if the polluted remains refused to mingle again with the innocent elements whence they came. Still more terrible was the broader curse which was imposed

on a whole district or an entire country. During an interdict, the churches were closed, the bells silent, the dead unburied, and no rites but those of baptism and extreme unction were performed. We can hardly conceive the terror which such an infliction brought to the hearts of an ignorant and superstitious people. It has been well remarked, that from the moment these interdicts and excommunications were tried, the powers of earth might be said to exist only by sufferance. One is rather surprised at the instances of failure, than of success, in their employment against sovereigns, or the laity in general.

It is not our object to foster the prejudice against the Romish Church by this enumeration of the means through which it amassed and preserved its power. On the contrary, as already observed, this Church, at the early period of which we are speaking, was the *only* Church; and so far, the cause of Christianity, of any religion, of any moral influence, was identified with it, and depended on its success. We must be chary of reproaching it, then, lest our censure should fall on the only means by which, speaking humanly, the inestimable blessings of our religion could have been preserved to us against the darkness, violence, and anarchy of the Middle Ages. Without a special interposition of Providence, it was only a Church thus buttressed and fortified which could have rendered the simple robes and cowl of a monk a surer protection against violence than the triple coat of mail which shielded the belted knight, or than all the divinity which hedges a king. When the Church had no longer any occasion for such arms, when society had become somewhat enlightened and reduced to order, the very magnitude of these ecclesiastical pretensions, and this ecclesiastical wealth, created a reaction, and the Reformation followed almost as a matter of course.

But we have now to inquire why it was, that the Church, thus armed and strengthened, did not wholly prevail against the State, and establish a theocracy on the ruins alike of royal and baronial power, and of the liberties of the people; — why it was, in fact, that the long contest of royal with ecclesiastical power was favorable to the cause of civil freedom, and

tended indirectly to protect the rights of the commons, and give new energy to the constitution. We may observe, first, then, that the Church was a long time in obtaining that vast influence and that complete organization which we have described; and that it had, all the while, to struggle against many internal causes of corruption and weakness. The foundations of its greatness as a whole, or as one vast institution perfectly organized, under the absolute dominion of the Pope, were laid by Hildebrand, (Gregory VII.,) at the time of the Norman Conquest; but his measures were not fully carried out, nor did all their fruits ripen, till a century and a half later, when Innocent III. was Pope, and John was the English king. Then the papal power may be said to have culminated; and this also was the epoch of the Great Charter. At the former period, that is, at the close of the Saxon dominion in England, the rule of celibacy was not generally enforced upon the priesthood. Even so late as Henry the First's time, it was acknowledged that the greater and better part of the clergy were married. But the rulers of the Church never ceased their efforts to restore this part of their discipline; for it is by cutting off her members from the charities of domestic life, that she insures their affection to her cause, and renders them, like veteran soldiers, independent of every feeling but fidelity to their commander, and regard to the interests of their body. The hierarchy at last succeeded in preventing the marriages, though it was obliged to wink at many instances of the concubinage, of the priests. And good followed both from the relaxation, and the subsequent enforcement, of the rule. By the first, the earlier clergy of England were so much assimilated to the people among whom they lived, and contracted so many domestic ties and local attachments, that a long time was needed to drill and discipline them into the habit of passive obedience and exclusive devotion to the rulers of the Church. By the latter — the final establishment of the rule of celibacy — the country was preserved from the great curse of a religious caste — an hereditary priesthood. What the evils of caste are, in which the son necessarily adopts for life the profession of the father, we may see from the former state of Egypt and the present condition of India.

Society is divided by immovable and impassable planes of separation into horizontal strata, each having its peculiar privileges and disabilities, which can never be abandoned or relaxed. Thus, there is no movement or life in the whole nation, each one's position being determined irretrievably by the accident of his birth. If the priesthood had become a caste, (and this effect must have followed, had the priests been allowed to marry, for they would have educated their sons to follow their own profession,) then the Church would have remained immovable and stationary, as all societies and nations have remained among whom the institution of caste exists. But the Church, by enforcing the rule of celibacy, escaped this danger, and firmly maintained the principle of the equal admissibility of all persons, whatever might have been their origin, to all its offices and all its dignities. Every thing around it fell under the dominion of hereditary privilege; it alone maintained the principle of equality, of free competition. The Church alone was democratic; for even the free towns soon fell into the hands of little oligarchies, their magistrates being elected by a small number of freemen.

Another cause of internal weakness in the Church, which obstructed its efforts to obtain universal dominion, was the corruption and dissoluteness of many of its members. The rule of celibacy subjected them to strong temptations, and too often introduced among them general dissoluteness and neglect of decency. By this relaxation of morals, the priesthood began to lose its hold upon the prejudices of mankind. Other sins, other breaches of discipline, soon followed; the priest or monk, who had knowingly broken his vow on one important point, soon became hardened and desperate, and gave way to all wickedness. Simony, or the sale of benefices for money, drunkenness, theft, and all manner of evil and uncleanness, soon offered so glaring a contrast to their professions of sanctity, that the common people began to hate and despise them. This scandal became the leading cause of the Reformation. Luther could never have carried half the Christian world along with him, if he had confined himself to preaching against the *doctrines* of the Church. But he exposed its practical abuses, and thundered against the sins of the clergy;

and the people said, amen. The earlier reformers, those who acted within the Church, instead of coming out from it, were those who most advanced its claims, its grandeur, and its power, and thereby made it most formidable to kings and to the state. Dunstan, Hildebrand, St. Bernard, St. Francis, Ignatius of Loyola, were men of austere piety, though perhaps of boundless ambition; and if they could have wholly purified the Church, they would have placed its foot upon the neck of all earthly sovereigns. But the task was too great for them.

One measure of intended reform proved a source of additional corruption. There were two classes of the priesthood, — the secular clergy, as they were called, or the parish priests, who were presided over by the bishops, and the regular clergy, or the monks, who were congregated in monasteries, and governed by their abbots. These last did not originally belong to the clergy, but were laymen, who thought to obtain greater sanctity by retiring from the world, and devoting themselves to God's service. But they were soon authorized to preach and to administer the sacred rites; and then the singularity of their dress and their lives, together with their higher pretensions to purity and regularity, attracted to them the affection and reverence of the people. The mendicant friars, who were incapable, by their rules, of possessing estates, or acquiring wealth in any form, preached in the highways, administered the sacraments on portable altars, multitudes flocking to hear them, and deserting the parish churches. The inmates of the wealthy monasteries became popular by their kindness as landlords, by the magnificence with which they were surrounded, and the splendor of their religious rites, and by their munificence to the poor. The monks and friars were accountable for their conduct only to the officers of their own order, the heads of which resided uniformly at Rome; thus they formed the Pope's spiritual militia in all lands, and acted as checks upon the local priesthood. Thus, also, they naturally drew upon themselves the jealousy and hatred of the secular clergy; and the dissensions of the two classes lessened the power of the Church. Besides, as all institutions originating in a fervor of fanaticism tend to rapid degeneracy, the disso-

lute and filthy habits of the vagabond friars, with the sumptuous fare and indolent life of the opulent monks, gradually weaned the people from them, and made them the objects of satire and invective. In the age immediately preceding the Reformation, Boccacio in Italy, and Chaucer in England, give us lively pictures of the general contempt into which they had fallen. Thus they prepared the way for the great change; they did service to the cause of religious freedom, even by the enormity of their vices.

William the Conqueror, to retain the friendship and alliance of the Pope, who had greatly aided him in his undertaking, made one important and injurious change in the constitution, which nearly established the independence of the clergy. He separated the ecclesiastical from the civil jurisdiction in the county courts, where the bishops had formerly sat as judges by the side of the earl or sheriff, and referred all Church matters to proper ecclesiastical tribunals, over which the bishops alone, or their delegates, presided. And here a new code, the Canon or Church law, was introduced, to the exclusion of the venerable system of the Common Law, which reigned supreme in the affections of the people. The Canon Law, at first, was a rude and defective compilation and digest of the decrees of the general Councils, the edicts and decisions of the Popes, and the opinions of the Fathers. But it was methodized and perfected by learned ecclesiastics, who gradually wrought it into a complete system of jurisprudence, borrowing many of its features from the Civil Law. Then began a struggle between the two systems for the mastery, the clergy teaching the Civil and the Canon Law in the Universities, applying them in their courts, and aiming, by every means, to root out and displace the peculiar law of England. The foreign priests especially, who came over in shoals during the first century after the Conquest, and who were ignorant of the English constitution and the habits of the people, were eager to establish the new code. But their support only caused it to be opposed with more vigor by the nobility and the laity, who had already smarted under many Norman innovations. They forced King Stephen to publish a proclamation forbidding the study of the laws then newly

imported from Italy; and at the parliament of Merton, when the prelates proposed to substitute a principle of the Canon for one of the Common Law, respecting the legitimation of natural children by the subsequent marriage of their parents, all the earls and barons rose, and with one voice made the famous declaration, that they would not change the laws of England.

The dispute terminated in a practical compromise. The Common Law still ruled in the ordinary tribunals of the land; but the clergy practised their favorite system in their own peculiar courts, and steadily proceeded to enlarge their jurisdiction, and to draw as large a portion of legal business as possible into their own hands. Whatever cases involved any question respecting the rights or the doctrines of the Church, were to be adjudged in her own tribunals. Thus matrimony is an affair of the Church; her system forbade the marriage of two parties related to each other by as slender a tie as the seventh degree of consanguinity; and affinity, or connection by marriage, was made equivalent to relationship by blood. This rule, however, was afterwards mitigated, a Council in the thirteenth century permitting marriages beyond the fourth degree, or what we call third cousins. Of course, the Church had the dispensing power to remove these canonical impediments. At any rate, all suits in which the marriage tie was involved, including divorce, were reserved for the ecclesiastical courts. Here, also, were conducted the administration of the estates of deceased persons intestate, and the probate of wills; the pretence being, that, as all persons were bound to bequeathe a portion of their goods to pious uses, dying without a will was a sort of fraud upon the Church, which she punished by taking the administration of all the deceased person's effects into her own tribunals. And this is the practice in England up to the present day,—all matters relating to marriage, divorce, the administration of estates, and the probate of wills being treated in the ecclesiastical courts, and upon the combined principles of the Canon and the Civil Law. Even here, in America, though, as we have no ecclesiastical courts, such cases are referred to the ordinary Common Law tribunals, or to special Probate Courts, yet following, as we do,

the general run of British practice, many of the principles upon which their adjudication depends are borrowed from these foreign systems of jurisprudence.

But these were not the only aggressions of the priesthood upon the ordinary administration of justice. Besides the institution of sanctuaries, or the exemption of certain places from the processes of law, so that the vilest criminal could not be dragged from them to punishment, exemption was claimed for every person in holy orders from trial and punishment by the ordinary tribunals for any crime, except high treason. The pretence was, that a clergyman, or clerk, could be punished only by the ecclesiastical tribunals; the fact generally was, that he was not punished at all. Monstrous as such an exemption must appear, this "benefit of clergy," as it was technically called, was practically carried out, in its whole length and breadth, for two or three centuries. A priest or monk might commit murder, highway robbery, or burglary, without suffering any legal penalty; though for a layman, the offence was capital. In substance, also, as well as in form, this injurious and absurd distinction was preserved to a very late period; only, the definition of a clerk was extended to every person who was able to read; and the exemption from penalty was claimed *after* conviction, not before, as previously. Thus, of two persons committing the same offence, the one who had not been taught to read was hanged, while the better instructed, and therefore more criminal, felon was simply burnt in the hand and discharged. At last, in the reign of George IV., even the form of benefit of clergy was utterly abolished.

We must not stop to trace the encroachments of the clergy upon the secular tribunals in regard to civil as well as criminal causes. It is enough to say, that at the beginning of the twelfth century, when the papal power was at its height, they seemed on the point of usurping exclusive jurisdiction over all persons and places. Spiritual causes and spiritual offences, it was admitted, belonged to them; but this epithet was indefinite; and the ingenuity of the priesthood did not fail to find a spiritual element in every case where they sought for it. All crime was also sin, and therefore must be

punished by the church. The widow and the fatherless, the stranger and the poor, the pilgrim and the leper, were the special objects of her fostering care, when it suited her interests, and advanced her power, to give them aid. Perjury was an offence against God; and so all breaches of contract, where an oath had been pledged, were to be drawn into the ecclesiastical courts.

Such a contest of clerical with lay jurisdiction, such a medley of laws and magistrates, could not fail to occasion great inconvenience, and produce frequent collisions. By pressing their claims so far, the clergy became odious to kings, lords, and commons; and all united to oppose them. A triangular contest raged; and this always serves, by compromise and mutual concession, to moderate the claims and sustain the essential rights of all parties. Every sovereign was interested in vindicating the authority of the constitutions which had been formed by his ancestors, or by the people whom he governed. The people knew that the maintenance of their liberties depended on the support of the ancient laws and customs of the realm. Oppressive as was the rule of some of their monarchs, they knew that the pretensions of the Church were still more overwhelming, the power of the Pope still more despotic. The barons and the people generally united with the king in upholding the claims of the Common Law against the Canon and the Civil Law. At the same time, when Church and State were mutually weakened by a contest with each other, the barons and the people took advantage of the crisis to push their own claims against both. It was when King John was exhausted and defeated in his long struggle against Pope Innocent III., in the course of which the whole kingdom had been laid under an interdict, that the nobility were able to wrest from him the memorable concession of the Great Charter.

Henry II. was the first English king who resolutely set his face against the inordinate pretensions of the clergy; and his opponent was the able and fearless archbishop of Canterbury, the famous Thomas à Becket. In the fierce contest between them, it is instructive to see the king announcing himself as the champion of the ancient customs of the realm against the

usurpations of the priesthood, and on this account, the nobility and the commons adhered to him so firmly that the loudest thunders of the Vatican, — even an interdict which was laid on two thirds of the kingdom, — passed over them with little effect. Henry called his barons together in a great council at Clarendon, and by their aid forced upon the reluctant bishops and other clergy the famous Constitutions of Clarendon, — the first signal step taken for maintaining the independence of temporal government. Sixteen articles were then affirmed, the principal of which deprived the clergy of their immunity from punishment by the secular power, gave the cognizance of all contracts, even where an oath had been introduced, to the king's courts, forbade appeals to Rome except by the king's consent, and declared that the revenues of all vacant offices in the church should belong to the king, and that no person should be elected to fill one of them except with his consent, and on condition of taking the oath of homage and fealty to the crown. After a long resistance, Becket was forced to give his assent to these provisions, but with certain mental reservations, of which he soon took advantage by escaping to France, where he mounted a pulpit, "and with bell, book, and candle, solemnly cursed all the maintainers of the customs, called in the realm of England the customs of their elders." The Pope also disallowed the Constitutions of Clarendon; but Henry and the English people stood by them so stoutly, that, but for the odium which soon fell upon the king from the murder of Thomas à Becket, they would have been established as fundamental principles of the government. To clear himself from this crime, however, besides submitting to a mortifying penance, he was obliged to make the vague concession, that he would relinquish all customs against the Church which had been introduced in his own time. This virtually left the question just where it was before; for it remained to be determined whether the *ancient* usages of the realm *were* contrary to these pretensions of the Church. If they were, the Constitutions of Clarendon were unnecessary; if they were not, these Constitutions were invalid. So the dispute revived in King John's time.

The great question between the pope and the king was, which should have the appointment of the bishops and other ecclesiastical dignitaries. Nominally, they had always been elected by the inferior clergy, the priests and monks; but in practice, the king had designated whom they were to appoint, and disputed elections, at least to the higher offices, had usually been referred to the arbitration of the Pope. By the feudal constitution, all bishops and abbots who held lands were military vassals of the crown, and as such, were bound to take the oath of fealty and homage. They could not obtain possession till they had received from the king investiture of their fiefs, after taking these oaths. By way of visible symbol, as usual in feudal institutions, the sovereign was accustomed to put the ring and crosier into the hands of the newly consecrated bishop, who thus appeared to receive from him not only his temporal, but his spiritual, authority. The claims of the crown being thus fortified by custom and the acknowledged principles of feudal law, the Church could attack them only indirectly. But plausible arguments were not wanting. The ring and crosier, it was asserted by papal advocates, were the emblems of that power which no monarch could bestow; and even if a less offensive symbol were adopted, the dignity of the Church was lowered, and her purity contaminated, when her highest ministers were compelled to solicit the patronage and the approbation of laymen.

Circumstances sometimes added plausibility to these arguments, or afforded means of enforcing them. In the time of John, the great question was, whether the King or the Pope should appoint the archbishop of Canterbury. But this question was hidden under a dispute which had existed for some time, whether that prelate was to be chosen by the monks of St. Augustin's abbey in the city of Canterbury, or by the suffragan bishops of the province. Now, as the bishops were very accessible to the influence of the crown, and the monks, according to the genius of their order, were devoted to Rome, on the resolution of this doubt the main question depended. Both parties were obstinate; but as the king had lost the favor of his nobles and the people, on account of his rapacity and cruelty, he was not supported by them, and was obliged

to yield. The Pope appointed Stephen Langton to the archbishopric; and the first signal use which *he* made of his new dignity was to put himself at the head of the confederacy of the barons which extorted from the king the Great Charter. But the experiment could not be repeated so successfully for the Church. The English monarchy was never so weak as in the time of the imbecile John; the papal power was never again so formidable as it had been under Innocent III. After this crisis, the bishops were generally nominated by the crown, though with so much opposition, that the controversy became one of the leading causes of the success of the Reformation.

The general result is well summed up by Sir James Mackintosh. "Among the best consequences of these controversies," he says, "perhaps the most certain is, that they taught the possibility of maintaining the civil rights of various classes without an unceasing appeal to arms, and with some mixture of an appeal to law and reason. The principles to which popes and kings paid an apparent deference in their fiercest debates were applied to the political privileges of the laity, and contributed mainly to the success of that renowned struggle known by the name of the Barons' Wars. To these generous principles it is owing, that the reign of John, though he was the most contemptible of princes, is perhaps the most memorable portion of the ancient history of England."

ART. VI. — *Aristophanes: a Metrical Version of the Acharnians, the Knights, and the Birds, in the last of which, a Vein of Peculiar Humor and Character is for the first time detected and developed.* [BY JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.] London: William Pickering. 1840.

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE belonged to the brilliant circle of which Canning was the centre. Associated with this great statesman in early life, he shared in all the literary under-

takings by which his most distinguished public career was diversified and adorned. Although Mr. Frere never became so prominent a person in public affairs as his illustrious friend and contemporary, he left deeper traces of his genius and scholarship on the literature of his age.

The father of Mr. Frere was John Frere, Esq., of Roydon Hall, Norfolk, who was member of parliament for Norwich, and died in 1807. The subject of this notice was born on the 21st of May, 1769. At the proper age, he was sent to Eton School, where he became acquainted with young Canning, and was one of the contributors to the Microcosm, a weekly paper edited by the scholars, the first number of which appeared in November, 1786. This paper undoubtedly owes much of its fame to the subsequent celebrity of the principal writers. From Eton, Mr. Frere in due course of time entered Caius College, Cambridge, where he took his degree. In 1796, he was returned as member of parliament for West Looe, and, three years subsequently, he succeeded Mr. Canning as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. In 1800, he was sent to Portugal, as Envoy Extraordinary. He remained at this court two years, and was transferred to Madrid in 1802. He resided at this capital until 1804, when he returned to England, and was made a Privy Councillor. It was probably during this residence in Portugal and Spain that Frere acquired his love of the history and literature of the Peninsula, which made so marked a feature in his literary life. In 1807, he was sent minister to Prussia, and in the following year, was again transferred to Madrid. He had much to do with the intervention of the British government in the affairs of the Peninsula, when the national insurrection of the Spaniards against the French broke out; and he was severely censured, by the opposition in parliament, for having, by his representations, founded on a too favorable estimate of the character of the Spaniards, influenced the movements of Sir John Moore, and nearly caused the destruction of the British army, as well as for his general influence in inducing the British government to engage in the war. He was recalled in 1809, and succeeded by the Marquis of Wellesley, not entirely to the satisfaction of Wellesley's brother, Arthur,

afterwards the Duke of Wellington, who says to him, in a letter of May 22, 1809: "I acknowledge that I do not consider Lord Wellesley's appointment a subject of congratulation to himself or his friends." "I am truly concerned, however, that your removal should not be consonant to your wishes."

While Mr. Frere was minister in Spain, he became acquainted with the Marquis de la Romana, one of the most accomplished men and distinguished officers in Spain. This nobleman, whose tastes in literature were similar and congenial to those of the English minister, recommended to his attention the ancient and striking poem of the Cid — *Poema del Cid* — the work of an unknown author, belonging to the twelfth century, "as the most animated and highly poetical, as well as the most ancient and curious, poem in the language." This poem has since become well known in English literature, chiefly by Frere's splendid translations of the most characteristic passages, which were published by Mr. Southey in the Appendix to his Chronicle of the Cid. The Marquis happened to call on Mr. Frere one day, when he had just made a conjectural emendation, in v. 2348, which, as it reads in the copies, makes no sense. The line stands,

"Aun vea el hora que vos *merezca dos* tanto;"

Mr. Frere's emendation was the substitution of *merezcades* for *merezca dos* and Romana admitted the propriety of the emendation. When, in 1808, the Marquis was at the head of the Spanish troops near the Baltic, it became important for the British government to open a communication with the Spanish commanders. It was dangerous, and probably would have been fatal, to send a messenger with written credentials. A Catholic priest, named Robertson, was found willing to undertake the expedition, for which he was particularly qualified by his skill as a linguist. The amended line of the Cid was communicated to him by the British minister, and committed to memory; and by repeating it to the Marquis de la Romana, who was the only person besides that knew it, he satisfied that officer that he came from the British minister. This is probably the only instance on record of a conjectural emendation in an old

poem, proving of any practical utility in important transactions. The truth of this anecdote, which is recorded in the twelfth chapter of Southey's History of the Peninsular War, was confirmed by Mr. Frere himself, in a conversation some years afterward with our countryman, Mr. Ticknor, the author of the History of Spanish Literature.

Before his return to England, Mr. Frere received from the Spanish government the title of Marquez de la Union. From this time, he led the life of a private gentleman, indulging the taste for literature which had always been his strong passion. In 1816, he was married to the Countess Dowager of Errol; a few years later, he left England, and established himself in Malta, on account of his health, where he passed the remainder of his life. He died January 7, 1846. His period of public service was not very long, nor remarkably successful; but in a peculiar vein of literature, his genius shone with great brilliancy. Besides being associated with Canning in the schoolboy venture of the Microcosm, he was one of the principal contributors to the witty pages of the Anti-Jacobin; he wrote able articles in the Classical Journals and the Quarterly Review. He is also entitled to the honor of having introduced into English literature the Ariosto style of the chivalrous epic, by the poem of the "Whistlecrafts," which was seen and read by Byron, in manuscript, and suggested his Beppo. The Whistlecrafts was afterwards published, and though filled to overflowing with the peculiar merits of that species of humorous poetry, never attained the popularity of its offspring. It is now rarely to be found.

It is as a translator that Mr. Frere will be best remembered. When he was a schoolboy at Eton, he made a metrical version of an Anglo-Saxon ballad of the tenth century, in the language of the fourteenth, which Sir James Mackintosh says "is a double imitation, unmatched, perhaps, in literary history, in which the writer gave an earnest of that faculty of catching the peculiar genius, and preserving the characteristic manner of his original, which, though the specimens of it be too few, places him alone among English translators." This piece, which is found in Ellis's Specimens, can hardly be called a translation at all. It is an abbreviation of the original, and a

very free imitation of it, in the English of the fourteenth century; but it has no other resemblance to the Anglo-Saxon poem than it *must* have from the fact that it is on the same subject. Sir James's commendation of Mr. Frere as a *translator* is a little too absolute; he should, at least in this instance, and perhaps in other more considerable attempts, rather be called a spirited and successful imitator.

Mr. Frere's translations from the Poem of the Cid have received the most emphatic commendations from the best judges. Mr. Ticknor calls them admirable; Mr. Southey says, "I have never seen any other translation which so perfectly represents the manner, character, and spirit of the original." When Sir Walter Scott, in 1831, shortly before his death, visited Malta, Mr. Frere was one of the gentlemen who welcomed him to that seat of ancient chivalry. Mr. Lockhart gives some charming extracts from the journal of Mrs. John Davy, an old friend of Sir Walter's, in which the incidents of his brief stay are pleasantly recorded. Describing her call upon him while he was in quarantine, she says: —

"Our visit was short, and we left Mr. Frere with him at the bar, on our departure. He came daily to see his friend, and passed more of his quarantine time with him than any one else. We were told that between Mr. Frere's habitual absence of mind, and Sir Walter's natural Scotch desire to shake hands with him at every meeting, it required all the vigilance of the attendant genii of the place to prevent Mr. Frere from being put into quarantine along with him." . . . . "In speaking of Mr. Frere's translations, he repeated a pretty long passage from his version of one of the Romances of the Cid (published in the appendix to Southey's quarto,) and seemed to enjoy a spirited charge of the knights therein described, as much as he could have done in his best days, placing his walking-stick in rest like a lance, to 'suit the action to the word.'"

The following lines are part of the passage referred to: —

"Their shields before their breasts, forth at once they go,
Their lances in the rest levell'd fair and low;
Their banners and their crests, waving in a row,
Their heads all stooping down toward the saddle bow.
The Cid was in the midst, his shout was heard afar,
'I am Rui Dias, the Champion of Bivar;

'Strike amongst them, gentlemen, for sweet mercies' sake!'
There where Bermuez fought, amidst the foe they brake,
Three hundred banner'd knights, it was a gallant show:
Three hundred Moors they kill'd, a man with every blow;
When they wheel'd and turn'd, as many more lay slain,
You might see them raise their lances and level them again.
There you might see the breastplates, how they were cleft in twain,
And many a Moorish shield lie shatter'd on the plain.
The pennons that were white marked with a crimson stain,
The horses running wild whose riders had been slain.
The Christians call upon St. James, the Moors upon Mahound,
There were thirteen hundred of them slain on a little spot of ground.
Minaya Alva Fanez smote with all his might,
He went as he was wont, and was foremost in the fight.
There was Galin Garcia, of courage firm and clear,
Felez Munioz, the Cid's own Cousin dear;
Antolinez of Burgos, a hardy knight and keen,
Munio Gustioz, his pupil that had been.
The Cid on his gilded saddle above them all was seen.
There was Martin Munioz, that rul'd in Montmayor,
There were Alvar Fanez and Alvar Salvador:
These were the followers of the Cid, with many others more,
In rescue of Bermuez and the standard that he bore.
Minaya is dismounted, his courser has been slain,
He fights upon his feet, and smites with might and main.
The Cid came all in haste to help him to horse again;
He saw a Moor well mounted, thereof he was full fain,
Thro' the girdle at a stroke he cast him to the plain:
He called to Minaya Fanez and reached him out the rein,
'Mount and ride Minaya, you are my right hand,
'We shall have need of you to-day, these Moors will not disband!'
Minaya lept upon the horse, his sword was in his hand.
Nothing that came near him could resist him or withstand;
All that fall within his reach he dispatches as he goes.
The Cid rode to King Fariz, and struck at him three blows;
The third was far the best, it forc'd the blood to flow:
The stream ran from his side, and stain'd his arms below;
The King caught round the rein and turn'd his back to go,
The Cid has won the battle with that single blow."

Mr. Frere was an accomplished Greek scholar, entering into the spirit of Greek poetry, especially of the Comic Drama,

and reproducing it in his critical writings and versions with great zest and marvellous ability. There have been translations characterized by more verbal fidelity; but no man ever more thoroughly rendered the spirit of Aristophanes. When Mr. Mitchell's translations came out, he wrote a very able and appreciating review of them; but his own, we think, are decidedly superior.

In 1839 and '40, his translations of the Acharnians, Knights, and Birds of Aristophanes appeared from the government press at Malta; and some time after, we believe, came out his translation of the Frogs. The last, however, is not contained in this volume, for which we are indebted to the courtesy of an English friend.

It is unnecessary to say, to any one who has read a single play of Aristophanes, that an adequate translation of his works into any modern language is a task of the greatest literary difficulty. These pieces, in their day, performed the functions of the modern political press, the satirical novel, the French Charivari, and the London Punch. Political measures and men were exhibited with unsparing ridicule. The license of the Lenæan festival, which expressed not only the jovial side of human life, but embodied the merry myths of the god in whose honor it was held, furnished the occasion for the most unrestrained fun and frolic to those poets who looked no deeper than the surface, and for endless satire and invective to those who aimed at correcting the vices of the times. Beyond all doubt, Aristophanes was the most remarkable genius in this department of Greek literature. It has been a question whether he aimed only at producing a momentary effect, or had also in view the design of stemming the corruptions of the times. He attacks, with infinite wit, the most powerful demagogues of the times; he seizes upon the ludicrous side of the physical inquiries, which had already made considerable progress among the philosophers; he lashes the pernicious sophisms of the vagabond lecturers, who, under the general name of Sophists, traversed the Grecian States, teaching a showy rhetoric and a tricky logic, which annihilated the distinctions between virtue and vice, and struck at the foundations of morality, public and private; he turns to ridi-

cule the extravagant schemes of conquest, which found favor with the popular and progressive party of the "manifest-destiny" men of Athens; the plans of rival factions to secure the favor of the Demos by a base rivalry of compliance with his lowest passions, he holds up to laughter and reprobation. New ideas in education, religion, poetry, and music meet with unrelenting persecution from his audacious muse, as if all change from the manners and customs of the Marathonian times were dangerous and reprehensible. Socrates, whose teachings and death have consecrated his memory to the affections of good men in all times, is made the hero of word-catching and sophistical logic, and presented to a gaping Athenian audience as a rank and ridiculous impostor. Euripides, the poet of Medea and Alcestis, is held up to reprobation as the corrupter of poetry and the debaser of the Tragic Muse. The Attic passion for litigation is laughed out of countenance by the whimsical extravaganza of the trial of the Dog, to gratify the longing of the old Dicast at home. Feminine aspirations for the amelioration of woman's political condition, are ruthlessly burlesqued by the broad caricature of the women stealing their husbands' garments, and by an overwhelming vote working a gynocratic revolution in the government.

Besides these comprehensive satirical pictures, his plays abound with the sharpest and most stinging allusions to single incidents, persons, and events; to politicians and profligates, marked out by name for the unerring shaft; to musicians, philosophers, rival poets; especially to passages in the tragedies of Euripides, which are parodied with remorseless irony. We must add to these traits the fact, that living men, such as Socrates, Cleon, Nicias, and Demosthenes the general, were not only introduced by name, but their persons were represented by portrait masks, and dresses imitated from the garbs they wore in daily life. Mixed with all these personalities were many passages of gross indecency, almost as bad as the licentiousness of the English comic stage in the time of Charles the Second — almost equalling the impurities of Beaumont and Fletcher, and Farquhar and Congreve. But there was also the most brilliant drawing of character,

and dramatic skill, in the midst of the wildest extravagance, in the conduct of the plot; there were passages of the most exquisite and admirable lyric poetry; there were flashes of the most inimitable wit; there were descriptions unsurpassed by Chaucer or Shakspeare; there were admirable sentiments; there was profound political wisdom, and lessons that might have saved the state. The Greek language is nowhere more varied, beautiful, and abundant, than in the plays of Aristophanes. Here the Attic dialect, as well as the Attic wit, reached its culminating height.

Nearly all of these plays were produced during the demoralizing horrors of the Peloponnesian War. Pericles had died early, and the ship of state, ceasing to feel his strong hand at the helm, was driven wildly over the swelling tides of discord at home and war abroad. Coarse and vulgar demagogues rose successively to power, and there was no great statesman, after Pericles, to hold their violence in check. The war was marked by the double horrors of civil strife and hatred of race; and its disastrous and demoralizing consequences spread beyond the states with whom it commenced, all over the Hellenic world. The picture drawn by that stern, but most truthful of painters, Thucydides, of the awful dissolution of the restraints of virtue, honor, and piety, that followed in the footsteps of the Peloponnesian War, is a lesson to nations and governments for all time. Within the city of Athens, the condition of affairs, especially after the great plague, was equally sad; and it furnished abundant materials, not only for the moral and political philosopher, but for the sharpest satires of the comic stage. We must make some deductions from the high coloring of the pictures in Aristophanes, because it is of the nature of satirical literature to indulge in exaggeration and inverted embellishment; just as we must not take for history the pasquinades and caricatures with which Punch shakes the sides of the civilized world. Again, we must not attribute to malice and a bad heart the misrepresentations he is sometimes guilty of, as in the case of Socrates and Euripides; just as we look, with an amused and lenient eye, upon Punch's misrepresentations of Sir Robert Peel, Lord Brougham, Lord John Russell, or D'Israeli. The personages

who fill the stage of public life, stand to posterity in a very different relation from that they seem to bear to their contemporaries. These are considerations that must temper our judgment of such writers as Aristophanes, if we mean that our judgment shall be a candid and trustworthy one. He needs this particularly in the case of Socrates, to whose judicial murder he was accused of having contributed. This topic, however, we cannot dwell upon here. Looking at Aristophanes, in the whole sphere of his literary activity, we may say that he combined, more than any other man ever did, the greatest variety of wit, from the pun up to the most refined and keenest play of ideas; — satire, cutting in all directions, political caricature, brilliant dialogue, incomparable lyrical poetry; — a combination absolutely without a parallel in literary history. Mr. Frere was particularly qualified by his taste and accomplishments, his vein of natural wit, his social position, his political and diplomatic experience, as well as his training in composition, from the Microcosm and Anti-Jacobin to the Whistlecrafts and the Spanish translations, to be the Athenian's interpreter to the modern world. In this he was much more successful than in politics and diplomacy.

Had Pericles lived, it is possible that the Peloponnesian War would have ended in establishing the sovereignty of Athens over all Greece. Had the weight of his character, and that mighty eloquence, described as thundering and lightening, and stirring up the whole country, still survived to control the policy of Athens, the downfall of the state, and the bloody scenes of the short but ignominious reign of the Thirty Tyrants might never have blotted the page of Grecian history. "The source of his influence," says Thucydides, "was dignity of character and wisdom; and having conspicuously shown himself the most incorruptible of men, he curbed the people freely, and led them, instead of being led by them. For he did not speak to their present favor, endeavoring to gain power by unbecoming means, but dared to brave their anger, while holding fast to his own dignity and honor. The Constitution was a democracy in word; but, in fact, it was the government of the most distinguished citizen. Those, however, who came after him, being more on equality with

one another, and each eager to stand foremost, turned to the gratification of the people, and to this object sacrificed the public interests." Notwithstanding the exhaustion caused by this long and desperate struggle, the demoralized condition of all the States during its continuance, and the disastrous overthrow of Athens in which it ended, the free principles that lay at the foundations of the Athenian institutions, the elasticity of mind produced by her literary and scientific culture, and by the habit of parliamentary debate, as well as the open administration of justice, were so conservative that the city soon rallied, threw off the yoke imposed on her by Sparta, and in a few years regained a considerable part of her ancient ascendancy; and after the term of her long national existence closed, she continued to rule, by her science, poetry, philosophy, art, and eloquence, the empire of the human mind.

The largest part of the plays of Aristophanes came within the period of the Peloponnesian War, and we nowhere find the moral, political, and literary condition of the capital so vividly portrayed as in these comedies. Several of them have a direct bearing upon the events and characters brought out by that great strife. He was the contemporary of the greatest writers for the tragic stage; and there are two circumstances of great singularity to be noted: first, that literary works so numerous and admirable should have adorned a period of public and private distress, and general demoralization; and secondly, that the spectators, who dissolved in tears one day at the spectacle of heroic sufferings, the next day were thrown into convulsions of laughter at the sight of the same illustrious personages, placed in ludicrous or degrading circumstances by the audacious license of the comedians.

The Acharnians — the first of the pieces in Mr. Frere's volume — was produced in the year B. C. 425, — but without the author's name, probably on account of the Dionysiac law which prescribed a legal age for the dramatic competitors. It is a comic declaration against the war party, and turns wholly on the consequences of the war upon the condition of the people. Its name is taken from Acharnæ, one of the largest and most important of the rural boroughs of Attica, which had been laid waste several times by the Spartan inva-

ders. The rural population had been driven from their country-houses and farms, and cooped up within the walls of the city. Thucydides gives us a striking picture of the hardships this necessity entailed on a people so fond of out of door amusements and country life as the Athenian landholders; and the same topic is amusingly illustrated by Aristophanes, in the character of Strepsiades, in the Clouds. Dicæopolis, the hero of the Acharnians, represents this class of Athenians. Compelled to idle away his time in the city, sorely against his will, he looks back with regretful longings to his former pleasant way of life. To kill time, which hangs wearily on his hands, he goes to the Assembly, and vents his dissatisfaction at the state of public affairs, and snubs the orators. While waiting for the arrival of the officers, whose duty it was to open the meeting, he soliloquizes upon his many crosses and few comforts.

"How many things there are to cross and vex me,
My comforts I compute at four precisely,
My griefs and miseries at a hundred thousand.
Let's see what there has happen'd to rejoice me
With any real kind of joyfulness;
Come, in the first place I set down five talents,
Which Cleon vomited up again and refunded;
There I rejoic'd; I lov'd the Knights for that;
'Twas nobly done, for the interests of all Greece.
But again I suffer'd cruelly in the Theatre
A tragical disappointment — There was I
Gaping to hear old Æschylus, when the Herald
Call'd out, 'Theognis, bring your chorus forward.'
Imagine what my feelings must have been!
But then Dexitheus pleas'd me coming forward
And singing his Bœotian melody:
But next came Chæris with his music truly,
That turn'd me sick, and kill'd me very nearly.
But never in my lifetime, man nor boy,
Was I so vext as at this present moment;
To see the Pnyx, at this time of the morning,
Quite empty, when the Assembly should be full.
There are our Citizens in the market place
Lounging and talking, shifting up and down
To escape the painted twine that ought to sweep

The shoal of them this way; not even the Presidents
Arriv'd — they're always last, crowding and jostling
To get the foremost seat; but as for peace
They never think about it — Oh poor Country!
As for myself, I'm always the first man.
Alone in the morning, here I take my place,
Here I contemplate, here I stretch my legs;
I think and think — I dont know what to think.
I draw conclusions and comparisons,
I ponder, I reflect, I pick my nose,
I fidget about, and yawn and scratch myself;
Looking in vain to the prospect of the fields,
Loathing the city, longing for a peace,
To return to my poor village and my farm,
That never used to cry 'Come buy my charcoal!'
Nor 'Buy my oil!' nor 'Buy my any thing!'
But gave me what I wanted, freely and fairly,
Clear of all cost, with never a word of buying,
Or such buy-words. So here I'm come, resolv'd
To bawl, to abuse, to interrupt the speakers,
Whenever I hear a word of any kind
Except for an immediate peace. Ah there!
The Presidents at last; see, there they come!
All scrambling for their seats — I told you so!"

Acharnians, pp. 6, 7.

It does not suit the powers that be to listen to any proposition for an immediate peace. The business of the Assembly goes on; ambassadors, returned from the great king, are received, and give a ludicrous account of their reception at the Persian Court. They are accompanied by a high and mighty personage, called the King's Eye, represented according to the extravagant burlesque of the comic stage, by a mask with a monstrous eye in the centre. After an amusing encounter between Dicæopolis and this singular dignitary, he is invited to dine in the Prytaneum. Another ambassador, returning from the Thracian coast, arrives.

"*Her.* Theorus, our ambassador into Thrace,
Returned from King Sitalces!
Theor. Here am I.
Dic. More coxcombs called for! — Here's another coming.
Theor. We should not have remain'd so long in Thrace. . .

Dic. If you hadn't been overpaid I know you wouldn't.
Theor. . . . But for the snow, which cover'd all the country,
And buried up the roads, and froze the rivers.
'Twas singular this change of weather happen'd
Just when Theognis here, our frosty poet,
Brought out his tragedy. — We past our time
In drinking with Sitalces. He's your friend,
Your friend and lover, if there ever was one,
And writes the name of Athens on his walls.
His son, your new made fellow-citizen,
Had wish'd to have been enroll'd in proper form
At the Apaturian festival; and meanwhile,
During his absence, earnestly desires
That the Apaturian sausages may be sent him.
He is urgent with his father to befriend
His newly adopted countrymen; and, in fine,
Sitalces has been so far worked upon,
He has sworn at last his solemn Thracian oath,
Standing before the sacrifice, to send
Such an army, he said, that all the Athenian people
Shall think that there's a flight of locusts coming."

p. 12.

Finding a great deal of opposition to the peace doctrines, Dicæopolis makes a truce on his own account — as the Hartford Convention were accused of intending to do, in our last war with England — for which he pays eight drachmas, and goes off into the country, to celebrate the festival of Bacchus in his native village. Meantime, it is noised abroad that he has secured this great blessing, and applications come in from various quarters for a share in it. A farmer, who has lost both of his oxen, begs for a drop of the libation — only five years; a bridegroom sends a present of delicacies from the marriage feast, with a message that he has an objection to foreign service just now. But the war party, represented by a chorus of Acharnians, besetting him, threaten to put him to death as a traitor to the country. He claims the right of trial by jury, which is at length granted; he asks only one favor — "one condition," —

"Permit me, therefore, first to clothe myself
In a pathetical, heart-rending dress."

For this he resorts to Euripides. The poet seizes this opportunity to satirize, with all the force of ludicrous exaggeration, the trick of the tragedian to excite the sentiment of pity, by clothing his heroes in tatters.

"*Dic.* Well, I must try then to keep up my spirits,
And trudge away to find Euripides.
Holloh!
Servant. Who's there?
Dic. Euripides within?
Ser. Within, yet not within. You comprehend me?
Dic. Within and not within! why, what do ye mean?
Ser. I speak correctly, old Sire! his outward man
Is in the garret writing tragedy;
While his essential being is abroad,
Pursuing whimsies in the world of fancy.
Dic. O happy Euripides, with such a servant;
So clever and accomplish'd!—call him out.
Ser. It's quite impossible.
Dic. But it must be done.
Positively and absolutely I must see him;
Or I must stand here, rapping at the door.
Euripides! Euripides! come down,
If ever you came down in all your life!
'Tis I, 'tis Dicæopolis from Chollidæ.
Eur. I'm not at leisure to come down.
Dic. Perhaps—
But here's the scene-shifter can wheel you round.
Eur. It cannot be.
Dic. But however, notwithstanding.
Eur. Well, there then, I'm wheel'd round; for I had not time
For coming down.
Dic. Euripides, I say!
Eur. What say ye?
Dic. Euripides! Euripides!
Good lawk, you're there! upstairs! you write upstairs,
Instead of the ground-floor? always upstairs.
Well now, that's odd! But, dear Euripides,
If you had but a suit of rags that you could lend me.
You're he that brings out cripples in your tragedies;
A'nt ye? You're the new Poet, he that writes

Those characters of beggars and blind people.
Well, dear Euripides, if you could but lend me
A suit of tatters from a cast-off tragedy.
For mercy's sake, for I'm obliged to make
A speech in my own defence before the chorus,
A long pathetic speech, this very day;
And if it fails, the doom of death betides me.
Eur. Say, what do ye seek? is it the woful garb
In which the wretched aged Œneus acted?
Dic. No, 'twas a wretcheder man than Œneus, much.
Eur. Was it blind Phœnix?
Dic. No, not Phœnix, no,
A fellow a great deal wretcheder than Phœnix.
Eur. I wonder what he wants; is it the rags
Which Philoctetes went a begging with?
Dic. No, 'twas a beggar worse than Philoctetes.
Eur. Say, would you wish to wear those loathly weeds,
The habiliments of lame Bellerophon.
Dic. 'Twas not Bellerophon, but very like him.
A kind of a smooth, fine spoken character;
A beggar into the bargain and a cripple,
With a grand command of words, bothering and begging.
Eur. I know your man; 'tis Telephus the Mysian.
Dic. Ah, Telephus! — Yes, Telephus! do, pray,
Give me the things he wore.
Eur. Go fetch them there.
You'll find 'em next to the tatters of Thyestes,
Just over Ino's. Take them, there, and welcome.
Dic. Oh Jupiter, what an infinite, endless mass
Of eternal holes and patches! Here it is,
Here's wherewithal to clothe myself in misery.
Euripides, now, since you've gone so far,
Do give me the other articles besides
Belonging to these rags, that suit with them,
With a little Mysian bonnet for my head.
For I must wear a beggar's garb to-day,
Yet be myself in spite of my disguise;
That the audience all may know me; but the chorus,
Poor creatures, must not have the least suspicion
Whilst I cajole them with my rhetoric."

Acharnians, pp. 23–26.

The trial takes place, and Dicæopolis defends himself with

great eloquence. In the end, he concludes his peace, and, being a freetrader, opens his market to Megarians, Thebans, and all others who have goods to sell, or wish to buy. A contest takes place between him and Lamachus, represented as a thrasonical general — a sort of cross between Bob Acres and Jack Falstaff. The characters are entertainingly contrasted.

"*Dic.* Well, is not it hard that a man can't eat his dinner,
But he's to be disturb'd and call'd from table,
With wars, and Lamachus's, and what not?
Lam. You mock me, alas!
Dic. Say, would you wish to grapple
In single combat, with this mailed monster? [*shewing a lobster.*
Lam. Alas, that dismal, fatal messenger!
Dic. But here's a message too, coming for me.
Mess. 2*nd.* Hoh Dicæopolis!
Dic. Well, what?
Mess. 2*nd.* You're summon'd
To go without a moment's loss of time,
With your whole cookery, to the priest of Bacchus.
The company are arriv'd; you keep them waiting,
Every thing else is ready, — couches, tables,
Cushions, and coverlids for mattresses,
Plumb cake and plain, comfits and caraways,
Confectionery, fruits preserv'd and fresh,
Relishes of all sorts, hot things and bitter,
Savories and sweets, broil'd biscuits, and what not;
Flowers and perfumes and garlands, every thing.
You must not lose a moment.
Lam. Out alas!
Wretch that I am!
Dic. 'Tis your own fault entirely,
For enlisting in the service of the Gorgons.
There, shut the door, and serve the dishes here.
Lam. My knapsack and camp service; bring it out.
Dic. My dinner service; bring it here, you lout.
Lam. Give me my bunch of leeks, the soldiers' fare.
Dic. I'm partial to veal cutlets; bring them there.
Lam. Let's see the saltfish; it seems like to rot.
Dic. I take fresh fish, and broil it on the spot.
Lam. Bring me the lofty feathers of my crest.
Dic. Bring doves and quails; I scarce know which is best.

Lam. Behold this snowy plume of dazzling white.
Dic. Behold the roasted dove, a savory sight.
Lam. Don't mock these arms of mine, good fellow, pri'thee.
Dic. These quails of mine, don't think to take them with ye.
Lam. The case that holds my crest, — bring it in haste.
Dic. And the hare-pie for me, — bring it in paste.
Lam. My crest, — have the moths spoilt it? no, not yet.
Dic. My dinner, — shall I spoil it by a whet?
Lam. Fellow, direct not your discourse to me.
Dic. Aye, but this boy and I, we can't agree;
And we've a kind of wager, which is best,
Locusts or quails, forsooth.
Lam. Sirrah, your jest
Is insolent.
Dic. My wager's gone this bout:
He's all, you see, for locusts, out and out.
Lam. Bring here my lance; unsheathe the deadly point.
Dic. Bring here the spit, and show the roasted joint.
Lam. This sheath is rusted. Come, boy, tug and try.
Ah, there it comes.
Dic. [*unspitting his roast meat.*]
It comes quite easily.
Lam. Bring forth the props of wood, my shield's support.
Dic. Bring bread, for belly timber; that's your sort!
Lam. My Gorgon-orbed shield; bring it with speed.
Dic. With this full-orbed pancake I proceed.
Lam. Is not this insolence too much to bear?
Dic. Is not this pancake exquisite and rare?
Lam. Pour oil upon the shield! What do I trace
In the divining mirror? 'Tis the face
Of an old coward, petrified with fear,
That sees his trial for desertion near.
Dic. Pour honey on the pancake! what appears?
A comely personage, advanc'd in years;
Firmly resolv'd to laugh at and defy
Both Lamachus and the Gorgon family.
Lam. Bring forth my trusty breastplate for the fight.
Dic. Bring forth the lusty goblet, my delight!
Lam. I'll charge with this, accoutred every limb.
Dic. I'll charge with this, a bumper to the brim.
Lam. Boys, strap the shield and bedding in a pack!
I'll bear myself my knapsack on my back.

Dic. Boy, strap the basket with my feasting mess;
While I just step within to change my dress.
Lam. Come boy, take up my shield, and trudge away.
It snows! Good lack; we've wintry work to-day.
Dic. Boy, take the basket. Jolly work, I say."

Acharnians, pp. 62 – 65.

They proceed from words to blows; the rusty sword is overmatched by the spit, and the doughty hero is wounded and disabled. A messenger comes in to announce the disastrous result, which he does in a style of parody upon the stately speeches of heralds in the tragedies. The wounded general is brought in, groaning in truly lyrical distress; and when Dicæopolis says, "I triumph, great and glorious!" the chorus are obliged to respond, —

"And well you may; triumph away, good fellow, you're victorious."

In the following year, the play of the Knights was brought out. The new form of demagoguism, by which the passions of the populace were swayed, and the outlines of the Demos, or dramatic impersonation of the Athenian democracy were now distinctly developed. A succession of low-born demagogues — Eucrates the flax-seller, Lysicles the sheep-dealer, and last of all, Cleon the leather-dresser, the most famous of the tribe in history and poetry — had risen to temporary influence. After the death of Pericles, there was nothing to restrain their vulgar insolence, except the ridicule of the comic stage. Fortune sometimes favors the most undeserving. The whimsical story of Sir Frizzle Pumpkin has had its counterparts in history. Cleon was a thorn in the side of the leaders of the more conservative party. In the popular Assembly, he taunted the generals with their inefficiency at Sphacteria, and boastfully said, if he were commander, he would bring the Lacedæmonians prisoners to Athens in twenty days. Unexpectedly, he was taken at his word, though much against his will, and by a freak of chance actually made good his boast. This apparently brilliant achievement raised his influence with the Athenian populace to its highest point.

It was at this crisis in Cleon's history that the comedy of

the Knights set the giddy Attic public into roars of laughter at their idol. But the satire is directed with impartial severity against the aristocratic, as well as the plebeian demagogues. The Knights, who stand for the upper classes of Athenian society, are represented as rivalling their low-born antagonists, by addressing themselves to the basest inclinations of the mob, by adopting their vulgar prejudices, pampering their vanity, flattering their ignorance, and gratifying their passions. The personages in the drama are, Demos, represented as a testy old fellow, living in the Pnyx, or place of assembly for the ecclesia, irritable and jealous, but easily cheated; Nicias and Demosthenes, two leading generals in the public service, as household slaves of Demos, shockingly ill-used by him; Cleon, the tanner, another slave, lately bought, who, by lying, coarseness, impudence, and boundless vulgarity, having secured the good graces of his master, has become the tyrant and the terror of his fellow slaves. The chorus, representing the order of Knights, sympathizing with the sufferings of Nicias and Demosthenes, and concert a conspiracy to oust the leather-dresser from power. To bring this about, they select from the market place a coarser, more ignorant, more vulgar fellow than Cleon, Agoracritus the sausage-seller, of whom Mr. Frere remarks, "His breeding and education are described as being similar to that of the younger Mr. Weller, in that admirable and most unvulgar exhibition of vulgar life, the Pickwick Papers."

The plot of the piece is taken up with the struggles of these parties, in the kitchen of Demos, each striving to gain the favor of the master of the house, and to turn the other out. The contest is drawn out at great length, and results in the overthrow and disgrace of Cleon, and the victory of the sausage-seller, who, placed in power, suddenly grows conservative, cooks old Demos over again, and restores him to his youth and pristine glory in the Marathonian times.

Demosthenes thus describes their unhappy condition: —

"*Dem.* [*To the audience.*]
Well come now! I'll tell ye about it — Here are we
A couple of servants — with a master at home
Next door to the hustings. — He's a man in years,

A kind of a bean-fed husky testy character,
Coleric and brutal at times and partly deaf.
It's near about a month now, that he went
And bought a slave out of a tanner's yard,
A Paphlagonian born, and brought him home,
As wicked a slanderous wretch as ever liv'd.
This fellow, the Paphlagonian, has found out
The blind side of our master's understanding,
With fawning and wheedling in this kind of way:
'Would not you please to go to the bath, Sir? surely
'It 's not worth while to attend the courts to-day.'—
And 'Would not you please to take a little refreshment?
'And there's that nice hot broth — And here's the three-pence
'You left behind you — And would not you order supper?
Moreover when we get things out of compliment
As a present for our master, he contrives
To snatch 'em and serve 'em up before our faces.
I'd made a Spartan cake at Pylos lately,
And mix'd and kneaded it well, and watch'd the baking;
But he stole round before me and served it up:
And he never allows us to come near our master
To speak a word; but stands behind his back
At meal-times, with a monstrous leathern fly-flap,
Slapping and whisking it round and rapping us off.
Sometimes the old man falls into moods and fancies,
Searching the prophecies till he gets bewildered;
And then the Paphlagonian plies him up,
Driving him mad with oracles and predictions.
And that's his harvest. Then he slanders us,
And gets us beaten and lashed, and goes his rounds
Bullying in this way, to squeeze presents from us:
'You saw what a lashing Hylas got just now;
'You'd best make friends with me, if you love your lives.
Why then, we give him a trifle, or if we don't,
We pay for it; for the old fellow knocks us down."

The Knights, pp. 9 – 11.

The first appearance of the sausage-seller will remind the reader of Christopher Sly.

" *Dem.* A sausage-seller it is, that supersedes him.
Nic. A sausage-seller! marvellous indeed,

Most wonderful! But where can he be found?
Dem. We must seek him out.
Nic. But see there, where he comes!
Sent hither providentially as it were!
Dem. Oh happy man! celestial sausage-seller!
Friend, guardian, and protector of us all!
Come forward; save your friends, and save the country.
S. S. Do you call me?
Dem. Yes, we call'd to you, to announce
The high and happy destiny that awaits you.
Nic. Come, now you should set him free from the incumbrance
Of his table and basket; and explain to him
The tenor and the purport of the Oracle,
While I go back to watch the Paphlagonian. [*exit, Nicias.*
Dem. [*to the Sausage-seller gravely.*]
Set these poor wares aside; and now,—bow down
To the ground; and adore the powers of earth and heaven.
S. S. Heigh day! Why what do you mean?
Dem. O happy man!
Unconscious of your glorious destiny,
Now mean and unregarded; but to-morrow,
The mightiest of the mighty, Lord of Athens.
S. S. Come master, what's the use of making game?
Why can't ye let me wash the guts and tripe,
And sell my sausages in peace and quiet?
Dem. O simple mortal, cast those thoughts aside!
Bid guts and tripe farewell!—Look there!—Behold
[*pointing to the audience.*
The mighty assembled multitude before ye!
S. S. [*with a grumble of indifference.*]
I see 'em.
Dem. You shall be their lord and master,
The sovereign and the ruler of them all,
Of the assemblies and tribunals, fleets and armies;
You shall trample down the senate under foot,
Confound and crush the generals and commanders,
Arrest, imprison, and confine in irons.
S. S. What I?
Dem. Yes you yourself: there's more to come.
Mount here; and from the tressels of your stall
Survey the subject islands circling round.

S. S. I see 'em.
Dem. And all their ports and merchant vessels?
S. S. — Yes all.
Dem. Then an't you a fortunate happy man?
An't you content? Come then for a further prospect —
— Turn your right eye to Caria, and your left
To Carthage! — and contemplate both together.
S. S. Will it do me good d'ye think, to learn to squint?
Dem. Not so; but every thing you see before you
Must be dispos'd of at your high discretion;
By sale or otherwise; for the oracle
Predestines you to sovereign power and greatness.
S. S. Are there any means of making a great man,
Of a sausage-selling fellow such as I
Dem. The very means you have must make ye so,
Low breeding, vulgar birth and impudence,
These, these must make ye, what you're meant to be.
S. S. I can't imagine that I'm good for much.
Dem. Alas! But why do ye say so? — What's the meaning
Of these misgivings? — I discern within ye
A promise and an inward consciousness
Of greatness. Tell me truly: are ye allied
To the families of gentry?
S. S. Naugh, not I;
I'm come from a common ordinary kindred,
Of the lower order.
Dem. What a happiness! —
What a footing will it give ye! What a groundwork
For confidence and favor at your outset!
S. S. But bless ye! only consider my education!
I can but barely read . . . in a kind of a way.
Dem. That makes against ye! — the only thing against ye —
The being able to read, in any way:
For now; no lead nor influence is allow'd
To liberal arts or learned education,
But to the brutal, base, and under-bred.
Embrace then and hold fast the promises
Which the oracles of the gods announce to you."

The Knights, pp. 15 – 18.

And again: —

"*S. S.* These oracles hit my fancy! Notwithstanding . . .
I'm partly doubtful, how I could contrive . . .
To manage an administration altogether . . .
Dem. The easiest thing in nature! — nothing easier!
Stick to your present practice: follow it up
In your new calling. Mangle, mince and mash,
Confound and hack, and jumble things together!
And interlard your rhetoric, with lumps
Of mawkish sweet, and greasy flattery.
Be fulsome, coarse, and bloody! — For the rest,
All qualities combine, all circumstances,
To entitle and equip you for command;
A filthy voice, a villanous countenance,
A vulgar birth, and parentage, and breeding.
Nothing is wanting, absolutely nothing.
And the oracles and responses of the gods,
And prophecies, all conspire in your behalf."

The Knights, p. 19.

We close our extracts with one of the passages in which the rival candidates ply their flatteries to Demos.

"There's a hare-pie, my dear own little Demus,
A nice hare-pie, I've brought ye! — See look there!
Cleon. [*returning*] By Jove he's stolen it, and serv'd it up.
S. S. Just as you did the prisoners at Pylos.
Demus. Where did ye get it? How did ye steal it? Tell me.
S. S. The scheme and the suggestion were divine,
The theft and the execution simply mine.
Cleon. I took the trouble.
S. S. But I serv'd it up.
Demus. Well he that brings the thing must get the thanks.
Cleon. [*aside*] Alas I'm circumvented and undone,
Out-fac'd and over-impudentified.
S. S. Come Demus, had not you best decide at once,
Which is your truest friend, and best disposed
To the interest of the state, to your belly and you.
Demus. But how can I decide it cleverly?
Which would the audience think is the cleverest way?

S. S. I'll tell ye; take my chest and search it fairly,
Then search the Paphlagonian's and determine.
Demus. Let's look; What's here?
S. S. It's empty, don't you see?
My dear old man I've given you every thing.
Demus. Well here's a chest indeed, in strict accordance
With the *judgment* of the public; perfectly *empty!*
S. S. Come now let's rummage out the Paphlagonian's.
See there!
Demus. Oh bless me what a hoard of dainties!
And what a lump of cake the fellow has kept,
Compar'd with the little tiny slice he gave me.
S. S. That was his common practice; to pretend
To make you presents, giving up a trifle,
To keep the biggest portion for himself.
Demus. Oh villain, how you've wrong'd and cheated me;
Me that have honor'd ye, and have made ye presents.
Cleon. I stole on principle for the public service.
Demus. Pull off your garland — give it back to me,
For him to wear!
S. S. Come sirrah give it back!
Cleon. Not so. — There still remains an oracle,
Which marks the fatal sole antagonist,
Predestin'd for my final overthrow.
S. S. Yes! — And it points to me, my name and person!
Cleon. Yet would I fain inquire and question you;
How far the signs and tokens of the prophecy
Combine in your behalf. — Answer me truly!
What was your early school? Where did you learn
The rudiments of letters and of music?
S. S. Where hogs are singed and scalded in the shambles,
There was I pummell'd to a proper tune.
Cleon. Hah sayst thou so? this prophecy begins
To bite me to the soul with deep forebodings.
— Yet tell me again — What was your course of practice
In feats of strength and skill at the Palæstra?
S. S. Stealing and staring, perjuring and swearing —
Cleon. O mighty Apollo your decree condemns me!
Say, what was your employment afterwards?
S. S. I practised as a sausage-seller chiefly,
Occasionally as pimp and errand boy.

Cleon. Oh misery! lost and gone! totally lost!
[*after a pause.*]
One single hope remains, a feeble thread,
I grasp it to the last — Yet answer me.
— What was your place of sale for sausages?
Was it the market or the city gate?
S. S. The city gate! — Where salted fish are sold!
Cleon. Out! Out alas! my destiny is fulfilled;
Hurry me hence within with quick conveyance,
The wreck and ruin of my former self.
Farewell my name and honors! Thou my garland,
Farewell! my successor must wear you now,
To shine in new preëminence a rogue,
Perhaps less perfect, but more prosperous!
S. S. O Jove! Patron of Greece! the praise be thine!
Demosthenes. I wish you joy most heartily; and I hope,
Now you're promoted, you'll remember me,
For helping you to advancement. All I ask
Is Phanus's place to be under scrivener to you."

The Knights, pp. 79 – 81.

The comedy of the Birds was exhibited about ten years after the Knights. The particular object aimed at by the poet in this genial play has been much discussed. No doubt it contains many allusions to the Sicilian expedition, and to the popular madness for universal empire, and to annexation and intervention, which formed such remarkable features in the history of that period. But the critics have pressed this kind of reference too far, by seeking to carry it into detailed explanations of particular passages by particular events. It was only the groundwork of the play that was laid in the political passions and transactions of the time. The spirit of parody and burlesque here displays itself most freely and amusingly. The dithyrambic poets are unsparingly ridiculed; and even the solemn genius of Pindar does not escape the poet's whimsical travesty. While profligates of every class, peculators, *sycophants*, colonial inspectors, parricides, cock-fighters, are mercilessly scourged, the philosophers and men of science, — even Meton, the geometer, — are not allowed to escape unharmed. The plot is simple enough. Two discontented citizens leave Athens in search of the country of the Birds. Arriving

there, Peisthetairus persuades them to build a town in mid air, which will enable them to recover their ancient empire, wrongfully taken from them by gods and men. After discussing the feasibility of the project, and finding it a thing to be done, they set about the work, and lo! the mighty city of Nephelococcugia fills the air, asserting a power over men below and gods above. Soon the rumor of this new community spreads abroad, and all sorts of speculators and adventurous spirits find their way thither, as emigrants now rush to California. The gods, cut off from the smoke of sacrifices, and reduced to the verge of starvation, send an embassy, consisting of Hercules, Neptune, and a barbarian deity, named Triballus, to make a treaty. The archon of the feathered commonwealth proposes, that if Jupiter will surrender his sceptre and bestow on him Basileia to wife, he will enter into terms with him. At first, the ambassadors refuse to accept such hard conditions; but Hercules, who is always represented as a glutton, snuffing certain appetizing odors from the kitchen, begins to relent. On inquiring what entertainment is going forward, he is told by Peisthetairus that "certain birds, being found guilty of rising against the democratic birds, are roasting." He can stand out no longer, but votes at once to ratify the treaty, and brings the others over to his way of thinking. The play ends with the hymeneals of Peisthetairus and the daughter of the King of Heaven, which are celebrated in lofty lyrical strains.

On this simple plot, the poet gave the freest scope to his brilliant fancy, sparkling wit and invention, and produced a work which, by the richest union of sportive satire and creative imagination, deserves to be placed at the very head of all his remaining productions. At the same time, it is one of the most difficult to reproduce in a translation, so refined and subtle is the grace which is breathed over every part. We have room left for only one or two extracts; — one, a part of the parabasis, spoken by the Birds after their claim to the supreme power is argumentatively established to their own satisfaction. The speculations of the philosophers on the mysteries of creation are amusingly hit off with the finest effects of fancy and wonderful felicities of rhythm.

"Ye Children of Man! whose life is a span,
Protracted with sorrow from day to day,
Naked and featherless, feeble and querulous,
Sickly calamitous creatures of clay!
Attend to the words of the Sovereign Birds,
(Immortal, illustrious, lords of the air)
Who survey from on high, with a merciful eye,
Your struggles of misery, labor, and care.
Whence you may learn and clearly discern
Such truths as attract your inquisitive turn;
Which is busied of late, with a mighty debate,
A profound speculation about the creation,
And organical life, and chaotical strife,
With various notions of heavenly motions,
And rivers and oceans, and valleys and mountains,
And sources of fountains, and meteors on high,
And stars in the sky. . . We propose by and by,
(If you 'll listen and hear) to make it all clear.
And Prodicus henceforth shall pass for a dunce,
When his doubts are explain'd and expounded at once.

Before the creation of Æther and Light,
Chaos and Night together were plight,
In the dungeon of Erebus foully bedight.
Nor Ocean, or Air, or substance was there,
Or solid or rare, or figure or form,
But horrible Tartarus rul'd in the storm:
At length, in the dreary chaotical closet
Of Erebus old, was a privy deposit,
By Night the primæval in secresy laid;
A Mystical Egg, that in silence and shade
Was brooded and hatched; till time came about:
And Love, the delightful, in glory flew out,
In rapture and light, exulting and bright,
Sparkling and florid, with stars in his forehead,
His forehead and hair, and a flutter and flare,
As he rose in the air, triumphantly furnish'd
To range his dominions, on glittering pinions,
All golden and azure, and blooming and burnish'd:
He soon, in the murky Tartarean recesses,
With a hurricane's might, in his fiery caresses
Impregnated Chaos; and hastily snatch'd

To being and life, begotten and hatch'd,
The primitive Birds: but the Deities all
The celestial Lights, the terrestrial Ball,
Were later of birth with the dwellers on earth,
More tamely combin'd, of a temperate kind;
When chaotical mixture approach'd to a fixture."

Birds, pp. 38 – 40.

One more passage must close, — that which represents the starving poet coming up with his ready verses to the new city, and how he fared.

"*Poet.* 'For the festive, happy day,
'Muse prepare an early lay,
'To Nephelococcugia.'

Peis. What's here to do? What are you? Where do you come from?

Poet. An humble menial of the Muses' train,
As Homer expresses it.

Peis. A menial, are you?
With your long hair? A menial?

Poet. 'Tis not that,
No! — but professors of the poetical art,
Are simply styl'd, the 'Menials of the Muses,'
As Homer expresses it.

Peis. Ay, the Muse has giv'n you
A ragged livery. — Well, but friend, I say —
Friend! — Poet! — What the plague has brought you here?

Poet. I've made an Ode upon your new-built City,
— And a charming composition for a Chorus, —
And another, in Simonides's manner.

Peis. When were they made? What time? How long ago?

Poet. From early date, I celebrate in song,
The noble Nephelococcugian state.

Peis. That's strange, when I'm just sacrificing here,
For the first time, to give the town a name.

Poet. Intimations, swift as air,
To the Muses' ear, are carried,
Swifter, than the speed and force,
Of the fiery footed horse,
Hence, the tidings never tarried;
Father, patron, mighty lord,
Founder of the rising state,

What thy bounty can afford,
Be it little, be it great,
With a quick resolve, incline
To bestow on me and mine.

Peis. This fellow will breed a bustle, and make mischief,
If we don't give him a trifle, and get rid of him,
— You there, you 've a spare waistcoat; pull it off!
And give it this same clever ingenious poet —
There, take the waistcoat, friend! Ye seem to want it!

Poet. Freely, with a thankful heart,
What the bounteous hand bestows,
Is received in friendly part;
But amid the Thracian snows,
Or the chilly Scythian plain,
He the wanderer, cold and lonely,
With an under-waistcoat only,
Must, a further wish retain;
Which, the Muse averse to mention,
To your gentle comprehension,
Trusts her enigmatic strain.

Peis. I comprehend it enough; — you want a jerkin, —
Here, give him yours; — one ought to encourage genius.
There, take it, and good bye to ye!

Poet. Well, I 'm going;
And, as soon as I get to the town, I'll set to work;
And finish something, in this kind of way.
'Seated on your golden throne,
'Muse, prepare a solemn ditty,
'To the mighty,
'To the flighty,
'To the cloudy, quivering, shivering,
'To the lofty seated city.'

Peis. Well, I should have thought, that jerkin might have cur'd him,
Of his 'quiverings and shiverings.' — How the plague!
Did the fellow find us out? — I should not have thought it."

Birds, pp. 50 – 52.

Besides the works already enumerated, Mr. Frere has published a charming translation of the fragments of Theognis from which he has endeavored to reconstruct the history of the poet's life. The sketch thus drawn, from hints and inti-

mations in the poems, is exquisitely and ingeniously conceived; but it must be regarded rather as a play of the imagination than as having a solid basis in historical realities.

It is greatly to be desired that these scattered leaves of Mr. Frere's literary hours were collected, and so made a part of our literature. They would always hold a distinguished rank among productions of their class.

ART. VII.— *The Roman State, from* 1815 *to* 1850. By LUIGI CARLO FARINI. Translated from the Italian, by the RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE. Volume III. London: John Murray. 1852. 8vo. pp. 424.

THE third volume of Farini's work contains the history of Rome for only five months,—from the 25th of November, 1848, when the Pope went into exile, till the 25th of the next April, when the French troops, under General Oudinot, landed at Cività Vecchia. Though it is not so rich in matter or so fresh in interest as were the two former volumes, we propose to treat it in the same manner, in order to complete the account of the revolutionary period at Rome, which was commenced in this journal a year ago.

When the horror-stricken Pope fled from the city where his prime minister had been assassinated, and his private secretary struck down by a bullet almost at his master's side, he had no settled purpose whither he should go. He wished only to escape from a scene of horror and confusion, where neither his dignity nor his person was safe. Many places of refuge were offered to him by the members of the diplomatic body, who were for the moment his only trusted counsellors, though each of them acted mainly with reference to the interests of the state which he represented. Austria, France, Spain, Naples, and soon afterwards, Piedmont, offered him shelter and hospitality; each power was eager to gain that

influence in the affairs of Italy, and that popularity with its own Catholic subjects, which would result from the residence of the Head of the Church within its territory. Unlike any other fugitive sovereign, the Pope carried most of his authority and influence along with him. His spiritual functions were left in full activity; exile deprived him only of his temporal power. The Duc d'Harcourt wished him to proceed first to Cività Vecchia, promising that a French vessel of war should immediately be sent thither, to convey him either to the south of France, or to the Balearic isles, as he might elect. Della Rosa, the Spanish ambassador, urged him to go to Gaeta, or some other port, whence he might take ship for Spain, or if he preferred not to go so far from his own dominions, to the Balearic isles. The Bavarian minister, who also represented the opinions and interests of Austria, desired him to take final refuge in the Neapolitan dominions, at Gaeta or in the capital. The Constitutionalists at Rome, admitting the necessity of leaving that city, still considered that he ought not to quit his own dominions, but to retire to Cività Vecchia, where the navies of his allies might protect him, or to change the seat of government to Bologna, where he might rely upon the affection and fidelity of the citizens. Pius, whose mind seems to have been overwhelmed by his misfortunes and the ingratitude of his subjects, left the city gates actually in doubt which of these conflicting counsels he should adopt; but Count Spaur, the Bavarian ambassador, who was in the travelling carriage with him, succeeded in inducing him to take the road to Gaeta, though the Duc d'Harcourt had gone post to Cività Vecchia, expecting to receive the Pontiff there at daybreak. No Spanish vessel, however, was found at Gaeta; and the Pope at first asked permission to remain there only for a day or two, till one could arrive. But the King of Naples hastened to meet him with prodigal demonstrations of respect and offers of service; and his influence, joined with that of Cardinal Antonelli and Count Spaur, induced Pius to remain where he was, at least till the progress of affairs at Rome and the negotiations of the diplomatists had come to some definite result.

The decision was an unfortunate one; it subjected him for

the time entirely to Neapolitan and Austrian influence, Cardinal Antonelli being also at his side, eager to root out from the Pontiff's mind whatever portion of liberal principles, of zeal for Italian independence, or of enthusiasm in the cause of reform might remain there after the recent terrible occurrences at Rome. The amiable but feeble character of Pius, his need of the sympathy of others, and the natural revulsion of opinion after the cruel disappointments which he had suffered, made him an easy prey to the machinations of those about him. From the time of his entrance into Gaeta, he ceased to be the directing spirit in his own administration, and appears to have passively yielded to the guidance of others. Especially during the negotiations with the envoy of Piedmont, who pressed him to accept the protection and mediation of that power, thus at least depending upon Italian aid, instead of calling in the intervention of foreigners, he would manifest at times a disposition for mild counsels, and afterwards unsay his own words, or allow Cardinal Antonelli to wrest them to a different signification. Gioberti, then prime minister of Charles Albert, wrote, "the candid and frank mind of Pius IX. is apt to be taken in by the grimaces of certain personages, who act the saint at Gaeta, but at Naples make their sport of religion, and of the august head who is its symbol." This intelligent and patriotic minister uniformly makes a distinction, both in his private and official discourse, between the character of the Pontiff and that of the court which surrounded him at Gaeta, speaking of the former with uniform respect, as inclined to reconciliation and pardon, "the only disposition accordant to his kind heart, his sacred character, or the interest of our religion."

Meanwhile, at Rome all was confusion. The departure of the Pope, leaving no instructions or authorized agent behind him, deprived the ministry which had been forced upon him on the 16th of November even of the semblance of authority. The Constitution, which had been granted some months before, was still nominally in force, but the absence of the head of the government reduced it practically to a nullity. The Council of Deputies was still in session; but it had authority only to legislate under this Constitution, not to make a new one, or

to change the form of state polity. The Pope had left behind him a brief letter, addressed to the head of his household, recommending to the protection of the ministry his personal attendants, and declaring that they were ignorant of his intention to leave the city. The ministers seized upon this note as a recognition of their continuance in authority; and Mamiani now being persuaded, in the hope of resisting the tendency of affairs towards anarchy, to take office among them, they published a proclamation announcing that they would remain in power, the Holy Father having "commended to them the duty of defending public order." But in less than a week, there arrived a proclamation from the Pope at Gaeta, declaring that he had fled to escape violence, and publicly reiterating the protest he had made, on the 17th of November, before the diplomatic body. "We have succumbed to coercion, and therefore declare all the acts which have flowed therefrom to be of no sort of force and legality." Not to leave the state without a head, an executive commission of government was nominated in the proclamation, consisting of a cardinal, a prelate, four noblemen, and General Zucchi. As might have been expected, most of these persons, having the fate of Rossi before their eyes, refused to act; but the purpose of the proclamation was answered, as the ministry could no longer govern under color of the Pope's authority, and the whole of his moral influence was enlisted against them. Mamiani had already addressed a circular to the diplomatic body, severely condemning the assassination of Rossi and the consequent tumult, but announcing that the ministers had been confirmed anew in office by an autograph note from the Holy Father. The proclamation having put a negative upon this assertion, he now proposed to his colleagues that they should resign their offices. But the two Councils, in a night session, determined to send a deputation to the Pope requesting him to return and resume the government, and to request the ministers, meanwhile, to continue in the exercise of their functions. The deputation was sent, but being refused permission to pass the Neapolitan frontier, was obliged to return without accomplishing any thing. The commission appointed by the Pope refusing to act any farther than to

mediate between him and his people, the two Councils were compelled to create a Supreme Junta, of three persons, consisting of the Senators (chief municipal officers) of Rome and Bologna, and the mayor of Ancona. New ministers, among whom Muzzarelli, Sterbini, and Galletti took the lead, were appointed by this Junta; and a provisional administration was thus formed, to continue either till the Pontiff should return, or till a Constituent Assembly could be called together, to devise a new form of government.

The leaders of affairs at Rome had little countenance or support to expect, either from the Roman provinces, or from foreign governments. Abroad, even where democratic opinions were most prevalent, and the storm of revolution had raged most wildly, all other feelings were swallowed up in sympathy for the Pope's unmerited misfortunes. Cavaignac, then the republican ruler of France, informed the National Assembly that he had ordered a considerable body of troops to embark for Cività Vecchia in three steam frigates, to protect the person and liberty of the Holy Father; and the Roman ministry had no answer to make to this announcement but a feeble protest. The envoy of the Venetian republic had given the warmest assurances of affection and attachment — actual aid he had none to offer — to the dethroned sovereign, and had used this strong language in writing home to his government.

"I anticipate only evil; and even if mistaken, yet I could not rely on any good that might accrue from an assassination, to a people which has not recoiled from accepting its fearful responsibility. And when I reflect on these acts of barbarism, and on this lack of public morality in the city which is called the central point of Italy, I hide my face for shame, and I pray that the just indignation of civilized countries may not identify us with such a populace."

The ill-advised proceedings of the court at Gaeta, it is true, and the ill-managed French invasion, soon turned this tide of republican sympathy the other way; but, for the present, it set strongly against those whose violence and ingratitude had driven so good a Pope out of his dominions. From countries where monarchy and Catholicism still flourished, of course, nothing but avowed hostility was to be expected; and from

Protestant England came no sign but of wonder and disgust. From first to last, the Roman Republic was not recognized by any government in Europe. Yet were the associations of the place and the cause as likely to waken universal enthusiasm as those which had stirred the sympathies of the whole world for Greece about twenty years before. The days of Rienzi had apparently come back; and in Mazzini, a more subtile intellect and more eloquent tongue than Rienzi's were soon to take the lead in a Republic of Consuls and Tribunes, such as classical patriots had often dreamed of. But the immediate antecedents of the case were different; the blood of Rossi, the siege of the palace on the Quirinal, and the flight of the Pope had now branded the cause for general execration.

The government having always been completely centralized at Rome, the state of feeling in the provinces, under any other circumstances, would have been comparatively of little importance. But now, as the appeal was to be made to universal suffrage, and the government was to be one of the people, every thing depended on maintaining unanimity in all parts of the papal dominions. In the districts near Rome, Farini says, the inhabitants were so ignorant, boorish, and devout, so accustomed to follow the lead of the capital and the priests, that their minds might easily be swayed in either direction. They have no idea of government, but as it appears in the persons of the tax-gatherer and the policeman; and they would probably measure its excellence by the infrequency of the visits of these worthies. In the central provinces, property is more subdivided, "and the condition of the many is less abject, the middle class more numerous, the nobility less isolated." At the north, though the papal government was very unpopular, the intelligent and educated classes were averse to revolution, and even portended utter ruin from it. The deputies from Bologna had returned to their own city, in their horror and aversion to what they had witnessed; and that city was half inclined to separate from turbulent Rome. But in "the year of revolutions," the alternations of fortune had been so sudden and great, that all who had any thing to lose stood still, in apathy

or terror, and waited for the development of events. Those only were fearless and active, to whom no revolution could bring a change for the worse. Democratic clubs were instituted by returned exiles and political refugees from other lands; and these, by their violence and their menaces, prevented any show of resistance from those who were disgusted by the recent proceedings at the capital. On the whole, the provinces gave little aid, though they showed no open hostility to the republic. The revolution ran its course, and the republic had its birth and its downfall, within the walls of Rome.

The Parisian experiment was tried over again, of enlisting the lower classes in the cause, by affording them work and wages at the public charge. The poor, indeed, needed succor; for the political disturbances had stopped the usual influx of wealthy foreigners, and many thus lost their only means of support. Sterbini, the Minister of Public Works, employed a crowd of such persons, at first, to work upon a suburban road, and afterwards to dig holes, for the purpose of disinterring antiquities, in the Forum. The finances, sufficiently disordered before, were reduced to a hopeless state by this application of the public funds. Paper-money, the usual and formidable resource of a revolutionary government, was then issued in excess; and its rapid depreciation contributed largely to the public anxiety and discontent. Still the peace of the city seems never to have been disturbed. There was but little government, and great laxity on the part of the police; but the mob knew that the reins were in the hands of their friends, or at least of those who depended on their support; and they took good care not to weaken such authority. The Revolution was acceptable to the populace at Rome, though it had few active supporters without the city walls. "The public functionaries," says Farini, "even the military, if not insolent, were but half obedient; so much so, that one governor of a province would often do the very thing that another forbade within his jurisdiction. Captains did not obey colonels, nor generals ministers; and the rule was, to be unruly."

The appointment of the Supreme Junta was not popular

in any quarter. The Pope denounced it as a sacrilegious assumption of his dignity; and the republicans, who now eagerly demanded that the State should be organized under a new constitution, declared it to be a reckless invasion of the rights of the people. The menacing aspect of the mob, and the doubtful course of the Civic Guard, on whom alone any dependence could be placed for the preservation of public order, at last compelled the Junta, though with seeming reluctance, to issue a proclamation for calling a Constituent Assembly, to determine what the future political institutions of the state should be. As it could not be doubted in what temper such an Assembly would come together, this was really a proclamation of the Republic. Mamiani, therefore, and other Constitutionalists, resigned their office. The Senator of Bologna, a high-minded man, refused to take his seat in the Junta; and Galletti was appointed in his place. The two Councils, or the Parliament, as they are here termed, lost the little authority they once had, after the announcement that their functions were soon to be superseded by another representative body. The Upper Council ceased to sit, and the Lower one, from the want of a quorum, could not approve the decree for creating a new assembly. The Junta, therefore, now again weakened by the resignation of the aged Senator of Rome, took upon itself to dissolve the two Councils, and thus remained a self-appointed, provisional government. No one cared to dispute their authority, which was, at any rate, to be of short duration; but most of the governors of provinces, and other high functionaries, resigned their offices, in order to shun the responsibility of obeying the orders of a body thus constituted. The decree was issued on the 29th of December, the elections were to take place in about three weeks, and the National Assembly was to meet on the 5th of February.

Some of the more energetic Constitutionalists sent an intimation to the court at Gaeta that they were disposed to make open resistance, and would restore the Pope by force, provided he would guarantee the continuance of the free institutions he had already granted; but either from distrust of their power to effect a counter-revolution, or from unwil-

lingness to fetter by any promises that restoration which was now deemed to be secured by foreign aid, no answer was made to this offer. The Pope issued a proclamation, forbidding his subjects to take any part in the coming elections, and excommunicating all who should share in the proceedings. Of course, this step threw the elections wholly into the hands of the violent republicans, and few but those of their party were returned. The last hope of the Moderates, or *Doctrinaires*, as they were reproachfully termed, rested on the proffered mediation of Piedmont, whose military strength was still sufficient to enforce its decision, and to keep out the intervention of the foreigner. Unhappily, this offer of mediation was declined, both by the court of Gaeta, which now looked forward to the reëstablishment of absolutism, and by the government at Rome, which was bent on trying the desperate experiment of a republic, though menaced by half of civilized Europe. Gioberti, the able minister of Charles Albert, answered with bitter and deserved sarcasm, when informed that Cardinal Antonelli declined the mediation of his master.

"The distinguished Cardinal complains that, in pressing on the Romans language of peace and concord, the government of Piedmont has done harm to Rome, 'by preventing matters from coming to the worst.' But this must have sprung from the animation of the moment, not from mature reflection; inasmuch as His Eminence cannot have forgotten that Gospel rules take precedence of political chicane, and that any sovereign or minister, who wishes for evil that good may come of it, can reap no other reward than infamy in this life and hell in the next."

Still more poignant was the rebuke administered by the envoy of the Venetian Republic, (then contending, single-handed, for its existence against Austria,) to the temporary government at Rome, when urging it to accept the offer of Piedmont.

"After the Pope was gone, you had but two courses open to you: the one revolution, the other accommodation. The first you have not adopted, and you have boggled at the last. Now again you have before you those two courses only. Time flies, and you should make your choice: either revolution, with its forced loans, taxes on ab-

sentees, military conscriptions, exceptional laws, and all the violences that violence begets; or an accommodation, — that is to say, the Pope. The Pope you will have, either with your consent, under the requisite guaranties, if you accept Piedmontese intervention, and so prevent intervention from abroad; or against it, when you will become responsible either for a civil war, or for a foreign invasion, giving over the country to the tender mercies of a victor. But where are your forces for all this? You have not a brigade to rely on. Where is the enthusiasm of the masses? Not a shout is to be heard. Where are your arms? You have ordered the purchase of 10,000 muskets; and it will be two months before they get to Rome. Where is your money? Your coffers are already empty. Again, either you choose the aid of Piedmont, and obtain it; or you do not, and still, if it please, it will interfere, and that against you. Nay, if it should not, so much the worse for all parties, and for Italy, because do not flatter yourselves but that Austria will; and so, with her, will all the armed force of Europe. If now, as is your duty, you think more of Italy than of yourselves, remember for what cause Italy took arms; and if you really have her independence at heart, tell me, in good faith, what part are you now acting in Italy, and for Italy? I, who say it, am one you cannot suspect; here I have nothing to hope for myself, nothing to fear; I simply beseech you to reflect and feel that we are not Romans and Venetians, but Italians; and then to determine, whether you find in yourselves weight, force, and genius, sufficient for your own salvation, and for the deliverance of Italy, by means of revolution; but if you do not, then compound, so as to unite us all in a common purpose." pp. 159, 160.

The elections took place amid much caballing and noise, though there was no general excitement. The clubs had made out lists of men whom they could trust, and circulated them through their emissaries; and as the Pope's Monitory kept his party and most of the Constitutionalists away from the polls, the greater part of these were chosen. In the cities, and other places where troops or volunteers were congregated, the voters were numerous; but in the villages and hamlets, even in comparison with the population, they were few. At Rome, the affair was conducted like a festival; and the government, seeing how it pleased the populace, graciously extended the period to three days. At evening, the ballot-boxes were carried round in procession, with torches

and military music; and "active partisans got refreshments in the Capitol, at the public charge." At Bologna, the concourse was great, and the elections did not turn out in every case just as the clubs had directed.

The temporary government, holding office by so slight a tenure, should have confined its labors to purely administrative ends, and to providing for the public safety, leaving legislation for the powers that were to come. But they showed the rash, officious, and meddlesome spirit, that usually accompanies inexperience and unexpected elevation to high office. They tampered with every department of the State, and made as many new laws as if they had been commissioned to draw up an entire code. They decreed the abolition of entails, took away the tax on ground corn, made important amendments of the procedure in civil causes, enacted the basis of a navigation law, struck out of the code the power to bequeathe property in trust, and established a military commission, with authority to pass sentences without appeal, and to be executed within twenty-four hours, against all seditious attempts, even though not consummated. Farini complains that a more arbitrary measure than this had not been taken even by the hated administration of Gregory XVI.

The National Assembly met at Rome, on the 5th of February, and after three days spent, not in deliberation, but in speech-making, often interrupted by shouts of applause or disapprobation from the galleries, it decreed, by a great majority, the deposition of the Pope and the establishment of a Republic. On the next day, in the presence of all the Deputies, the new form of government was solemnly proclaimed from the Capitol. Two days before, in a Consistory of Cardinals at Gaeta, it was resolved to ask the armed intervention of Austria, France, Spain, and Naples; the resolution being so expressed, that the aid might be given by either of these powers without any understanding with the others. Intelligence of this proceeding was received at Rome before the decisive vote was taken; but the Assembly had gone too far, and, under the eyes of the populace in the galleries, it durst not retract. Even the leaders of the movement could not avoid seeing that the experiment must come to a speedy and

disastrous issue. Radetzky had already driven Charles Albert out of Lombardy; Venice was closely beleaguered; the counter-revolution was triumphant at Naples; Sicily had shown herself incapable of maintaining her independence, and was soon to be entirely subjected to Neapolitan dominion. The Republic in Rome came at least a year too late, to have any chance of success. Isolated, unrecognized, viewed with horror by all sincere Catholics, and with coldness by many Protestant lovers of freedom, who respected the evident good intentions and amiable character of the Pope, it could hope only a brief and turbulent existence, and an inglorious fall. It really continued in being less than five months, and belied the expectations even of its friends, only by the length and bravery of its resistance to the foreign forces by which it was assailed.

The gloomy prospects of the infant republic really operated to guard its reputation and preserve it from many evils. The people were not intoxicated by a change which was not likely to be a permanent one, and did not venture to treat with insolence or cruelty those who would soon be able to retaliate their injuries. The attention of those who were in office was absorbed by the danger from without, and they had little leisure or disposition to make hazardous experiments within the walls. The first proclamation issued by the new government, as Farini, their determined opponent, admits, contained words of conciliation, harmony, and tolerance. The peace of the city was not disturbed except by assemblages that were rather disorderly than riotous, and who seemed more disposed for noise and jest than violence. Priests and friars were often insulted in the streets, and many of them laid aside the clerical garb which exposed them to popular contumely; others continued to wear it in a martyr-like spirit, but did not thereby obtain the crown of martyrdom. On the whole, though the old police guards were disbanded, and the new were never appointed, offences against the lives and property of the citizens were not more frequent than usual; and this, considering the ordinary character of the Roman populace, is high praise. Much of the credit for preserving order is due to Ciceruacchio and one or two other leaders and favorites of

the common people; these men really discharged the functions of a volunteer police, and were probably more active and efficient than any duly commissioned officers would have been.

The direction of affairs was given by the National Assembly to an Executive Committee of three persons, removable at pleasure, and accountable only to those who had appointed them. Two Romans, Armellini and Montecchi, with a Neapolitan, Saliceti, were first chosen. These retained in office three of the former ministers, and appointed four new ones, the selection being made, as our author admits, with good discretion, except in the case of Sterbini, who was a noisy agitator, and seems to have been retained only on account of his influence with the mob. Three members of the National Assembly resigned their seats as soon as the republic was proclaimed; and a number of others, who disapproved that step, formed themselves into a section on the right, to offer formal parliamentary opposition to any measures of destructive radicalism. These acted with discretion and good temper, and on one or two occasions, came so near obtaining a majority of the votes, that the dominant party were compelled to respect their opinions, and they formed a salutary check on the government.

The state of the finances, and the measures necessary to put the army on a respectable footing, were the first subjects that attracted the attention of the Assembly. Paper money having already undergone a great depreciation, a forced loan was decreed on a graduated scale, which bore with peculiar severity on the rich. Those who had a net income exceeding two thousand crowns were obliged to pay one fifth of this income to the government; if their income exceeded six thousand crowns, they paid one third; and if it amounted to eight thousand, one half was required. These sums were payable, however, in three instalments, at intervals of several months; and the republic lived only long enough to claim the first payment. With the funds thus obtained, the army was made to appear well, at least on paper. Arms and ammunition were provided, including five parks of artillery. The legionary and volunteer corps were reduced to military

discipline, and formed the skeleton of an army which, if the ranks had been full, would have counted over thirty thousand in the infantry, two thousand horse, and two thousand five hundred artillerists.

Among these, however, were two regiments of Swiss, brave and steady soldiers, who had received the Pope's money, and now declared that they would adhere to their military oaths with unwavering fidelity. Orders had been sent to them, at Bologna, that they should march in a compact body through Romagna, gathering in all detached companies that belonged to them, committing no hostile act, but resolutely defending themselves and removing obstacles to their progress, and rejoin the Pope at Gaeta. No aid in money was sent to them, and no suggestions were made how this difficult task was to be performed. The Swiss officers informed the local authorities, as they had promised, that such orders had been received, and announced their intention to obey them, at whatever risk, though they would much prefer to stay where they were, and combat for Italian independence. Every attempt was made to dissuade them, but in vain; and preparations were commenced in the city to oppose their departure by force. Fortunately, the want of funds in their military chest, and the impossibility of performing such a journey without money, brought about a compromise. They agreed to remain where they were, on condition of not bearing arms against the Pope or his allies, and to disband as soon as their arrears should be paid. But the republic was as poor as the Pope; and after waiting for some months, till the affairs of the government had become desperate, they were at last disbanded without their pay. It is to be hoped that the Papal government afterwards discharged the debt; for no mercenary troops in Europe ever showed so much respect for the obligations they had assumed.

In place of these brave and well-disciplined soldiers, the republic had the services of such men as were congregated in Garibaldi's legion, — hardy, resolute, and fearless, but in their appearance and conduct more like brigands than regular troops, and quite as much dreaded by those for whom they fought as by the enemy. But they were invaluable in partisan warfare,

or for a desperate conflict behind entrenchments; and their gallant commander had the secret of taming their wild spirits, and keeping them within tolerable restraint. Farini speaks favorably of his disposition, and of the general good conduct of his men while they were engaged in defence of the city. At first, there were about as many foreigners as Italians among them; but their ranks were largely recruited in the northern provinces through which they passed, persons of idle and vicious habits but adventurous spirits readily joining the motley troop, and a corps was thus formed exceeding a thousand men, mostly of native birth. Before hostilities began, their number was doubled.

Two other events made the month of February, 1849, a memorable one in the history of Italian politics: the first was the downfall of the ducal government in Tuscany, and the second was the appearance of Mazzini upon the scene. Amiable and well meaning, enjoying the affection of the people whose interests he studied, the Grand Duke was yet lamentably deficient in energy and statesmanship. He imitated Pius IX. in the enthusiasm with which he commenced the work of political reform, — a work that he probably carried quite as far as a large majority of his native-born subjects desired. But he gave way even sooner than the Pope to indecision and despondency, and quickly followed him into exile. His timidity, and his needless desertion of them, were the only faults that his people could lay to his charge. The Grand Duke was ruined by the possession of the only flourishing seaport in Italy. Leghorn had long been a free port, and its prosperous commerce gave a motley character to its population. The year of revolutions, and the mild character of the ducal government, filled it with a rabble of noisy agitators and political refugees, and it became a hotbed of intemperance and sedition. The political clubs established there, and the bands of emissaries whom they sent out, overawed the simple countryfolk and the peaceful Florentines. The timid Duke, yielding to their clamor, which he mistook for the popular voice, accepted the democratic ministry which they nominated, — Guerrazzi and Montanelli being its chiefs, — and passively sanctioned all the measures which they pro-

posed. Among these was a proposal for the election of Tuscan representatives to the grand Constituent Assembly for all Italy, to which he assented with great misgivings, lest the censure fulminated by the Holy Father, against all who took part in that proceeding, might reach him. He hoped that the bill might be defeated in the Legislative Assembly; and when this hope failed him, and a message came from the Pope that the sentence did hang over him and over Tuscany, he refused to sign the law. His uneasiness and despondency had been increasing ever since the events of November at Rome, and the flight of Pius. He could bear the loss of his crown, he said, but his conscience was immovable in matters of religion, and he could not give his final sanction to the measure. After this refusal, Florence might not be a safe abode for him; even Siena, a city distinguished for attachment to his government and devotion to his person, and whither he had already sent his family, might be disturbed by civil broils. "He would go off, commending Tuscany to the Lord God, and to the good sense and conscientiousness of his people." He went first, on the 7th of February, to Santo Stefano, a petty fishing village on a small peninsula in the south of his dominions, where he was under the protection of two English men-of-war, one of which, at his own request, soon afterwards conveyed him to Gaeta.

The news of his flight created great agitation in Florence, where, though the larger portion of the inhabitants grieved and were silent, the clubs and the populace poured out into the streets, and shouted for a provisional government and a republic. The mob broke into the hall of the Legislative Assembly, and under the terror of their presence, after many of the deputies had withdrawn, a bill was hastily passed, appointing the two ministers already named, together with Mazzini, a triumvirate, to carry on the government. Liberty trees were planted in many places, and the Parisian pattern of a revolution was copied with tolerable faithfulness, though on so small a scale that it seemed a ludicrous caricature.

"The Tuscan Triumvirs had dissolved the Parliament, and had summoned a General Assembly, chosen by direct and universal suffrage, for the 14th of March. Their government was very speedily

molested by something of danger, and more of dread; for no sooner were the Tuscan population aware of the reasons of the Sovereign's departure from Siena, than, both at Siena itself, and in the smaller cities and places, as well as in the rural districts about Florence, there were demonstrations of resentment, and some efforts to reinstate the royal authority. Thereupon the alarm bells rang in Florence, and forces were despatched to put down the movement of the country folks, who were huzzaing for Leopold II., under the idea he had returned, of which there was a rumor. Some persons were then arrested; among them, Stuart, an Englishman, and Ricciardi, a Neapolitan, who were deemed to be instigators or accomplices in those demonstrations. At the same time, Guerrazzi sent orders to the Isle of Elba to repel the Grand Duke, if he should put in there; and the steamer Giglio, manned at Leghorn, made sail thence to chase him. He had, however, from S. Stefano, ordered General Laugier, commandant of the Tuscan forces, who continued in his allegiance to the throne, to use force, and had apprised him that he had sent for Piedmontese succors. The General marched from the Sardinian and Modenese frontier, where he was encamped; and, giving out that those succors were at hand, he moved on Pietra Santa, and on Viareggio towards Lucca, whence he entered into correspondence and arrangements with the Constitutionalists, about attempting a restoration." pp. 241, 242.

Had not the Grand Duke changed his mind, it is more than probable that Laugier would have restored the former government with little difficulty. But at Gaeta, Austrian influence was predominant, and the Piedmontese were viewed as little better than the noisy and factious mob whom they offered to reduce to order. The Grand Duke was told that Austria could not allow the intervention of Piedmont, and that he must look for restoration to the same Catholic powers who were soon to lead back Pius IX. in triumph to Rome. As the Duke was reluctant to adopt any measures that would lead to immediate bloodshed, he sent orders to Laugier, who could only act in concert with Piedmont, to make no further resistance, but allow things to take their course.

On the stage thus prepared for him at Florence, Mazzini made his appearance, and immediately announced his purpose, in furtherance of the great cause of United Italy, to

convert Tuscany into a province of the Roman Republic. This plan, however, did not suit the views of the Triumvirs, or of the liberty party generally, who were naturally reluctant to sink into provincial insignificance, after Tuscany had so long been an independent state. In fact, however captivating the schemes for a United Germany and a United Italy might appear to a set of political dreamers in their closets, they showed little knowledge of human nature when they attempted to carry them into effect during the struggle for reconstructing the governments of Europe on a more liberal basis, in 1848. They thought to flatter national pride by such projects, but really humbled it; as they proposed to merge little states in large ones, and to destroy many separate theatres for the gratification of ambition and the display of independent authority. A small state clings to its independence with even greater affection than a large one; and the history of Greece, as well as of our own country, proves that there are almost insuperable difficulties in the way of bringing under a united government several distinct communities, which have enjoyed even for a short time the darling privilege of governing themselves. Mazzini saw at once the necessity of cloaking his magnificent scheme under the grand and mystical name of *unification*, — which reminds one of the corresponding phrase, *the solidarity of the peoples*. But not even thus could he render it palatable to the Tuscan government, or the Tuscans themselves. He could not help seeing, also, that the Triumvirate were weak, and that a great majority of the people wished the Duke back again, and things restored to their former courses. "He admitted to Capponi that Italy did not seem inclined for a republic, but protested that by a republic only could she obtain success and unity, and that the precedent and the effort should be made, so that the seed might ripen with time." Rome was the only theatre for him, as Rome alone offered a stage sufficiently magnificent, and historical associations grand and stirring enough, for a full display of patriotic enthusiasm and popular eloquence. To Rome, accordingly, he went, leaving the Tuscan Republic to run its own chances of an isolated existence. Its career was a short one.

"On the 25th of March, the Constituent met. On the evening of the 27th, it named Guerrazzi Dictator; and on the 4th of April, it decided against the union with Rome. Signal courage was shown in those first sittings by the physician Venturucci, who broke the thread of the debate to propose the restoration of the Sovereign under the Constitutional Statute. Now that Piedmont was beaten, and Europe uttering threats, Guerrazzi clearly saw that to be the only course remaining. The insurrection of Genoa, however, either revived his hopes of a general rising, or checked his wish for a restoration in Tuscany. He sent thither his agents with instigations and assistance; and he allowed Montanelli to exert himself there with effect in feeding and blowing up the flame. When, however, Genoa was reduced to tranquillity, and Montanelli was gone as Envoy to Paris, it would seem that the Dictator secretly promoted the plan of restoring the Constitutional Throne. But it was too late: the tumults ever reviving spread wider: the bands from Leghorn, while they composed them, kindled fresh hatred by their violence: that unruly and contentious tribe caused affliction to the gentler Tuscans, and resentment in the Florentine populace. During the Easter festival, they filled the taverns and the streets with scandals and came to blows. On the 11th of April, some new squabbles gave rise to a popular outburst: the people of Florence sounded their bells, and took to arms to pay off the Leghorners. Civic blood was shed, and Guerrazzi, mounting on horseback, tried to make peace; but he was met with slights and blows, and he got off with his life only by betaking himself to the fortress of San Giovanni, together with his friends from Leghorn, whom then he sent away safe by the railroad. Meantime, the Municipality had assumed the functions of Government, and, though threatened by some members of the Constituent Assembly, had proclaimed the restoration of the Constitutional Throne, and had invited some of the most distinguished citizens to share in the administration, Capponi among them, who was accompanied to the *Palazzo Vecchio* by the people, shouting 'Capponi for ever! none but honest fellows for us!' Guerrazzi, on returning to the *Palazzo Vecchio*, faltered, wheeled about, closed with the restoration, and seemed ready to take a seat in the Provisional Executive Committee; but the country people, who had flocked in, as well as the Florentine commonalty, menaced him with death, and he was kept prisoner." pp. 372–374.

The news of this movement was brought to Gaeta by a deputation of citizens, who came to announce the wish of the people that the government should be reëstablished on the

basis of the constitution already granted. The Grand Duchess, who was far more inclined to absolutism than her husband, is said to have exclaimed, "See, we have lost the opportunity for *a good* restoration." It is certain that the counsellors who there surrounded the Grand Duke would have been better pleased if the Florentines had remained quiet, waiting till their sovereign should be brought back, without conditions, by Austrian bayonets. Some still advised him to insist on an unconditional restoration. But others were more prudent, and Leopold's own temper inclined to leniency and forbearance. He issued a proclamation, formally promising to uphold free institutions, and, in token of his good faith, sent a commissioner to Florence to govern provisionally in his name. Leghorn alone, obstinate to the last, refused to acknowledge the restoration, and shut her gates against the Duke's officers, though she thereby only inclosed anarchy within her walls. By thus affording a pretext, though a slight one, for Austrian intervention, she was the means of doing irremediable injury to the cause that she affected to cherish.

Mazzini was received at Rome with open arms, and with the honors really due to his many sufferings and unwearied exertions in the cause of Italian freedom. The rights of citizenship were immediately given to him, (he belonged to Genoa,) the Constituent Assembly admitted him, and a few other natives of other Italian states, to a place in their ranks, and on the first day of his appearance there, he was received with general plaudits, and the President requested him to sit by his side. He made a brief address, speaking with much humility of himself, and in his usual mystical and prophetic vein of the cause. The Rome of the Emperors and Rome of the Popes, he said, which had conquered the world by the sword and the cross, had passed away, and the Rome of the People, destined to a still more glorious career, had come. Though probably aware that the cause had already become desperate, he spoke with unbounded confidence of its triumph.

"We may have to fight a holy battle against the single enemy that threatens us — against Austria. We will fight her, we will conquer her. I trust that, please God, the stranger shall never again have to

say what to this day he often repeats, in reference to our affairs, that this blaze from Rome is an *ignis fatuus*, a gleam that flits from tomb to tomb. No; the world shall see it is a Star, everlasting, brilliant, pure, even as those which glow in our Italian sky."

No wonder that the hearts of the excitable Italians were carried away by this rich fusion of eloquence into poetry, till they were ready to accept Mazzini's dreams for truth! He is the only rival of the great Hungarian in a kind of popular oratory which they two may be said to have invented, and which, though it does not stir the clear intellects and cold temperaments of western and northern nations to any other feeling than that of admiring wonder, may well kindle the quick passions and glowing imaginations of the south and the east into a resistless flame. Henceforward, to adopt Farini's phrase, the revolution at Rome became incarnate in Mazzini. Before the end of the month, he was appointed, with two colleagues, to a triumvirate, which virtually received all power in the state. His two associates readily acknowledging his supremacy, he was in fact dictator and autocrat. He did not abuse his power; the republic under his guidance suffered many misfortunes, but incurred no disgrace.

Our author's sketch of Mazzini's character betrays dislike and some spite; but it is executed with considerable spirit, and comes so near the truth that we borrow a portion of it, defaced, as it is, in a wretched translation.

"That he has no well-defined system, religious, social, or political, is untrue; for steady, nay dogged, he is in this one proposition, that Italy must become a single State, with Rome for her capital, through the medium of a revolution, a war, and a democracy. In theology he is a Deist, a Pantheist, and a Rationalist, by turns; or a compound of all. He might seem a Christian, but none can tell whether Catholic or Protestant, or of what denomination. At one time he appeared in every thing to copy La Mennais, — another man without a system. He was not always a Republican, or did not show it, at any rate, when, in 1832, he invited King Charles Albert to act the Liberator. If Republican he were, it was a strange kind of Republic that he fancied, when, in 1847, he exhorted Pius IX. 'to have faith,' and thought him capable of every national, nay, humanitarian effort. At another time, he wrote against the theories of what is called Socialism: then, when the wheel

went round, he concocted a fresh essay, and allied with the Socialists of all nations. I consider Mazzini to be altogether a man of mediocrity, but he is a real genius in point of tenacity, along with unbounded pride under a modest and lowly aspect; he is of good morals, liberal, kind, most considerate to his friends, with a great gift of wheedling, and with a headstrong temperament amidst the universal debility of this generation. Amidst the vices of many of his followers, he is virtuous: his language is easy, imaginative, insinuating; he has fantastic notions, which the vulgar take for sublimity; he has pity for the vices, nay, too much also for the enormities, of his devotees, and he is always warm in the protection of an associate. His habits and ways are democratic; nay, he is an idolater of the people, whom, in heaven and earth, he puts on a level with God. Such, if I mistake not, are the sources of his power. . . . . He talks much of an apostolate and a priesthood, and in fact he has the nature of a priest more than of a statesman: he, too, can see nothing in Italy but his own clique; he wants to tether the world to the round of his one, eternal, immutable idea. What should he care for the woes of mankind! All who suffer for, all who die in, Mazzini, are martyrs; they are not merely inscribed in the register of the free citizens of Italy, it is the martyrology of the Mazzinian Faith which claims them. What are years, what are generations, in the reckoning of the eternal idea? He knows he is to triumph; nay, he seems to know it straight from God: it is a saint, it is one inspired, who speaks; he curses and prays, he blesses and hurls anathemas; he is Pontiff, Prince, Apostle, Priest." pp. 304–306.

Mazzini's first object, at Rome, was to carry out his plan of *unification* with Tuscany. The Prince of Canino, the noisiest demagogue that the Bonaparte family ever produced, heartily seconded him in this undertaking, which was naturally popular at the place which was to be the head of the united republic. The Prince wished to carry out the scheme in a very summary manner, by immediately abolishing the barriers and custom-houses, and declaring that the union had already taken effect. But Mazzini thought it would be more civil, if not more prudent, first to obtain the consent of the other party; and for this purpose, he sent to Florence three commissioners, among whom were two former ministers of the republic, and to whom were afterwards added Ciceruacchio and one or two other leaders of the mob, in order to conciliate the Tuscan populace. But no result followed, for the

Tuscans, though not so proud and jealous as the Romans, had just as little willingness to be absorbed into a neighboring state. The more dignified commissioners were coldly received at the Palazzo Vecchio, Ciceruacchio was laughed at, "and Tuscany continued Tuscan, a gentle land, where the hurricane of revolution hardly raised the dust upon its face."

The project of convoking a Constituent Assembly for all Italy then came up for discussion; and it was first proposed that the Roman Assembly should immediately elect, as a deputation to it, sixty of its own members, in order that the other Italian states might be incited to speedy action. Others reasonably maintained that this would be the assumption of a power never granted to them, and that the primary assemblies must be again convoked, for the people to choose their own delegates. This opinion prevailed, though in opposition to the wishes of the ministry, as it amounted to a postponement of the measure; but the moderate party rightly declared, that, when war was soon to break out in upper Italy, it was not seasonable to enter into dispute about the various plans for confederation or union. The rapid progress of events left no time for renewing the project, and the electoral bodies were never convened for this purpose. Thus, though the people of every state in the peninsula had now held the government in their own hands for a longer or shorter period, the first step for the fulfilment of the grand scheme of a United Italy was never taken.

Other matters of immediate importance now claimed the attention of the Assembly. To relieve the finances, the ministers were authorized to coin and circulate a million of crowns of base metal, the real value of which should be only two fifths of its declared value; in other words, the money was to be three fifths counterfeit. This was equivalent to a declaration of public and private bankruptcy, as all debts could be discharged by payment of the depreciated coin, and little reliance could be placed on the pledge of the government at a future day to redeem it at par. Vigorous measures also had to be taken to put an end to the assassinations from political motives, which had become alarmingly frequent at Ancona, Imola, and other places. The frequency of such crimes has

always been the peculiar reproach of Italy; and the late revolutionary period was as deeply stained by them as any other epoch in its history. The mania for them seems to be contagious, and when one frightful example is set, it is almost sure to be followed, in quick succession, by many others. At Rome, indeed, the assassination of Rossi was known to have had so fatal an effect upon the cause, through the burst of horror and indignation with which the account of it was received in other lands, that the authorities exerted themselves successfully to prevent a repetition of the crime. But it was fearfully common in the smaller cities, showing the intensity of passion which the political changes had awakened, and the impotency of the new government for the preservation of order. A law was passed to authorize the summary trial and punishment of the guilty; and the ministry made the most earnest appeals to the local magistrates, to use vigorous measures to check the evil. The Minister for the Interior published an energetic proclamation upon the subject, and wrote thus to Count Laderchi, then governor of the province of Ravenna: — "Come to an understanding with the presidents of the nearest provinces; support one another, and, for God's sake, take care that the social existence of those most unhappy districts may, in some manner or other, be protected. The government has done every thing it could, in the way of exceptional powers, plenary discretion, and the rest, to conquer the evil as far as possible." Laderchi did act with energy, and by getting together a number of armed citizens and a few carabineers, succeeded in arresting the whole of a gang of assassins, who had kept Imola in terror for weeks. The following is Farini's account of the state of things at Ancona.

"In broad day, they murdered alike in the open places, in the courts of mansions, and in houses of resort, under the eyes of the soldiery, who let them alone; aye, there were officers of police, who, playing simultaneously the ruffian, the judge, and the executioner, put the townsmen, whom it was their duty by office to defend against injury, to death. Happy he who could purchase life with gold, or save it by flight, such was the sway of panic over the public mind, such the collapse of all authority, such the insolence of this tyranny.

Often in these pages does the sad recollection recur, and the mind indignantly recoils from the relation of details. Freedom abandons the spots defiled by assassination; civilization disowns, and God at this day punishes with rigid servitude, those atrocious practices. The crimes committed at Ancona with impunity grew to such an height, that the foreign Consuls made complaints to the government, and spread abroad the horrible relation. Some Deputies from Ancona, Baldi, Pollini, and Berretta, demanded decisive measures of repression; and Baldi offered to go thither as Commissioner for their enforcement. But these members had voted against proclaiming the Republic, and were reputed to be Moderates; accordingly they were not in such credit as to make Mazzini willing to confide in them. He sent as Commissioners, in their stead, Dallongaro and one Bernabei, of Sinigallia. These men, miserable trucklers to the lawless butchers and to the sovereign rabble, aggravated the odious reputation of the government. Later, however, he sent Felice Orsini, of Imola, who, to his own great honor, and the no less comfort of the city, took resolute and severe steps for the public security; for, having declared the state of siege, and cheered up the respectable citizens, he arrested the ruffians when off their guard, and consigned them to the tribunals." pp. 388, 389.

Once more, general enthusiasm was so far awakened at Rome that minor political differences were forgotten, by the arrival, in the middle of March, of an envoy from Piedmont, announcing that that kingdom had again rushed into war with Austria, and asking aid for the final struggle for Italian independence. There was but a short debate in the Assembly. Mazzini declared that they would think no more about forms of government, for there were now but two classes of Italians, — those who favored, and those who opposed, the war of independence and the emancipation of Italy from the Austrians. "Republican Rome would fight at the same moment, and in the same ranks, with monarchical Piedmont." The ladies who were present in the gallery pulled off their jewels and threw them upon the floor, as an offering to their country. Public spirit was kindled anew by the spectacle of a chivalrous sovereign rushing once more into a desperate contest, in the vain hope of emancipating his native land and retrieving his lost honor. There was a general cry for money and arms. Twelve battalions of the

National Guard were equipped for permanent duty, the students were formed into a legion, and the Carabineers were put in readiness for the field. Public prayers were offered in the churches, to obtain a blessing on the Italian war.

One short week, the fever of enthusiasm and preparation continued; and then came the terrible news of the overwhelming defeat at Novara, the abdication of the broken-hearted Charles Albert, and the complete triumph of the Austrians. The effect of this intelligence upon the populace was a little mitigated, at first, by the accounts almost simultaneously received from Genoa, that the people of that city had risen in arms, had expelled the Piedmontese authorities, and established a republican government. Mazzini, himself a Genoese, was thrown into an ecstasy, and announced the joyous tidings in a proclamation which ended thus: — "The last prestige is gone, the monarchical principle is doomed; the triumph is for God and the people, who never break faith." It is difficult to believe that a sane man could have dictated this glowing language upon so slight encouragement. At the court of Gaeta, on the other hand, the news of the Genoese insurrection rather heightened the rejoicings for the victory at Novara, since it was perceived that so senseless a revolt would do as much harm to the republican cause, as the shock of arms had done to Italian independence. The Genoese made hardly a show of resistance to a division of the Piedmontese army, which quickly obtained possession of the forts and the city; and the young king contemptuously pardoned all who had been concerned in the movement, except a few ringleaders. Avezzana, apparently the only brave man among the insurgents, made his escape, and afterwards played a noble part in the gallant defence of Rome.

On the 14th of April, Mazzini had the hard task of announcing to the Assembly the defeat of the Piedmontese, the fall of Genoa, and the restoration of the Grand Duke's power in Tuscany, by the voluntary act of the people. Venice alone, protected by the waters of the Adriatic, still displayed the republican flag, as if to cheer the Romans with the thought that they were not wholly isolated in defending the cause of free institutions in Italy. But after Piedmont had

fallen, it was evident that Venice could not long hold out against her assailants. Then, if ever, was the time for Rome to make terms with the Pope, and invite him to return in peace to the city, on condition of preserving and upholding the free constitution which he had granted the year before. But the Triumvir had no thought of surrender or compromise, and instead of advising prudence, he openly denounced it. The Assembly tumultuously adopted Sterbini's proposition — "Let us make a solemn oath rather to be buried beneath the ruins of the country, than to recede from the republican principle which we have proclaimed." A decree was passed at the same session, as if for the purpose of invoking the utmost hostility of the Church, that the rural estates of the religious corporations, already secularized, should now be divided into allotments for those families who had no other means of livelihood, and who should hold them on perpetual lease, burdened only by a moderable and redeemable quit-rent. The first draft of the new constitution was also read by the committee having this subject in charge; but as the instrument never went into effect, we need not analyze its contents. It differed from other European schemes of a republican constitution, chiefly by the affectation of preserving the names and offices that had been rendered classical by the ancient Roman Republic.

These proceedings indicated that the government, though under sentence of death, was determined to meet its fate bravely, and die with decency. According as they are viewed by friends or opponents, they will be stigmatized as political fanaticism, or honored as fidelity to principle. No measures were taken to obtain foreign aid, though a sort of remonstrance or manifesto was addressed to the governments of France and England, announcing that the Republic had decreed the Pope's independence and the free exercise of his spiritual power, but would oppose to the utmost the restoration of his temporal authority, declaring itself not responsible for the sanguinary consequences that might ensue. But as the envoys of the Republic were not recognized by these governments, no answer was returned to this manifesto, and probably none was expected.

The Triumvirs probably entertained a hope that the frequent revolutions in France might at last bring a party into power which would declare in favor of the sister republic at Rome, or at least protect it against the intervention of Spain and Austria. Naples alone, though with the spiritual influence of the Pope on its side, the Romans did not fear to encounter; even Ciceruacchio could afford to despise Ferdinand. But if such hopes were cherished, due allowance was not made for the difficulties and perils which would necessarily surround any party or individual who might be brought uppermost by the wave of revolution at Paris, — perils which would be enhanced a thousand-fold by the outbreak of a war with Austria, and by unpardonable offence given to the feelings and wishes of all sincere Catholics. France, indeed, desired to prevent Austria from obtaining entire control of the Italian peninsula, and for this purpose, if the restoration of the Pope was inevitable, she was determined it should take place through her own intervention rather than by German arms. There is no doubt, that, at least during the dictatorship of Cavaignac, and the early part of the presidency of Louis Napoleon, she was sincerely desirous of mediating between the Pope and his subjects, — of procuring his return, but, at the same time, of upholding the free institutions which he had formerly granted. Louis Napoleon's selfish aims, and the virtual alliance which he contracted with the ultra Catholics — an alliance that has been one chief cause of his subsequent success — afterwards induced him to change this policy, and really to bring about the restoration of Pius without any limitations of his temporal authority or any guaranties for freedom. But that the French were sincere at first in their avowed intention to adopt a middle course, is fully proved by the history of the negotiations that is given by Farini. They wished the case of Rome to be made parallel to that of Tuscany, — that is, that the Constitutional party should be restored to power, and should then recall the Pope of their own accord, under a pledge that he would uphold, and even continue, the work of political reform which he had begun.

"The Duc D'Harcourt was aware of the condition of the Roman States; and, through the examination M. Mercier had recently made, had acquired a certainty, that nothing but civil equality and political freedom would keep the inhabitants quiet. He therefore proposed liberal arrangements, and would not consent to handing over that people into the power of the clergy by Austrian arms without the coöperation of France, and without guaranties for civilized Government. But Cardinal Antonelli, who at first was wont to avow humanized and liberal views, and to dissemble from D'Harcourt the mistrust he cherished towards France, having his spirits raised by the Austrian successes, altered his tone, and pressed for an immediate intervention and restoration, fettered neither by promise from the court, nor by securities for the people. Hereupon followed keen debate, and radical dissension; so that D'Harcourt declared he could not go on with the negotiations until he had fresh instructions from his Government, to whom he wrote accordingly, while he again sent Mercier to Rome, that he might use means to make it felt there how all liberty would stand in the utmost jeopardy, unless the inhabitants brought about a restoration of themselves, requiring guaranties for their freedom, and invoking the countenance of France to back the demand. Mercier accordingly, having got back to Rome, communicated with the Constitutionalists; but the ruin of the Piedmontese army had deprived them of all moral weight, and Mazzini's Dictatorship had stripped them of all means of influence upon the Assembly or the Government. Besides, while M. Mercier intimated wishes and tendered counsel, he made no promise on the part of France; he required that the Constitutionalists should combine with her in overthrowing the Republic, and in restoring the temporal dominion of the Pope, but he had no power to guarantee fresh institutions; he guaranteed nothing but hopes." pp. 351, 352.

Whether the Pope would have consented to return under limitations and pledges, even if the Constitutionalists had regained power and invited him back, is another question. Probably he would not; for he was now completely subject to Austrian and Neapolitan influence. But Mazzini's influence was too great, and the tide of republican feeling at Rome was too strong, to allow the offer to be made. The French minister knew better than to open negotiations directly with the Roman Triumvirate. Mazzini and his colleagues were proscribed men; the Pope's return could not have taken place

under any conditions which would not have sent them again into exile. Most of the members of the Constituent Assembly and the higher officers of government probably thought that they were in the same predicament. The Constitutionalists were few in number, dispersed, divided in counsel, and overawed by the government and the fear of assassination. They were no match for desperate men, who knew that they were contending with their all at stake. A rumor had gone forth, after the recent unhappy turn of Italian affairs, that the Triumvirs thought of an accommodation; whereupon they immediately announced "that the Triumvirate would view any concession, any deviation from its principle, whatever its degree, origin, or shape, *as treason;* that for the Triumvirate, just as for the Assembly, Rome and the Republic were identical;" and that "the very thought of compromise would be crime, and dastard crime." This was natural language from men so situated as Mazzini and Garibaldi.

Easter was now at hand, and the Roman populace were not to be balked of the usual spectacles of Holy Week. It had been the custom, on the evening of Good Friday, to illuminate the interior of St. Peter's by a huge cross suspended from the dome; but this custom had been intermitted since 1824, because, among the immense multitude drawn together at night by such a spectacle, and in the many shadowy corners of the vast church, some scenes took place which would have desecrated any edifice. But the Triumvirate made a point of restoring the observance; "and the light which irradiated the tombs of the Apostles," says Farini, "attracted the inquisitive to the spectacle and the licentious to their orgies." Tricolor fireworks were also exhibited, to mingle political with religious symbols. The Canons of St. Peter's had been ordered to make ready the usual magnificent ceremonial for Easter day, but they refused; and with some difficulty, a priest who had been an army chaplain was found, who was willing to perform all the rites that usually required the presence of the Pope and the whole Sacred College. After mass was over, this priest went in the procession to the grand balcony over the entrance, and there, as the Pope was wont to do, he blessed the vast multitude kneeling in the

Piazza, amid the pealing of cannons and bells. After he had withdrawn, Mazzini appeared in the balcony, and was received with loud shouts for the Republic. If the Triumvirs hoped to increase their popularity by keeping up these observances, they were mistaken; for, to judge from the tone in which Farini speaks of them, they gave great offence to all sincere Catholics, in whose eyes they appeared only as a parody on the usual ceremonial. The Canons of St. Peter's were fined one hundred and twenty crowns each for their contumacy.

The victory of the Austrians, with the events consequent upon it, having now settled the affairs of all the states of the peninsula, except Rome, the negotiations at Gaeta were hurried to a close. France found that the Pope could be restored only by an armed intervention, and that, if her forces did not invade the papal dominions, those of Spain, Austria, and Naples would, or at any rate, could be prevented from doing so only by a war which would shake all Europe. General Lamoricière explained the case very succinctly to the French Assembly. The Republic of Rome, he said, having declared war against Austria, that power is now entitled to avail herself of belligerent rights. Naples, Spain, and Russia tell her, "move upon Rome, set the Pope upon his throne."

"You are aware that, should Austria, without any concurrence of ours, bring back the Pope to Rome, a complete counter-revolution would ensue; and, in that case, not only would all be over with the Roman Republic, but all would be over with the liberal institutions, the freedom of Italy, and the French influence. I therefore am of opinion, with the majority of the Committee, that you ought to grant to the Ministry the sum it asks for, and to authorize the occupation of Civitá Vecchia. If, after our soldiers have landed, Austria should move on Rome to destroy the Republic, and to reëstablish there, together with the Pope, her own influence, we conceive that the Government should be empowered to advance our troops to Rome, to save what can be saved from the wreck; that is to say, if not the Roman Republic, yet the liberties of Italy, along with the influence of France." p. 411.

On the 25th of April, General Oudinot, with a large body of troops, landed without opposition at Civitá Vecchia, and soon afterwards commenced his march upon Rome.

Here Farini's narrative for the present ends. A fourth volume will bring down the story to the end of the siege, and the entry of the French into the city. But as the occurrences of this period, from the notoriety which they obtained at the time, are probably fresh in the recollection of all, we shall not follow his steps any farther. This third volume is hardly so well executed as its predecessors, and it betrays more frequently the influence of personal feeling and political prejudice. But as a whole, the work contains the most complete, impartial, and trustworthy account of the progress of events in the papal dominions during the late revolutionary period, which has as yet appeared in the English language.

ART. VIII. — 1. *The House of The Seven Gables; a Romance.* By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1851. 16mo. pp. 344.

2. *The Blithedale Romance.* By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1852. 16mo. pp. 288.

IT is difficult to refer Hawthorne to any recognized class of writers. So far as our cognizance extends, he is the only individual of his class. In the popular sense of the word, he writes no poetry. We infer his incapacity of rhyme and metre, from his having adopted prose for his Carriers' Addresses, and other similar productions, which are usually cast in metrical forms. Nor yet is his language distinguished by euphony. It never flows spontaneously in numbers, as do so many of the descriptive and pathetic passages in Dickens's stories. On the other hand, it is often crisp and harsh, betraying little sensitiveness to musical accords and cadences; and we should despair of finding a paragraph of his, in which the sound could, by the most skilful reading, be made to enhance the impression of the sense. Yet more, we cannot remember a single poetical quotation in all his writings; and, though books are occasionally referred to, mention is never, or almost never, made of a poet or a poem. His own favorite reading does not, we therefore conclude, lie in this direction,

nor yet, as we apprehend, in any direction in which his fancy could borrow forms or colors, or could find nourishment homogeneous with its creations. Indeed, if we may judge from such hints as he furnishes of his own literary habits, the books with which he is chiefly familiar are the dryest of chronicles, which furnish the raw material for many of his stories.

Yet with so much that must be alleged to the discredit of his poetical affinities, Hawthorne is preëminently a poet. It belongs to his genius not merely to narrate or describe, not merely to invent characters and incidents of the same constituent elements with those in history or in real life; but to create out of nothing — to place before the imagination objects and personages which derive their verisimilitude not from their resemblance to the actual, but from their self-coherency. Plain story-telling, whether true or fictitious, is entirely beyond, or rather beneath, his capacity. He undertook, a few years ago, to write historical sketches of New England, in the Peter Parley style, for the behoof of children. He succeeded so admirably that people of mature and venerable age became children for the nonce, that they might read the legends of "Grandfather's Chair;" but it was not history; it was the offspring of Hawthorne's own brain, draped in Puritan costumes, and baptized with ancestral names. A year or two ago, he conceived the plan of reëditing some of the fables of the classic mythology; but the result was a Pantheon all his own, rigidly true, indeed, to the letter of antiquity, and thus vindicating his title to genuine scholarship, while yet gods and heroes, Gorgons and Chimeræ, Atlas and Pegasus, all bore as close kindred to him as Minerva to Jupiter. In fine, his golden touch is as unfailing as was that of Midas, and transmutes whatever he lays hand upon. Even brutes, and homely household implements, and the motley livery of the pauper, yield to his alchemy, and are no longer coarse and sordid, yet without losing their place or their nature. In like manner, he so transforms incidents and transactions of the most trivial character, as to render them grand, pathetic, or grotesque. We may, perhaps, define more accurately this element of his power, by pressing still farther the metaphors

already employed. His golden touch, we would then say, imposes no superficial glitter, but brings out upon the surface, and concentrates in luminous points, the interior gilding, which is attached to the meanest objects and the lowliest scenes by their contact with the realm of sentiment, emotion, and spiritual life. He literally transforms, draws the hidden soul of whatever he describes to the light of day, and often veils exterior phenomena from clear view by the very tissue of motives, loves, antipathies, mental and moral idiosyncrasies, which they are wont to conceal. He thus, often, when least successful in the development of a plot, gives us portraitures of character as vivid as if they were wrought in flame-colors, and transcripts of inward experience so graphic that to read them is to live them over.

But with Hawthorne's close fidelity as a painter of man's interior nature and life, there is, after all, a subtle coloring and shading derived from no model, and so characteristic as to defy imitation. His heroes, while true in thought and speech to the parts which they are made to personate, always assume a tone of discourse or sentiment which we can imagine in him and in no other, under the supposed circumstances. His stories are, in fact, like Miss Kemble's dramatic readings, in which something of the same personality must betray itself in Caliban and Juliet, in Falstaff and Hamlet, in Coriolanus and King Lear. It is this which gives a prominent, and perhaps the chief, charm of his writings. They are, in the truest sense of the word, autobiographical; and, with repeated opportunities for cultivating his acquaintance by direct intercourse, we have learned from his books immeasurably more of his mental history, tastes, tendencies, sympathies, and opinions, than we should have known had we enjoyed his daily converse for a lifetime. Diffident and reserved as to the habitudes of the outer man, yet singularly communicative and social in disposition and desire, he takes his public for his confidant, and betrays to thousands of eyes likes and dislikes, whims and reveries, veins of mirthful and of serious reflection, moods of feeling both healthful and morbid, which it would be beyond his power to disclose through the ear, even to the most intimate of friends or the dearest of kindred.

As a writer of stories, whether in the form of tales, novels, or romances, Hawthorne will not bear comparison with his contemporaries in the same department, or measurement by any conventional rule. The most paltry tale-maker for magazines or newspapers can easily excel him in what we might term the mechanical portion of his art. His plots are seldom well devised or skilfully developed. They are either too simple to excite curiosity and attract interest, or too much involved for him to clear them up to the reader's satisfaction. His conversations, too, are not such as seem natural, in the sense of being probable or possible, but natural only because they are more rigidly true to fact and feeling than speech ever is. There is also, not infrequently, an incompleteness in his choicest productions, not as if he had been careless or hurried in their execution, but as if they had been too intimately a portion of his own being for separate existence, — as if they had been too deeply rooted in their native soil to bear transplanting. But, if he lacks skill in the management of his plot, he is independent of it. Were he to eliminate every thing of a narrative character from the best of his stories, we doubt whether their currency or his reputation would suffer detriment. Indeed, he is often most successful, where he does not even attempt narration, but selects some single scene, object, or incident, as the nucleus for a cluster of fancies and musings, melancholy, grave, humorous, or gay, either by itself, each in turn, or all blending and mutually interpretating, as in actual life, in which grief has its comic, and laughter its tragic, side. Thus, of his earlier series, none impress us as more truly worthy of his genius than "The Sister Years," a sketch of the midnight interview of the worn and jaded Old Year with her blooming and sanguine successor, the New Year; "Snow Flakes," a mere series of winter fireside fantasies; and "Night Sketches beneath an Umbrella," a description of what might be seen by any eye that looked beneath the surface on a short walk in Salem on a rainy evening.

Hawthorne has written nothing more likely to survive his times than several simply, yet gorgeously, wrought and highly suggestive allegories, among which "The Celestial Railroad"

holds the first place, and deserves an immortality coeval with that of the great prose-epic which furnished its theme. He represents the railroad as built, in conformity with the spirit of the times, on a route intersecting at intervals the path of Bunyan's Pilgrim, which it is designed to supersede. The old enemies of the foot-travellers have been bought over by offices on the new road, and Apollyon is engineer. Onward the cars rattle over the Slough of Despond, on a shaky causeway built of books of German rationalism and Transcendental divinity. They pass unchallenged within sight of the wicket-gate. The easy-cushioned passengers can hardly find gibes pungent enough for two determined pilgrims, whom they see trudging over the now grass-grown path, and Apollyon helps the sport by squirting steam at them. At Vanity-Fair is the chief station-house, at which they make a protracted pause for refreshment and amusement. Then, when they have satiated themselves with its gayeties, they hurry through the residue of the way, though with a dim sense of insecurity, and beset by sights and sounds of the direst omen. Arrived at the terminus, they find the black River of Death rolling angrily at their feet. No means of crossing have been provided by the projectors of the new road, or are vouchsafed to its passengers by the lord of the old way. And, as they despair of breasting the current unguided and unaided, and see its depths yawning for their utter perdition, they lift their eyes, and the despised pilgrims, who had not been ashamed of the ancient Christ-marked path, have already crossed the River, angels are leading them up the shining banks, up the crystal hills, the golden gates are opened for them, and the harps of heaven ring their welcome.

After this manner, Hawthorne's stories are generally written to illustrate some idea or sentiment, to which, and not to the personages or incidents, the author manifestly solicits his reader's heed. He is a philosopher, with a strong dash of the humorist in his composition; human life and society constitute his field of speculation; and his queries and conclusions tend, through his poetic instincts, to concrete rather than abstract forms. With him, a tale takes the place of an apophthegm; an allegory, of a homily; a romance, of an ethical treatise.

He seems incapable, not from penury, but from wealth of mind, of presenting a naked thought. The outward passage of every creation of his intellect lies through the inexhaustible vestry of an imagination swarming with textures and tints strange, fantastic, sometimes sombre, sometimes radiant, always beautiful. There is thus in his writings a philosophical completeness and unity, even when, in an artistical point of view, (as is often the case,) they are fragmentary or desultory. But, while a single thought gives its pervading hue and tone to a story or a volume, and that thought is always a brilliant of faultless lustre, he abounds in lesser gems of kindred perfectness. We know of no living or recent writer, from whom it would be possible to select so many sentences that might stand alone, as conveying ideas clearly defined and vividly expressed by imagery which at once astonishes by its novelty, charms by its aptness, and dazzles by its beauty. And there are numerous single metaphors of his comprised in a word or two, that, once read, recur perpetually to the memory, and supplant ever after their more literal, yet immeasurably less significant, synonymes.

The early history of New England, more largely than any other source, has supplied Hawthorne with names, events, and incidents, for his creations. The manners, customs, beliefs, superstitions of the Puritans, and their immediate descendants, seem to have taken the strongest hold upon his fancy. Their times are his heroic age, and he has made it mythological. As illustrative of history, his stories are eminently untrustworthy; for, where he runs parallel with recorded fact in his narrative of events, the spirit that animates and pervades them is of his own creation. Thus, in the "Scarlet Letter," he has at once depicted the exterior of early New England life with a fidelity that might shame the most accurate chronicler, and defaced it by passions too fierce and wild to have been stimulated to their desolating energy under colder skies than of Spain or Italy. At the same time, he has unwittingly defamed the fathers of New England, by locating his pictures of gross impurity and sacrilegious vice where no shadow of reproach, and no breath but of immaculate fame, had ever rested before. He thus has violated one

of the most sacred canons of literary creation. A writer, who borrows nothing from history, may allow himself an unlimited range in the painting of character; but he who selects a well-known place and epoch for his fiction, is bound to adjust his fiction to the analogy of fact, and especially to refrain from outraging the memory of the dead for the entertainment of the living.

Of our author's "Romances," (for he affects that title, and we could suggest no better,) we suppose that "The House of the Seven Gables" has been, and we think that it deserves to be, the most successful with the public. The sentiment to which it gives expression is, (in his own words,) "that the wrong-doing of one generation lives into the successive ones, and, divesting itself of every temporary advantage, becomes a pure and uncontrollable mischief;" and he speaks, in the same sentence, "of the folly of tumbling down an avalanche of ill-gotten gold, or real estate, on the heads of an unfortunate posterity, thereby to maim and crush them, until the accumulated mass shall be scattered abroad in its original atoms."

"The House of the Seven Gables" was built, two centuries ago, by Colonel Pyncheon, a Puritan of more show of devotion Godward than of substantial justice manward. It was erected on a spot, the proprietorship of which had long been in dispute between himself and his poor neighbor, Matthew Maule, whose execution for witchcraft, not without the covert agency of his powerful antagonist, had alone settled the claim in favor of the latter. Maule, in dying, points at his enemy, and says, "God will give him blood to drink." On the very day when the stately mansion was to be dedicated by prayer and psalm, and by feast and wassail, while the assembled guests are waiting for the proprietor to bid them welcome, he is found dead in his library, his ruff and hoary beard saturated with blood.

It is the recent posterity of this founder of the Pyncheon family that constitute the leading personages of the romance. The old house, with its worm-eaten furniture and its decayed gentility, is occupied by Hepzibah, better known as Old Maid Pyncheon, who retains little of the family heritage

except pride of ancestry, and is constrained, by stress of poverty, to open one of those little shops, of which, quarter of a century ago, there were many scores, served by widows or lone women, in the towns and villages of New England. With tender pathos, streaked and veined by the richest humor, the conflict of pride and penury in the outset of this enterprise, and the mortification, disgust, and weariness of the first day's shopkeeping are described. At the close of the day, Phœbe, a country cousin, arrives on a visit to her kinswoman, and is at once established, as a "domesticated sunbeam," in the dust and gloom of the dilapidated dwelling. Under her auspices, neatness, order, thrift, and beauty gradually repair the waste and ruin of the past, and there are forthputtings of fresh and happy life under the very ribs of death. A young daguerreotypist, whom Hepzibah's necessity, not her will, has haughtily tolerated as her lodger, is Phœbe's ally in the work of renovation, and, through their joint ministry, some few rays of kindly comfort straggle into the desolate heart of the ancient maiden.

But Hepzibah bears a deeper grief than penury. One of the Pyncheons, then the heir and occupant of the estate, died many years previously, in as sudden and mysterious a manner as his ancestor, and with similar marks of blood about his person. Her brother, a youth of delicate nurture, was accused and convicted as his murderer; but, on account of some lingering doubt as to his guilt, his punishment had been commuted into perpetual imprisonment. His image has never faded from his sister's love. Then, too, she is annoyed by the supercilious patronage of her kinsman, Judge Pyncheon, the legitimate inheritor of the pompous respectability, purse-proud self-satisfaction, and apoplectic frame of their common ancestor. What can be more graphic, as the portrait of a sleek and well-fed worldling of the last generation, than the following?

"Towards noon, Hepzibah saw an elderly gentleman, large and portly, and of remarkably dignified demeanor, passing slowly along on the opposite side of the white and dusty street. On coming within the shadow of the Pyncheon-elm, he stopt, and (taking off his hat, meanwhile, to wipe the perspiration from his brow) seemed to scrutinize,

with especial interest, the dilapidated and rusty-visaged House of the Seven Gables. He himself, in a very different style, was as well worth looking at as the house. No better model need be sought, nor could have been found, of a very high order of respectability, which, by some indescribable magic, not merely expressed itself in his looks and gestures, but even governed the fashion of his garments, and rendered them all proper and essential to the man. Without appearing to differ, in any tangible way, from other people's clothes, there was yet a wide and rich gravity about them, that must have been a characteristic of the wearer, since it could not be defined as pertaining either to the cut or material. His gold-headed cane, too, — a serviceable staff, of dark, polished wood, — had similar traits, and had it chosen to take a walk by itself, would have been recognized anywhere as a tolerably adequate representative of its master. This character — which showed itself so strikingly in every thing about him, and the effect of which we seek to convey to the reader — went no deeper than his station, habits of life, and external circumstances. One perceived him to be a personage of mark, influence, and authority; and, especially, you could feel just as certain that he was opulent as if he had exhibited his bank account, or as if you had seen him touching the twigs of the Pyncheon-elm, and, Midas-like, transmuting them to gold.

"In his youth, he had probably been considered a handsome man; at his present age, his brow was too heavy, his temples too bare, his remaining hair too gray, his eye too cold, his lips too closely compressed, to bear any relation to mere personal beauty. He would have made a good and massive portrait; better now, perhaps, than at any previous period of his life, although his look might grow positively harsh, in the process of being fixed upon the canvas. The artist would have found it desirable to study his face, and prove its capacity for varied expression; to darken it with a frown, — to kindle it up with a smile.

"While the elderly gentleman stood looking at the Pyncheon-house, both the frown and the smile passed successively over his countenance. His eye rested on the shop-window, and, putting up a pair of gold-bowed spectacles, which he held in his hand, he minutely surveyed Hepzibah's little arrangement of toys and commodities. At first it seemed not to please him, — nay, to cause him exceeding displeasure, — and yet, the very next moment, he smiled. While the latter expression was yet on his lips, he caught a glimpse of Hepzibah, who had involuntarily bent forward to the window; and then the smile changed from acrid and disagreeable to the sunniest complacency and benevolence. He bowed, with a happy mixture of dignity and courteous kindliness, and pursued his way." pp. 64, 65.

The leading *dramatis personæ* have all been named, and the story may be told in brief. Hepzibah's brother is pardoned and sent back to her, dwarfed in intellect, enfeebled in body, dependent as a child of tender years, and the sole study of her life now is to soothe his petulance, to gratify his morbid tastes and appetites, and to woo back the intellect that has been prison-bound so long. Judge Pyncheon persists in seeking an interview with him, and dies, by the sudden visitation of God, in the very room and chair, and in the precise manner, in which the earlier heads of the family had been summoned to their account. The brother is cleared from the suspicion, which strong circumstantial evidence might well have cast upon him, of being his kinsman's murderer. It subsequently appears that the Judge had been the means, (as Hepzibah had never been unaware,) of arranging the evidence, which wrongfully consigned the brother to an almost lifelong incarceration, and had, through machinations of a like character, obtained possession of the great bulk of the family estate. The news of the death of the Judge's only son supervenes almost immediately upon his own death; and the occupants of the old house are the legal heirs of the childless intestate. Phœbe, a Pyncheon only in name, but inheriting from her mother a life unshadowed by the gloomy state and the respectable iniquity of her paternal ancestry, marries the daguerreotypist, who turns out to be the rightful representative of old Matthew Maule. The curse expires in their union; the prisoner, on whose deadened faculties the shadow of the Judge had lain as an incubus, draws a new lease of life from his kinsman's death; and he and his sister quit the old house for the judge's country-seat, under the kind tutelage of Phœbe and her bridegroom.

The successive scenes of this bold and startling fiction are portrayed with a vividness and power unsurpassed, and rarely equalled. The terrible Nemesis that waits on the extortion of the ancestor, and pursues the wages of his iniquity till the injured family receives its own again, reminds one of the inexorable fate of the Greek tragedy; and, in describing the successive footfalls of the angel of retribution in that ill-starred mansion, the author rises into a fearful sub-

limity worthy of the theme. In other portions, the narrative is sprightly, quaint, and droll, the dialogues seldom otherwise than natural and well managed, (though the daguerreotypist talks more than anybody but Phœbe could care to hear,) and the *denouement* free, for the most part, from abruptness and improbability. To many readers, the book has an additional charm, from its truth in numberless minutiæ to life, speech, manners, and appearances, as they were in and about Salem thirty years ago. We should have recognized the locality under any disguise whatever of names or pretexts. Hepzibah, the ancient house, the peculiar fitting up of the shop, the customers young and old, Uncle Venner the wood-sawyer, nay, the outer man, (not the oleaginousness of conscience, we trust,) of Judge Pyncheon, and a hundred nameless objects and incidents, recall to our memory Salem, as we knew it, when, before the welding of place to place by railroads, there were local peculiarities.

The Blithedale Romance has its scene laid at Brook Farm, in Roxbury, at the time of its occupation by the well-known company of Socialists, of which Hawthorne was, for a little while, a member. He professes not to have selected his heroes from among his associates, nor to have so much as essayed an answer to any of the numerous questions that might be asked about the working of the institution; but simply has availed himself of its arrangements and environments, to give to the wholly fictitious figures a background never painted before. Yet, though his characters were not copied from actual life, they are in admirable keeping with the place and the miniature community. They are all abnormal; and where else should we be so likely to find an assemblage of abnormals as under the auspices of Socialistic reform? Indeed, in a country as prosperous as ours, with the comforts and prerogatives of home within reach of every man and woman not absolutely a pauper or a maniac, the Socialist might complain, with some color of reason, that the only materials for his experiments were insoluble precipitates from the crystallization of domestic life. Our author, therefore, might, without violation of poetic truth, give himself on this arena a wider range for his creations, than under the ordinary conditions of society.

The leading personage in the story is Hollingsworth, by profession formerly a blacksmith, now a philanthropist, but bringing the sledge-hammer mode of operation to bear upon the evils of society and their upholders, — a genuine Titan, without a spark of spiritual life to vitalize a ponderous frame, or to irradiate a no less massive intellect. Self-concentrated, absorbed in his dreams of social regeneration, yet intolerant of any line of march toward a brighter future in which he bears not the leader's truncheon, he loves man in the aggregate too fiercely to be kind, gentle, courteous, or even just, to men and women individually. The main design of the story is to depict the malign agency of such a spirit, in kindling into fierce antagonism, or stinging to madness, souls which it cannot wholly master; in crushing and absorbing minds of less power of resistance; and, finally, in turning its desolating energies upon its own happiness, and crowning its sacrificial pile by self-immolation. In the Blithedale family, he is brought into association with two women of widely dissimilar person and character, sisters by their father's side, but the one the child of his early and prosperous years, the nurseling and heiress of affluence, — the other the child of his penury and shame, by a second marriage with a poor seamstress. The elder daughter was separated from her father on the ruin of his fortune and fair fame. In some unaccountable way, whether as a renegade wife, or as an affianced but protesting bride, she has been under the control, and is still liable to the persecutions, of a professor of Mesmerism, Biology, and kindred humbugs, who had also enjoyed the services of her younger sister as a "medium," under the title of the "Veiled Lady." The elder is a queenly character, with as much of the man in her nature as is consistent with a feminine loveliness of person and intensity of passion, — of large intellectual resources, of brilliant social endowments, and resolutely bent on making conquest of other hearts without surrendering her own. She has arranged her sojourn at Blithedale as an episode, or rather as a series of interludes, in a career of gayety and splendor. Her sister, the secret of whose parentage, as well as the continued existence of their father, she learns only at a late period of the story, is sent by him because she is

there, and he, though he has not seen her from her infancy, regards her almost as an object of worship, and feels that, in her society, his fragile and timid child will be as under the wings of a guardian angel.

The elder of these sisters, who bears throughout the name adopted by herself as a contributor to magazines, Zenobia, determines on subduing Hollingsworth's pride of self-isolation, and on replacing his own image by hers as the object of his paramount devotion; but succumbs in the effort to the very power on which she relies for his conquest, and grows enamored of him to the utmost capacity of her lofty, earnest, and impassioned being. Meanwhile, the heart-tendrils of the gentle Priscilla turn toward the strongest support within their reach, and, without her own consciousness, become indissolubly twined around the stalwart form and rough colossal nature of the Vulcanian philanthropist. Long unimpressed by either, then balanced between the two loves, he at length spurns Zenobia, who, too proud to survive rejection or to let mortal eye behold the traces of her agony, seeks refuge in suicide. He marries Priscilla; but his own mental peace and energy are forever buried in Zenobia's grave, and she who had at first clung to his love in very feebleness and fear, is now the sole and the strong prop of his nerveless and broken spirit. So perfectly consonant with the "spiritual wickedness" of such a nature is the retribution awarded it, that we can hardly do our author justice without quoting an interview represented as occurring some years after the catastrophe. We should premise by saying that the story is told in the first person by Miles Coverdale, a member of the Blithedale household, who not till the closing sentence of the book confesses himself to have been an unavowed lover of Priscilla.

"But Hollingsworth! After all the evil that he did, are we to leave him thus, blest with the entire devotion of this one true heart, and with wealth at his disposal, to execute the long-contemplated project that had led him so far astray? What retribution is there here? My mind being vexed with precisely this query, I made a journey, some years since, for the sole purpose of catching a last glimpse at Hollingsworth, and judging for myself whether he were a happy man or no. I learned that he inhabited a small cottage, that

his way of life was exceedingly retired, and that my only chance of encountering him or Priscilla was to meet them in a secluded lane, where, in the latter part of the afternoon, they were accustomed to walk. I did meet them, accordingly. As they approached me, I observed in Hollingworth's face a depressed and melancholy look, that seemed habitual; — the powerfully-built man showed a self-distrustful weakness, and a childlike or childish tendency to press close, and closer still, to the side of the slender woman whose arm was within his. In Priscilla's manner there was a protective and watchful quality, as if she felt herself the guardian of her companion; but, likewise, a deep, submissive, unquestioning reverence, and also a veiled happiness in her fair and quiet countenance.

"Drawing nearer, Priscilla recognized me, and gave me a kind and friendly smile, but with a slight gesture, which I could not help interpreting as an entreaty not to make myself known to Hollingsworth. Nevertheless, an impulse took possession of me, and compelled me to address him.

"'I have come, Hollingsworth,' said I, 'to view your grand edifice for the reformation of criminals. Is it finished yet?'

"'No, nor begun,' answered he, without raising his eyes. 'A very small one answers all my purposes.'

"Priscilla threw me an upbraiding glance. But I spoke again, with a bitter and revengeful emotion, as if flinging a poisoned arrow at Hollingsworth's heart.

"'Up to this moment,' I inquired, 'how many criminals have you reformed?'

"'Not one,' said Hollingsworth, with his eyes still fixed on the ground. 'Ever since we parted, I have been busy with a single murderer.'

"Then the tears gushed into my eyes, and I forgave him; for I remembered the wild energy, the passionate shriek, with which Zenobia had spoken those words, — 'Tell him he has murdered me! Tell him that I'll haunt him!' — and I knew what murderer he meant, and whose vindictive shadow dogged the side where Priscilla was not.

"The moral which presents itself to my reflections, as drawn from Hollingsworth's character and errors, is simply this, — that, admitting what is called philanthropy, when adopted as a profession, to be often useful by its energetic impulse to society at large, it is perilous to the individual whose ruling passion, in one exclusive channel, it thus becomes. It ruins, or is fearfully apt to ruin, the heart, the rich juices of which God never meant should be pressed violently out, and distilled into alcoholic liquor, by an unnatural process, but should render

life sweet, bland, and gently beneficent, and insensibly influence other hearts and other lives to the same blessed end. I see in Hollingsworth an exemplification of the most awful truth in Bunyan's book of such; — from the very gate of heaven there is a by-way to the pit!" pp. 281 – 283.

As a story, we are inclined to esteem this inferior to either of its predecessors in similar form. The Biological Professor is an ugly and repulsive excrescence; and, as his connection with the plot is but imperfectly explained, while at the same time his agency is wholly unnecessary in shaping the character or accounting for the conduct of the sisters, we believe that the romance would be greatly improved by expunging the chapters in which he makes his appearance. Then, too, the dialogues of the Blithedale optimists are often prolix, wearisome, and we should say unnatural, were it not for our ignorance of the way in which people thrown into the closest society, with no preëxisting bond of kindred or of sympathy, would be likely to talk. But whether from the life or not, a great deal of Arcadian material is wrought into the sayings and doings of this community, and it makes but an incongruous woof on the homespun warp of New England farm life. We feel also constrained to enter our protest against the gratuitous horrors of Zenobia's suicide. True, indeed, the nocturnal dragging of the river for her body, and the whole subsequent story of that night have few parallels for terrible lifelikeness in all modern fiction, and would hardly yield in the anti-climax of beauty to Matthew Lewis's or Maturin's most appalling prison and death-scenes; but here there is not the slightest need of a catastrophe so violent, or even a fitting preparation for it. The tone of her conversation, on the very eve of the event, indicates a mind too strong, too self-possessed, too rich in its own independent resources, to attach even poetic probability to the desperate act.

But with all these drawbacks, the Blithedale Romance is a work of no ordinary power, and indicative of all its author's mental affluence. In character-painting, he has overtaken his highest previous skill in Hollingsworth, and exceeded it in Zenobia. Then, of lesser personages, who could fail to recognize, in Silas Foster, the agricultural foreman of the farm, a

marvellously accurate type of the New England yeoman of the generation just now passing the meridian of manhood? The descriptions of the kitchen, the table, the style of dress, the manner of labor, and the Sunday habits of the Blithedale community, attractive as they are in themselves, are doubly so, as being beyond a question the portions in which observation and experience, rather than fancy, furnished the material for the narrative. The following is manifestly a passage of this sort; but we should hardly quote it in full, did it not embody so much of the obvious philosophy of socialism.

"In the interval of my seclusion, there had been a number of recruits to our little army of saints and martyrs. They were mostly individuals who had gone through such an experience as to disgust them with ordinary pursuits, but who were not yet so old, nor had suffered so deeply, as to lose their faith in the better time to come. On comparing their minds one with another, they often discovered that this idea of a Community had been growing up, in silent and unknown sympathy, for years. Thoughtful, strongly-lined faces were among them; sombre brows, but eyes that did not require spectacles, unless prematurely dimmed by the student's lamplight, and hair that seldom showed a thread of silver. Age, wedded to the past, incrusted over with a stony layer of habits, and retaining nothing fluid in its possibilities, would have been absurdly out of place in an enterprise like this. Youth, too, in its early dawn, was hardly more adapted to our purpose; for it would behold the morning radiance of its own spirit beaming over the very same spots of withered grass and barren sand whence most of us had seen it vanish. We had very young people with us, it is true, — downy lads, rosy girls in their first teens, and children of all heights above one's knee; — but these had chiefly been sent hither for education, which it was one of the objects and methods of our institution to supply. Then we had boarders, from town and elsewhere, who lived with us in a familiar way, sympathized more or less in our theories, and sometimes shared in our labors.

"On the whole, it was a society such as has seldom met together; nor, perhaps, could it reasonably be expected to hold together long. Persons of marked individuality — crooked sticks, as some of us might be called — are not exactly the easiest to bind up into a fagot. But, so long as our union should subsist, a man of intellect and feeling, with a free nature in him, might have sought far and near without finding so many points of attraction as would allure him hitherward. We were of all creeds and opinions, and generally tolerant of all, on every

imaginable subject. Our bond, it seems to me, was not affirmative, but negative. We had individually found one thing or another to quarrel with in our past life, and were pretty well agreed as to the inexpediency of lumbering along with the old system any further. As to what should be substituted, there was much less unanimity. We did not greatly care — at least, I never did — for the written constitution under which our millennium had commenced. My hope was, that, between theory and practice, a true and available mode of life might be struck out; and that, even should we ultimately fail, the months or years spent in the trial would not have been wasted, either as regarded passing enjoyment, or the experience which makes men wise.

"Arcadians though we were, our costume bore no resemblance to the beribboned doublets, silk breeches and stockings, and slippers fastened with artificial roses, that distinguish the pastoral people of poetry and the stage. In outward show, I humbly conceive, we looked rather like a gang of beggars, or banditti, than either a company of honest laboring men, or a conclave of philosophers. Whatever might be our points of difference, we all of us seemed to have come to Blithedale with the one thrifty and laudable idea of wearing out our old clothes. Such garments as had an airing, whenever we strode a-field! Coats with high collars and with no collars, broad-skirted or swallow-tailed, and with the waist at every point between the hip and arm-pit; pantaloons of a dozen successive epochs, and greatly defaced at the knees by the humiliations of the wearer before his lady-love; — in short, we were a living epitome of defunct fashions, and the very raggedest presentment of men who had seen better days. It was gentility in tatters. Often retaining a scholarlike or clerical air, you might have taken us for the denizens of Grub-street, intent on getting a comfortable livelihood by agricultural labor; or Coleridge's projected Pantisocracy in full experiment; or Candide and his motley associates, at work in their cabbage-garden; or any thing else that was miserably out at elbows, and most clumsily patched in the rear. We might have been sworn comrades to Falstaff's ragged regiment. Little skill as we boasted in other points of husbandry, every mother's son of us would have served admirably to stick up for a scarecrow. And the worst of the matter was, that the first energetic movement essential to one downright stroke of real labor was sure to put a finish to these poor habiliments. So we gradually flung them all aside, and took to honest homespun and linsey-woolsey, as preferable, on the whole, to the plan recommended, I think, by Virgil, — '*Ara nudus, sere nudus*,' — which, as Silas Foster remarked, when I translated the maxim, would be apt to astonish the women-folks.

"After a reasonable training, the yeoman life throve well with us. Our faces took the sunburn kindly; our chests gained in compass, and our shoulders in breadth and squareness; our great brown fists looked as if they had never been capable of kid gloves. The plough, the hoe, the scythe, and the hay-fork grew familiar to our grasp. The oxen responded to our voices. We could do almost as fair a day's work as Silas Foster himself, sleep dreamlessly after it, and awake at daybreak with only a little stiffness of the joints, which was usually quite gone by breakfast-time.

"To be sure, our next neighbors pretended to be incredulous as to our real proficiency in the business which we had taken in hand. They told slanderous fables about our inability to yoke our own oxen, or to drive them a-field when yoked, or to release the poor brutes from their conjugal bond at night-fall. They had the face to say, too, that the cows laughed at our awkwardness at milking-time, and invariably kicked over the pails; partly in consequence of our putting the stool on the wrong side, and partly because, taking offence at the whisking of their tails, we were in the habit of holding these natural fly-flappers with one hand, and milking with the other. They further averred that we hoed up whole acres of Indian corn and other crops, and drew the earth carefully about the weeds; and that we raised five hundred tufts of burdock, mistaking them for cabbages; and that, by dint of unskilful planting, few of our seeds ever came up at all, or, if they did come up, it was stern-foremost; and that we spent the better part of the month of June in reversing a field of beans, which had thrust themselves out of the ground in this unseemly way. They quoted it as nothing more than an ordinary occurrence for one or other of us to crop off two or three fingers, of a morning, by our clumsy use of the hay-cutter. Finally, and as an ultimate catastrophe, these mendacious rogues circulated a report that we communitarians were exterminated, to the last man, by severing ourselves asunder with the sweep of our own scythes! — and that the world had lost nothing by this little accident.

"But this was pure envy and malice on the part of the neighboring farmers. The peril of our new way of life was not lest we should fail in becoming practical agriculturists, but that we should probably cease to be any thing else. While our enterprise lay all in theory, we had pleased ourselves with delectable visions of the spiritualization of labor. It was to be our form of prayer and ceremonial of worship. Each stroke of the hoe was to uncover some aromatic root of wisdom, heretofore hidden from the sun. Pausing in the field, to let the wind exhale the moisture from our foreheads, we were to look upward, and

catch glimpses into the far-off soul of truth. In this point of view, matters did not turn out quite so well as we anticipated. It is very true that, sometimes, gazing casually around me, out of the midst of my toil, I used to discern a richer picturesqueness in the visible scene of earth and sky. There was, at such moments, a novelty, an unwonted aspect, on the face of Nature, as if she had been taken by surprise and seen at unawares, with no opportunity to put off her real look, and assume the mask with which she mysteriously hides herself from mortals. But this was all. The clods of earth, which we so constantly belabored and turned over and over, were never ethereal-ized into thought. Our thoughts, on the contrary, were fast becoming cloddish. Our labor symbolized nothing, and left us mentally sluggish in the dusk of the evening. Intellectual activity is incompatible with any large amount of bodily exercise. The yeoman and the scholar — the yeoman and the man of finest moral culture, though not the man of sturdiest sense and integrity — are two distinct individuals, and can never be melted or welded into one substance." pp. 74 – 80.

We have no disposition to enter at large on the subject opened by the foregoing extract, yet we may not unaptly crave a moment's heed for reflections which this book forces upon us. Blithedale has left upon our memory only associations of sadness and desolation, and that not alone on account of the tragedy consummated within its domain, but from the utter homelessness of its inmates. The shades wandering on the hither side of the Styx hardly offer a more dreary image to the fancy, than these inmates of the phalanstery on their holidays. We can, indeed, conceive of the relations and affections of life as subsisting in some sort independently of separate homes. The conjugal relation, though fearfully imperilled, might be kept sacred, and the parental tie, if loosened, not wholly dissolved, in the gregarious life which the socialist reformer would have us lead. It has also been pretty fairly demonstrated that there would be not only a more equal diffusion, but a more profuse creation, of the elements of material comfort and enjoyment, did men, women, and children herd together in organized groups, by fifties, hundreds, and thousands. But, after all, there is in human nature an irresistible tendency to the erection of a distinct abode for every household. There are chords of sentiment in every heart, which can respond only to the word HOME. There are profound and

almost universal wants which could be met, there are joys which could be experienced, under no other condition of things.

Domestic life bears a close analogy to the whole system of the universe. In the material creation, every object is at once a centre and a satellite. The sun has its own orbit of revolution, while lesser worlds describe their path around it. The planets, secondaries to the sun, are primaries to their moons. Every object, every particle of matter, itself drawn by mighty attractions, is itself a centre of attraction to surrounding objects or adjacent particles. In human society, almost all are in circumferences, moving around distant centres — with reference to the Supreme Being, all are so. But in his home, every human being is himself a centre, — the parent, of reverence; the child, of love; the dependent, of tender care. Here the little become great, and the obscure are clothed with honor. Those made to feel their insignificance in other relations, grow important here. Those whose outward life seems a blank, have here a life on which others hang with loving interest. Each is here looked upon with distinguishing regard, though elsewhere he may be counted as a unit rather than reckoned as an individual. Nor can we say what multitudes of our race would be given over to the consciousness of an utterly forsaken, neglected, barren, worthless existence, were there not in their homes something to make their life worth living, some dear appreciation on the part of others, some tender offices for them to find happiness in rendering. Never do we feel the blessedness of home more deeply than in looking at a promiscuous group of children. There may be many in the group, filthy, misshapen, ungainly, coarse, awkward; many in whom, individually, no possible self-discipline could awaken in us a spark of tender feeling, and who, in the multitudinous nursery by which socialism proposes to simplify and cheapen the process of juvenile training, would grow up like calves in the stall, nourished with sole reference to what work they might do when grown. But among them all, we may not find an unhappy face; the most squalid or uncouth have not any thing in look or manner that betrays them as objects of pity. For each of them has a

home, where he has a close and a dear place in a few hearts. On the patched garment of that ill-clad urchin, the mother has wrought lovingly, and appended to it some hoarded remnant of obsolete finery, and to her it is not unseemly. The boisterousness of that rude lad is deemed at home the exuberance of good humor and the ebullition of precocious wit; while that girl, who studies hard all day, yet is always at the foot of her class, in the eyes that love her is quiet and unambitious, but by no means stupid. The deformed boy has a little sister who thinks him beautiful, and his misfortune consecrates him to the assiduous offices and cheerful sacrifices of every member of the home circle.

But socialism pleads for its institutions in the name of the poor, and promises to banish pauperism and want from the civilized world whenever it gains supremacy. Yet the extirpation of penury would hardly be a social benefit, if with it were to be rooted up the sympathies and charities which result from the intermingling of the rich and poor. We do not believe that the Creator ever intended that human institutions and arrangements should produce worthy and valuable results independently of individual virtue. It is incident to our probation as moral agents, that the bands, wheels, and pullies of the social machine should be constantly liable to be thrown out of gearing, without weights of our own addition, and compensations of our own devising,—without the unintermitted and earnest exercise of the best powers and the purest affections. It is a wakeful sense of justice, a religious love, an active humanity, that alone can distribute the gifts of God with equity. The only self-adjusting social system must be that of a thoroughly Christianized commonwealth. We look with entire complacency on large accumulations of property by individuals. They have their types in the most beneficent arrangements of nature. Water, without which no plant can grow and no creature live, is not distributed, on the socialistic plan, in equal tiny reservoirs, at brief intervals, but gathered into those deep channels and vast hollows which the Creator has scooped out for it from the solid ground. But as the sun broods over ocean, lake, and river, they yield their trust, to be borne by the winds of heaven, dropped in dew upon the

flower-cup, shed in gentle rain into the hillside spring, poured through the saturated earth into the cottage well; and then, when it has made the desert blossom, and refreshed all the tribes of animated nature, it flows back in paths which it clothes with verdure to the source whence it came. Thus, were the reservoirs of superfluous wealth only open to the rays of Christian benevolence, clouds of mercy would rise, and dews of charity fall, from them unceasingly, — the waste places of humanity would be glad, and there would be springs in the wilderness. The wealth would as now return to its source, and the reservoirs would be kept full; but its whole circuit would be marked by comfort, abundance, and gratitude.

For the very sake of the poor, would we preserve the sacredness and tighten the bonds of domestic life. Home is the laboratory of all generous affections. A voluntarily homeless being is, with the rarest exceptions, intensely selfish. Those who seek no near claims on their kind offices seldom have a heart for the more remote objects of charity. From a little loved or a distracted home, there go forth scanty alms, or none. The relations of domestic life, when enjoyed in their rightful intimacy and tenderness, create a genial good feeling, an overflowing kindness of spirit, which is sure to diffuse its own blessedness in an ever-widening circle. The substitution of barracks for homes, in arresting the fountains of domestic sympathy, would freeze the little rills of charity which now flow round from house to house, and from heart to heart, unite the rich and poor in mutual benefit, and blend the extremes of social life in sincere fellow-feeling, esteem, and love.

Art. IX. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *A History of the Second Church, or Old North, in Boston, to which is added a History of the New Brick Church, with Engravings.* By Chandler Robbins, Minister of the Second Church. Published by a Committee of the Society. Boston. 1852. 8vo. pp. 320.

The early history of the Colony of Massachusetts is ecclesiastical rather than civil. The Church was identified with the State, — not by express enactment, not by any cunningly devised scheme of theocratic polity, but through the character of the Colonists, and the intentions with which they came hither. One who may be ranked with the Fathers of the Colony, though he was not born till nine years after Winthrop landed, in his "Last Testimony to the Churches," written at the age of eighty-four, says with great solemnity, — "I do declare, that *the principal design* upon which these Colonies were first planted was to profess and practise and enjoy, with undisturbed liberty, the holy religion of God our Saviour, and more particularly to set up churches for our Lord Jesus Christ, that shall keep themselves loyal to him, their glorious king." The body politic was an aggregate of individual churches, or congregations, each one of which acted as a unit, either in colonizing a new town, or in removing from one town to another, till it had found a suitable locality for settlement. Weathersfield, Windsor, and Hartford, in Connecticut, were thus founded by emigrant churches from Massachusetts, — the original type of the proceeding being the removal, in a body, of Mr. Robinson's congregation, first from England to Holland, and afterwards from Holland to Plymouth, in America. It was not that other ties, political and social, did not, then as now, exist and operate; but the church tie, the bond of religious union and brotherhood in Christ, in the eyes of the Puritans of New England, so far transcended in interest and importance all other relations, that the latter sank into comparative insignificance. Religion was not confined to Sundays, but extended over all the days of the week; in like manner, it was not limited to the proper observances of the sanctuary and the closet, but it covered all the purposes, relations, and conduct of life. The state, like every thing else, was made subservient to it. Clergymen were not, indeed, made magistrates or legislators, and were not ambitious of such distinction, which would have been no promotion for

them. But magistrates and legislators came to the clergy for counsel and direction, seeking their aid and guidance in the conduct of the State, just as, in their other or domestic relations, they went to them for ghostly counsel in the management of their families. In fact, the State, in the early days of New England, was only a large family, the magistrates bearing a sort of patriarchal relation to it, with ill-defined but very extensive powers, and the clergy, its spiritual guides, — the province of religion then being deemed coextensive with human affairs, — directing it in every thing. Thus, the State was hardly at all theocratic in form, while it was radically, and almost exclusively, theocratic in essence and principle.

The theocratic *form* hardly anywhere appeared, except in the peculiar regulation, that to be a church-member was a necessary qualification for becoming a freeman or a voter. And this regulation, under the circumstances, was the most natural thing in the world. It was not at all intolerant. The Colony was formed of such materials, that this was the most liberal qualification that could have been devised; for it included nearly all the heads of families and males of mature years, hired servants excepted, who had emigrated for the distinctive purpose for which the Colony was formed. It was no more exclusive or illiberal than the rule universally adopted by such private corporations as banks and trading companies, that none but stockholders shall have a vote in the choice of the directors. When "the principal design" of the emigration was "to set up churches for our Lord Jesus Christ" in the wilderness, none but church-members were likely to join the Colony, and certainly none but church-members ought to have had a voice in the management of its affairs.

But it is not our object to enter into any disquisition upon the early polity of New England. We wished only to explain and justify the remark, that a large portion of our early history must be sought in the records of the churches, and in a careful study of the ecclesiastical system; and, therefore, that publications like this one by Mr. Robbins have here a wider interest and greater relative importance than in any other country in the world. We have too long delayed noticing this particular work, yet not from any lack of appreciation of the value of its contents or its literary merit. The author is the present minister of the Second, or Old North, Church, in Boston, one of the most venerable and remarkable establishments of its class in New England, and one which, in its history and in the lives and characters of the many eminent men who have at different periods ministered to it, may be said to be typical of that class. With a heartfelt interest in the subject, and after patient study of the old records and of the contempora-

neous history of Massachusetts, the writer has given, in perspicuous and graceful language, a very complete and trustworthy account of the earlier and later fortunes of the church, and a loving portraiture of those who have preceded him in its pastoral office. The story which he has had to tell is not one of unbroken prosperity. Through many changes and difficulties, — *per varios casus et tot discrimina rerum*, — the church has come to its present condition of ease and quiet action, though in a comparatively narrow sphere. But to trace its vicissitudes of fortune was not the hardest portion of his task; his subject led him to broach many disputed and delicate themes in history, politics, and theology, all of which he has touched with becoming frankness, yet in a temperate and tolerant disposition, and with the mild words that turn away offence. The volume is deeply imbued, as it should be, with the spirit of Christian piety, but is wholly free from sectarian dogmatism.

The chief interest of the work gathers around the characters of the two Mathers, father and son, who were ministers of the church, the first for sixty-two, and the second for forty-four years. For thirty-nine years, they labored together, as pastor and colleague. No names are better known in the early church history of New England, than those of Increase and Cotton Mather. Few have had more strongly-marked characters, have exerted a wider influence on the men of their generation, or have had so widely different opinions formed of them in the judgment of posterity. We have copious materials on which to found our knowledge of them; their works, which remain both in print and manuscript, are more abundant and voluminous than any one nowadays cares to read. Both kept private diaries, yet extant, in which they seem to have made it a point of religion to record all those inmost thoughts and feelings which ordinary men are not only chary of communicating to others, but are even reluctant to bring out in full consciousness to themselves. Diaries thus written are curious and valuable, from the light which they throw upon the imperfections and infirmities of our common nature; but they should obviously be used with great caution when we are forming an opinion of the diarist himself, as compared with other men, of whose secret purposes and failings we have no such complete record. All men have their weak hours; at times, and under the pressure of peculiar circumstances and temptations, we are all, more or less, simple, credulous, vain, jealous, ambitious, impure, or, perhaps, corrupt.

> "For where's that palace, whereinto foul things
> Sometimes intrude not? Who has a breast so pure,
> But some uncleanly apprehensions

Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful ? "

But few men have strength of mind enough to acknowledge these failings, even to themselves, and very few indeed are willing to make a record of them, though with a reservation that it is to be seen by no eyes but their own. But if such diaries are sometimes written, and chance should bring one or two of them to light, let them be viewed as revelations of the general weakness of human nature, and not of the peculiar weakness of the unhappy diarist. Two characters of some distinction in English history have been treated, as we conceive, with great injustice, from neglect of this consideration; we mean Archbishop Laud, and Pepys, the well known Secretary of the Admiralty under Charles II. And among the Americans who have suffered in this way, the strongest case is that of Increase and Cotton Mather.

We are not going into a defence of the characters of these two men; Mr. Robbins has performed this task admirably. We are not sure that their characters need any defence, though President Quincy, in his excellent History of Old Harvard, has brought forward their faults rather more prominently than we could wish. Yet there is no necessary discrepancy between his portraiture of them, and the one which is drawn by the loving hand of a successor of theirs in the pastoral office. There is no discrepancy to one who keeps steadily in view the manifold contradictions and inconsistencies of human nature in general, and of the Mather nature in particular. The whole subject is summed up in the old apologue of the two sides of the shield. Both the Mathers had failings which a child might smile at, and virtues which a saint might admire. Some are led unconsciously, — perhaps by the nature of the work on which they are engaged, — to look solely at the failings; others can see nothing but the virtues. Perhaps a wise man will try to see both.

But Mr. Robbins's book opens so many of our favorite themes for disquisition, that we shall never make an end if we attempt to consider them all. We close abruptly, therefore, by strongly commending his labors to the student of our early New England history, and to the admirer of the virtues of the founders and spiritual fathers of Massachusetts.

2. — *Select British Eloquence, embracing the Best Speeches Entire of the most Eminent Orators of Great Britain, for the Last Two Centuries; with Sketches of their Lives, an Estimate of their Genius, and Notes Critical and Explanatory.* By CHAUNCEY A. GOODRICH, D. D., Professor in Yale College. New York: Harpers. 1852. 8vo. pp. 947.

THIS bulky volume performs more than it promises. It is not only a collection, made with excellent taste and judgment, of the best specimens of English eloquence, whether parliamentary, forensic, or popular, but the biographical and illustrative matter annexed is copious enough to form a tolerable complete political history of England, from Queen Anne's time down to the present day. At any rate, a full acquaintance with the contents of this volume, taking the speeches and the commentary together, would be a very useful appendage to that knowledge of the political events of the period which may be derived from works professedly historical or biographical in their character. It is a proud characteristic of the history of England, that so much of it is contained in the records of parliamentary debate and judicial discussion. The French also excel in eloquence, but their eloquence is adapted to a different purpose; it is not practical, not addressed to the great public questions of the day, and, in great part, not even argumentative. It is varied, discursive, and poetical. A Frenchman speaks to the feelings and the imagination, an Englishman to the judgment and the understanding; the former seeks occasions for eloquence, the latter finds eloquence for great occasions. The aim of the one is to astonish and captivate; of the other, to persuade and convince. A French orator thinks of himself, and an English one of his audience. Chatham and Burke, Fox and the younger Pitt, Canning and Brougham, spoke history, in the severest sense of that phrase. Their speeches do not merely illustrate the annals of their times, but form a component portion of them.

That singular regulation of the two Houses of Parliament, which was strictly enforced for a century or two, and is not nominally rescinded to this day, which forbids the presence of strangers and the publication of the debates, has been one great cause of the practical character of English oratory. It compelled the speakers to confine themselves to the subject and the occasion. Whatever effect they might hope to produce was to be produced within the walls of the house, at the moment of delivery, and upon the minds of those whom they addressed. There was to be no afterclap of their oratory, no

reverberation of it from the popular mind without. As they could not speak to Buncombe, they were compelled to speak to their audience; and the habit, once formed, has continued to this day. We may regret that the rule was so long enforced, because it has deprived us of any record of many great debates, — because it has left us not a fragment of Bolingbroke's speeches, but a few scraps of Walpole's and Pulteney's, and only fragments of the great Lord Chatham's. But this evil had a great countervailing advantage, in view of which, any educated American will exclaim — O that a similar rule had always been enforced in our national Congress! The greatest and most interesting debate that ever took place in *this* assembly is, unfortunately, one of the few that have not been reported at all, — the debate on the Declaration of Independence.

We can see how it is, then, that Professor Goodrich has been able to comprise in a single volume — a very ponderous one, it is true — "the best speeches entire of the most eminent orators of Great Britain for the last two centuries." The whole record of English parliamentary and judicial eloquence, down to the beginning of George the Third's reign, is but a scanty one. It was a habit, in those days, a habit attributable to the cause just mentioned, to make very short speeches. The fox-hunting squires, who occupied most of the benches in the House of Commons under the first two sovereigns of the Brunswick line, would inevitably have gone to sleep under an oration an hour long, and it may be doubted whether even the thunder of the elder Pitt would have disturbed their slumbers. All of Chatham's speeches which are included in this volume, when taken together, hardly equal in length one by Mr. Erskine, that in defence of Hardy. We may observe, however, that the American editor is mistaken when he asserts that "*all* his speeches are here inserted." He has printed but eighteen of them, including the famous one in reply to "old Horace" Walpole, who had charged him with "the atrocious crime of being a young man,"— a speech which, as reported, is not Chatham's, but Dr. Johnson's. An English collection, which is now before us, of the great Earl's speeches, contains twenty-four of them. The six which Professor Goodrich has not seen, or has passed over intentionally, are but imperfectly reported, it is true; but the same may be said of all the others, which he has printed. Among those left out is a very important one, on the preliminary treaty of peace with France and Spain, delivered in November, 1762, and another, on the Duke of Richmond's motion for an inquiry into the state of the nation, in December, 1777.

Less than fifty pages suffice for reprinting all the parliamentary speeches of much note, that were made before Lord Chatham's day.

Among them is Strafford's touching and eloquent plea for his life, with the extracts from which, in Hume's History, all readers are familiar. Among those of a later day, we find all of Burke's speeches which he prepared for the press, except the one on Economical Reform. Fox supplies six, among which are the admirable ones on the Westminster Scrutiny, on the Russian Armament, and on the rejection of Bonaparte's overtures for peace. Only three are taken from Fox's great rival, the younger Pitt, while we find nine of Erskine's unrivalled pleadings at the bar, four speeches by Canning, and five by Brougham. Eight of the celebrated Letters of Junius are inserted, with doubtful propriety, as it seems to us; for they have no better claim to such a place than some of the eloquent political articles in the Edinburgh Review, or many of the "thundering" leaders in The Times newspaper. We grudge any honor paid to Junius, who did well not to allow his mask to be removed, even in the tomb. He was an anonymous libeller, malignant in purpose and savage in hate. Men forget the turpitude of his writings in their curiosity to ascertain his name.

We have said enough to commend Professor Goodrich's volume to the attention of our readers, especially of those who are engaged in directing the rhetorical studies of the young. It is founded mainly on a course of lectures delivered by the editor, in his capacity of Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in Yale College. Should it meet with favor, an intimation is given that it may be followed by another volume, made up from a subsequent course of lectures, on American eloquence. The oration of Demosthenes on the Crown supplied a text for a third course, on the principles of oratory and the eloquence of the ancients.

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3. — *A Treatise on Some of the Insects of New England, which are Injurious to Vegetation.* By THADDEUS WILLIAM HARRIS, M. D. Second Edition. Boston. Printed by White & Potter. 1852. 8vo. pp. 513.

WE need not do more than announce the appearance of a revised and enlarged edition of a work so widely known and highly esteemed as Dr. Harris's treatise on the insects which are injurious to vegetation. It was first published about ten years ago, as one of the scientific reports on the Zoölogical and Botanical Survey of Massachusetts, which was executed at the expense of the State. The volume had long

been out of print, and the author having meanwhile collected much fresh material, this new impression of it appears with an addition of about fifty pages to the former contents, and with many changes and improvements in other respects. The plan of the work is an excellent one; it is neither exclusively scientific, nor exclusively practical. The skilful entomologist may derive instruction from it, while it teaches the plain farmer and horticulturist how to get rid of, or abate, many nuisances, which have annually diminished his crops and shortened the lives, besides marring the appearance, of his shrubs and trees. Thus far, we speak only theoretically, and upon the testimony of others; for entomology is to us an occult science, and the only gardens and cultivated fields that we really enjoy are those of our neighbors. But any one can safely maintain that it is pleasanter to read about insects than to hear or feel them; and he who reads only to satisfy a general curiosity, or to wile away the passing hour, will find Dr. Harris's book by no means an uninteresting one. It has really put us in better humor with some of the subjects it treats of — not with all of them; — for after all, they are less offensive and importunate than the flies and grubs of literature, whom it is our vocation to brush away and extirpate. Dr. Harris's style is clear, easy and natural; and in his account of the transformations and habits of the little pests, with which he appears to be so familiar, there is much to interest and instruct the reflecting student and the lover of nature. The farmer and the practical horticulturist will find it for their advantage to have the work constantly at hand for purposes of reference. A large edition of the work has been struck off at the expense of the State, to be circulated gratuitously in our farming towns; but a few copies remain for sale to those who may not be able to avail themselves of this general distribution.

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4. — I. *Historia de la Literatura Española*, por M. G. TICKNOR. *Traducida al Castellano, con Adiciones y Notas Críticas.* Por D. PASCUAL DE GAYANGOS y D. ENRIQUE DE VEDIA.

II. *Geschichte der Schönen Literatur in Spanien*, von GEORG TICKNOR. *Deutsch mit Zusätzen herausgegeben*, von NIKOLAUS HEINRICH JULIUS.

ON the first appearance of Mr. Ticknor's History of Spanish Literature, an elaborate review of it was published in this journal. The

judgment then rendered upon its merits was confirmed by the unanimous opinions of the ablest men of letters in this country and in Europe. The English weekly papers and Quarterlies, with more liberal appreciation of American scholarship and talent than is common to them, acknowledged its brilliant character, and set forth its solid merits to their readers. On the continent of Europe, the History met, as was to be expected, with the heartiest acceptance; and now, it has not only superseded all other works upon the same subject, but has become an indispensable authority upon the literature of Spain. The works placed at the head of this notice are translations of it, the one into Spanish, the other into German. The author of the first is Don Pascual de Gayangos, a distinguished scholar of Spain, assisted by Don Enrique de Vedia. Gayangos is particularly well qualified for the work he has undertaken. He lived several years in England, and married an English lady. During his residence there, he was engaged in numerous literary employments, having written articles for the Edinburgh and other Reviews, and for the Penny Cyclopedia. But his principal contributions to literature at this period, were translations from Oriental MSS. for the Oriental Fund Society, especially "The History of the Mohammedan Dynasties in Spain," extracted from the "Nafhu-t-tib min Ghosni-l-Andalusi-r-Rattib wa tarikh Lisanu-d-din ibni-l-Khattib" (we like to give the whole name) of Ahmed Ibn Mohammed Al-Makkari, and published in 1840, in two quartos. He was afterwards made Professor of Arabic in the University of Madrid, and member of the Academy of History, and has been much occupied in collecting Arabic MSS. relating to Spanish history, both in Spain and Africa. His acquaintance with Spanish literature, and with all Oriental learning bearing upon it, is exact and profound; and his knowledge of English is not limited by the current literature of the day, but embraces the study of the earliest authors, as is shown by the allusions and illustrations in his notes. He is said to write and speak the language with the ease and elegance of a native. Mr. Ticknor, in his preface, speaks of him as "certainly, in his peculiar department, among the most eminent scholars now living, and one to whose familiarity with whatever regards the literature of his own country, the frequent references in his notes bear a testimony not to be mistaken."

The two volumes before us contain a translation of the original, including the first volume, and to p. 332 of the second. The translation is free, but faithful; and the numerous and valuable notes, with which Mr. Ticknor enriched his pages, are given entire, with few exceptions. In the terse and modest preface of the translators, they say, that instead of following the beaten path of eulogizing their author, they think it

better to leave the appreciation of his merits to the good taste and judgment of the readers of his work. They also acknowledge his courtesy in sending them the original sheets, and transmitting important corrections and additions which do not appear in the New York and London editions. The very few points in which they differ from the American author, they have discussed in the notes accompanying each volume, where they have also added whatever, in their judgment, would serve to complete and illustrate the work. The additions in the notes are not very considerable or important; in the appendices, the editors have published numerous extracts from books, both printed and in manuscript, which, however, though not without interest, add little or nothing to the illustration of the great features of the national literature, as delineated by Mr. Ticknor. These additions are intended, we presume, for the Spanish readers of the work, and they will amount to an entire volume. It is obvious that matter of this kind might be accumulated to any extent; but its accumulation would alter the proportions of the work, and the interest of the reader of literary history would be lost in a labyrinth of details, of no great attraction except as curiosities. It is gratifying to find — what, indeed, we had no doubt of before — that so able a native scholar as Gayangos has had so few occasions to correct our author, or even to differ from him in opinion. We do not profess to judge the style of this translation; but it appears to be flowing and elegant, and, while not adhering to the original, word for word, it sacrifices nothing of the meaning, and by its very freedom shows that the translator is treading a path already familiar to him. We shall look with eagerness for the continuation, which will commence at one of the most interesting points in Spanish literature — the life and works of Calderon.

The German translation completes the work. It is made by Dr. N. H. Julius, a gentleman of varied literary acquirements, and known besides for his researches on the subject of prison discipline, and other similar branches of social economy. He travelled through the United States in 1834 – 5 – 6, and after his return to Prussia, published an able work under the title of "*Nord-Amerikas Sittliche Zustände*," in which were embodied his observations during the three years of his American travels.* Dr. Julius prefixes to his volumes a biographical sketch of his author, in the main correct, we believe, and very

* There is an amusing misprint in his account of a negro celebration, held in Cincinnati, on the anniversary of the abolition of slavery in New York. Describing the procession, he says there were banners with mottoes, one of which was the following: —

"Though our shin be dark as shades of night,
Our souls are fair, our hearts are white."

interesting; and he has added a considerable amount of matter to the notes and appendices. He acknowledges himself, in the preface, to be indebted to the communication, from the author, of additions and corrections, and especially for a new and enlarged account of the distinguished poet, Luis de Leon; next, to the translation of Mr. Gayangos, which reached him while his own was in the press, from which he has reprinted the additional materials. Besides these, he has availed himself of the new edition of the *Romancero General*, published at Madrid by Don Augustin Duran; of Dozy's Political and Literary History of Spain during the Middle Ages, published at Leyden in 1849, drawn chiefly from Arabic sources; of Schack's German History of Dramatic Literature and Art in Spain, which reached Mr. Ticknor while his own work was passing through the press; and of the new work on the collection of Spanish ballads found in the University Library at Prague, by Ferdinand Wolf, an eminent scholar in Vienna, much occupied with Spanish literature for many years. These are the principal sources from which Dr. Julius has drawn whatever new materials he has added to his translation. The appendices contain an essay written by him, on the Asturian dialect, illustrated by a poetical dialogue, and several popular ballads communicated to Duran by Don Jose Pidal; and a biography of Böhl von Faber, a Hamburg scholar and merchant, who resided long in Spain, and exercised a great influence over the literary taste of the country. This gentleman was the first to translate into Spanish the critical views of Schlegel on Calderon, and thus to contribute powerfully to the overthrow of the old French classical despotism on the stage. To this he added many original articles, all tending to the same end of vindicating the ancient Spanish theatre, and driving out the French style, which had usurped the dominion of taste with the accession of the Bourbons. The labors of this scholar-merchant gave direction to the studies of Duran, and in various other ways exercised a great influence upon the poetical spirit of the present century. He died in 1836, at the age of 66 years.

Dr. Julius has added to the notes numerous references to works published since the first appearance of the original; and, here and there, a literary notice of interest and value. For the most part, however, these additions are only of value to the German scholar. Like Mr. Gayangos, he has had no occasion to make any important corrections, or to differ materially in judgment from Mr. Ticknor. The translation is faithfully executed, being closer to the original than that of Mr. Gayangos. This is partly owing to the German principles of translation, and partly to the nearer relationship between the German and English.

Both works are valuable contributions to the literature of their seve-

ral countries, and contain striking testimonials to the learning, accuracy, and taste of our countryman. No literary production of the United States has brought more honor to the American name, among the scholars of Europe, than the History of Spanish Literature.

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5. — *Woman's Record, or Sketches of all Distinguished Women, from "the Beginning" till A. D.* 1850," *arranged in Four Eras, with Selections from Female Writers of Every Age.* By SARAH JOSEPHA HALE, Editor of the Lady's Book, Author of Northwood, &c. Illustrated by 230 Portraits, engraved on Wood, by Lossing and Barritt. New York: Harpers. 1853. 8vo. pp. 904.

WE know not upon what principles the materials of this ponderous but handsome volume were compiled. Large as it is, it is not comprehensive enough, or sufficiently minute and precise in the information it affords, for a Female Biographical Dictionary; and it also contains much matter which would be foreign to the purpose of such a work. The rules of proportion, moreover, are not very skilfully observed. Only 150 pages are given to the first two eras, — that is, to all the distinguished women who lived before A. D. 1500; if the chronological order had been preserved, this portion of the Record would begin with Eve, the common mother, and end with Isabella of Castile. But the names are arranged alphabetically under each of the four eras, an order which is very inconvenient for reference, and which gives rise to some droll juxtapositions, if the book be read continuously, or like any other volume except a dictionary. The biography of Eve, for instance, is immediately preceded by one of Eurydice, and followed by one of Flora, "a famous courtezan of Rome." On the other hand, the notices of the remarkable women of the fourth era, all of whom are now living, occupy 337 pages, or considerably more than one third of the whole; and the editor's patriotic spirit, or greater familiarity with the subject, has tempted her to give the larger portion of this space to American female writers. If the women of the first two eras had been left out altogether, and the remainder of the work condensed, by omitting those notices which contain nothing but the record of a name and one or two insignificant facts, the book would have lost nothing, would have gained in unity of purpose and interest, and would not be quite so formidable in its dimensions.

We do not think the illustrations deserve all the praise that the editor gives them, though a number of them are good specimens of engraving on wood. But this kind of engraving is not so well adapted for portraits, as for scenes which admit striking contrasts of light and shade. It may reasonably be doubted, we suppose, whether the portraits of Semiramis, Andromache, and Tomyris are authentic; and if some of the others are not counterfeit, they ought to be, for they are hideous enough to be libels upon the sex. Most of the persons commemorated being authors, Mrs. Hale has illustrated the notices of their lives by extracts from their writings; and the selections being usually made with good taste, the volume contains a fair amount of interesting miscellaneous reading. The extracts from the living female poets of America are more copious than is just to their distinguished contemporaries in Great Britain; but as the book is probably intended for circulation in this country only, such partiality will render it more popular.

With regard to the excellence and the rights of women, Mrs. Hale propounds a somewhat novel theory. She has too much good sense to advocate the movement for emancipating the sex from all the restraints, whether of legal enactments or of fashionable garments, which are now imposed upon them. She even admits that man is the *intellectual* lord of creation; but she insists that, *morally*, woman is his superior. She holds to a sort of modified Calvinism, admitting "the fall" of man, but not of woman. Men are "totally depraved," but women are only partially so, and some of them have "saving grace" enough to redeem themselves and their husbands to boot. This doctrine she supports both from reason and Scripture. Woman was created *last*, and "every step in the creation had been in the ascending scale." Eve ate the apple, it is true; but Adam was "with her" when she ate it, because the serpent spoke to them in the plural number. And "the decision was, apparently, left to her. The woman led, the man followed. Which showed the greatest spiritual power, the controlling energy of mind?" The trial of the guilty pair came, and woman meekly confessed her fault, and was the first to receive sentence. "Her doom was sad, but not degrading." She was to suffer sorrow for her children, and be subject to her husband; "yet a promise of wondrous blessings for her seed preceded her sentence." "Not so with Adam;" he shuffled, and prevaricated, and tried to throw all the blame upon his wife. His sentence, therefore, was addressed to the material rather than the spiritual part of his nature. Mrs. Hale expresses it sharply, evidently thinking his fate was good enough for him: — "like a felon, he was condemned to hard

labor for life, on the ground cursed for his sake." As to the doctrine of St. Paul upon this subject, most advocates of woman's rights get over it by saying dogmatically that he was an old bachelor, and knew nothing about the matter. But Mrs. Hale thinks he has been greatly misunderstood; and that, rightly interpreted, his words bear out the true theory. His directions concerning woman's apparel, she maintains, reveal very clearly her high spiritual office. "*She must not uncover her head;* while he is commanded to uncover his. Is it not the privilege of the *superior*," she asks triumphantly, "to remain covered in the presence of the *inferior?*" The Italics, as well as the words, are Mrs. Hale's; and we confess that the question must be answered affirmatively.

We had some doubt, at first, about the correctness of this theory. But we have now high domestic authority for saying, that it is "very sensible doctrine indeed, and as true as the book."

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6. — *Japan: an Account Geographical and Historical, from the Earliest Period at which the Islands composing this Empire were known to Europeans, down to the Present Time, and the Expedition fitted out by the United States, etc.* By CHARLES MAC FARLANE, Esq., Author of "British India," "Life of Wellington," etc., etc. With Numerous Illustrations. New York: George P. Putnam & Co. 1852. 12mo. pp. 365.

THIS is by far the most thorough account of what is known of the Japanese Empire, that we have ever seen within similar compass; and, though there is more of juvenile *brusquerie* in the style than we could have anticipated from a writer whose works authorize a double etc., it is a very easy and pleasant book to read. It is ostensibly and apparently accurate in detail, and carefully minute in statistics, so far as they are attainable. But while it justifies by undoubted facts the grounds on which the Japanese have been deemed among the most marvellous specimens of social humanity, it exhibits in the Dutch still more astonishing capabilities; for the absurdities which swarm alike in the domestic life, the industrial habits, and the public administration of the empire cease to surprise us, in comparison with the meannesses, straitnesses, privations, and systematized insults to which the Dutch submit, as the sole condition of the mercantile occupancy of an islet 600 feet long and 240 broad. It is perfectly evident that the

Japanese regard themselves as on the summit level of civilization, and apprehend deteriorizing influences from foreign intercourse. In default of an object so sacred as the forcing of opium upon their consumption, it is hardly probable that any attempt will be made forcibly to open their ports to European or American commerce. In case of such an enterprise, Japan would offer a much stronger resistance than China did, both on account of the vast extent, and the limited accessibleness at any one point, of its insular coast, and the superior bravery of its people. We are glad to be assured, by the last Message of the President of the United States, that no hostile demonstration is intended in the Japanese Expedition now in the process of fitting out. The design simply is, to facilitate negotiation by an imposing show of force in the armament, and of art, skill, genius, luxury, and munificence in the presents with which it is charged to the imperial court. But we fear that the *nil admirari* habit sits too strongly on court and nation, to be disturbed even by the "ten miles of railroad," or the most costly achievements of barbarian handicraft.

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7. — *A Memorial of Daniel Webster, from the City of Boston.* Little, Brown, & Co. 1853. 8vo.

This beautiful volume is one of great immediate interest, and hereafter will be sought for as a precious record of the feelings called out by the death of Mr. Webster, in the city where he was best known. It contains an article, reprinted from the Boston Courier, of October 20th, only four days before the sad event which it foreshadowed, although it seems to have been the first warning which roused the public attention to a great impending calamity. This is followed by a sketch of Mr. Webster's last illness and death, from the pen of George Ticknor, Esq., the lifelong and faithful friend of the great deceased. The main body of the volume is taken up with the account of the most solemn and affecting meeting of the citizens of Boston, on the day following the death; the eloquent and moving speeches delivered on that occasion; the proceedings of public bodies in the city, and the addresses in which various members spontaneously poured out their emotions; the proceedings, speeches, and resolutions of literary and scientific bodies, such as the School Committee, and the American Academy; the proceedings and addresses in the Courts, in which the most eloquent

advocates expressed their sense of bereavement in the loss of him who was the brightest ornament of the bar; an account of the funeral at Marshfield on the 29th, and the simple and singularly appropriate address by the officiating clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Alden; and finally, the public solemnities, held in the city of Boston, on the 30th of November, with the eulogy delivered by the Hon. G. S. Hillard. This discourse possesses the highest and the rarest merits. It shows a careful study and a thorough appreciation of Mr. Webster's character, which is analyzed with masterly ability, and delineated with a clearness and simplicity beautifully harmonizing with the subject. The style has the transparent purity of the best days of the English language, and at the same time, is marked by manly strength and force. In the statements there is no exaggeration, no intensity of expression; but all that is said is strictly within the limits of sober truth, and is expressed with exquisite refinement of phrase. In some passages, the feeling of the moment, too strong to be kept down to the general tone on which the discourse is pitched, rises to fervid eloquence. The closing passages are among the finest ever spoken in Faneuil Hall. No one in the vast throng that crowded its floor, platform, and galleries, will ever forget the solemn and imposing scene of mourning presented by the Hall, clothed in the sable drapery of woe, the scattered lights contrasting with the heavy shadows that fell across the silent multitudes, as they listened breathlessly to the words of the speaker. But we need not dwell either on the scene or the discourse. Both live in the memories of all who shared in the mourning pageantry — heartfelt as pageantry never was before. The eulogy has been read all over the country, and will be read as long as Mr. Webster's name shall be known among men.

The sketch of the last days of Mr. Webster, by Mr. Ticknor, is drawn up with delicacy and tenderness of feeling. It presents a most impressive picture of the most memorable death-bed in history. We close this notice with a somewhat long extract. We are sure our readers will agree with us that we could lay before them nothing more interesting.

"The day when the preparation of the will was completed — Thursday — was one in which Mr. Webster had attended to much public business, besides giving his usual careful directions about every thing touching his household and his large estate. It was intended, therefore, to postpone the final signing and execution of that paper until the next morning; more especially as his forenoons were uniformly more comfortable than the later portions of the day. But, in the afternoon, his complaint assumed a new and more formidable character. Blood was suddenly ejected from his stomach. The symptom

was decisive. He fixed an intensely scrutinizing look upon Dr. Jeffries, — his attending physician and personal friend, — and inquired what it was? He was answered that it came from the diseased part. 'What *is* it?' he repeated, with the same piercing look, and then, without waiting for a reply, added, '*That* is the enemy; — if you can conquer *that*' — he was interrupted by a recurrence of the attack, but his mind, it was obvious, was already made up. He knew that his time must be short, and that whatever he had to do, must be done quickly.

"He determined, therefore, at once to execute his will. It was made ready and brought to him. He ascertained that its provisions and arrangements were entirely satisfactory to the persons most interested in them, and then, having signed it with a larger boldness and freedom in the signature than was common to him, he folded his hands together, and said solemnly, 'I thank God for strength to perform a sensible act.' In a full voice, and with a most reverential manner, he went on and prayed aloud for some minutes, ending with the Lord's Prayer, and the ascription, 'And now unto God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be praise forever more. Peace on earth, and good will towards men;' — after which, clasping his hands together, as at first, he added, with great emphasis, — '*That* is the happiness — the essence — *Good wil towards men.*'

"Much exhausted with the effort, he desired all but Dr. Jeffries and a favorite colored nurse, who had long been in his service, to leave the room, that he might rest. But, before he slept, he said, 'Doctor, you look sober. You think I shall not be here in the morning. But I shall. I shall greet the morning light.'

"The next forenoon, he repeated a similar assurance to his kind and faithful physician, who, as he thought, again looked sad, though he was only overcome with fatigue and long watching. 'Cheer up, Doctor — cheer up — I shall not die to-day. You will get me along *to-day*.' And so he went on through Friday, giving comfort and kind thoughts to all who surrounded him. In the course of the morning, he attended to the public business that needed immediate care, and gave directions for every thing about his farm and household as usual, and, in the evening sent for the person who managed his affairs, and directed him, with more than his customary exactness, concerning all arrangements for the next day.

"But when the next day — Saturday — came, he felt as he had not felt before. He felt that it was his *last* day. About eight o'clock in the morning, therefore, he desired that all in the room should leave it, except Dr. Jeffries, who had been his physician for a long period, and who had now been in constant attendance on him, living in the house, for above a week. During the night Mr. Webster perceived that he had grown weaker by excessive loss of blood from the stomach. He had just suffered afresh in the same way. But when he was certain that he was alone with his professional adviser, and that no loving ear would be pained by what he should say, he spoke in a perfectly clear and even voice, but with much solemnity of manner, and said, 'Doctor, you have carried me through the night. I think you will get me through the day. I shall die to-night.' The faithful physician, much moved, said, after a

pause, 'You are right, Sir.' Mr. Webster then went on: — 'I wish you, therefore, to send an express to Boston for some younger person to be with you. *I shall die to-night.* You are exhausted, and must be relieved. Who shall it be?' Dr. Jeffries suggested a professional brother, Dr. J. Mason Warren, adding that he was the son of an old and faithful friend of Mr. Webster. Mr. Webster replied instantly, 'Let him be sent for.'

"Dr. Jeffries left the room to prepare a note for the purpose, and, on returning, found that Mr. Webster had made all the arrangements necessary for its despatch, having given minute directions who should go; — what horse and what vehicle he should use; — what road he should follow; — where he should take a fresh relay; — and how he should execute his errand on reaching the city. He also desired that provision should be made for summoning some other professional friend, if Dr. Warren could not be found, or could not come; and on being told that this, too, had been foreseen and cared for, he seemed much gratified, and said emphatically, 'Right, right.'

"After some repose, he conversed with Mrs. Webster, with his son, and with two or three other of the persons nearest and dearest to him in life, in the most affectionate and tender manner, not concealing from them his view of the approach of death, but consoling them with religious thoughts and assurances, as if support were more needful for their hearts than for his own. On different occasions, in the course of the day, he prayed audibly. Oftener, he seemed to be in silent prayer and meditation. But, at all times, he was quickly attentive to whatever was doing or need to be done. He gave detailed orders for the adjustment of whatever in his affairs required it, and superintended and arranged every thing for his own departure from life, as if it had been that of another person, for whom it was his duty to take the minutest care.

"After nightfall, he received at his bedside each member of his family and household, the friends gathered under his roof, and the servants, most of whom having been long in his service had become to him as affectionate and faithful friends. It was a solemn and religious parting, in which, while all around him were overwhelmed with sorrow, he preserved his accustomed equanimity, speaking to each words of appropriate kindness and consolation which they will treasure hereafter among their most precious and life-long possessions.

"During the whole course of his illness, Mr. Webster never spoke of his disease or of his sufferings, except in the most general terms, or in order to give information to his medical advisers; but it was plain to Dr. Jackson, who was twice called in consultation; to Dr. Warren, who was with him during the last night of his life; and to Dr. Jeffries, who was his constant attendant from the first, that he noted and understood every thing that related to his condition, and its successive changes. His conversation on this, as on all other subjects, was perfectly easy and simple; — the deep tones of his voice remained unchanged; — his gentleness was uniform; — and the expressions of his affection to those who approached him, and even to those who were absent, but who were carefully remembered by him in messages of kindness, were true, tender, and faithful to the end. No complaint escaped from him; nor did he show the least impatience under his infirmities, or the least reluct-

ance to die. He felt the value and the power of life, and he was full of love for his home, and for all that surrounded him there and made him happy. But his submission to the will of God was entire. He said, on one occasion, "I shall lie here patiently until I die;" and he did so. But, through those wearisome days, he preserved his natural manner in every thing, and maintained, without effort, those just and true relations between himself and all persons, things, and occurrences about him, which through life had marked him so strongly and had given such dignity and power to his character.

"From the morning of Saturday, when he had announced to his attendant — what nobody, until that time had intimated — that he 'should die that night,' the whole strength of his great faculties seemed to be directed to obtain for him a plain and clear perception of his onward passage to another world, and of his feelings and condition at the precise moment when he should be entering its confines. Once, being faint, he asked if he were not *then* dying? and on being answered that he was not, but that he was near to death, he replied simply, 'Well;' as if the frank and exact reply were what he had desired to receive. A little later, when his kind physician repeated to him that striking text of Scripture, — 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me," — he seemed less satisfied, and said, 'Yes;'— but the *fact*, the *fact* I want;" — desiring to know if he were to regard these words as an intimation, that he was *already* within that dark valley. On another occasion, he inquired whether it were likely that he should again eject blood from his stomach before death, and being told that it was improbable, he asked, 'Then *what* shall you do?' Being answered that he would be supported by stimulants, and rendered as easy as possible by the opiates that had suited him so well, he inquired, at once, if the stimulant should not be given *immediately;* anxious again to know if the hand of death were not *already* upon him. And on being told, that it would not be *then* given, he replied, '*When* you give it to me, I shall know that I may drop off at once.'

"Being satisfied on this point, and that he should, therefore, have a final warning, he said, a moment afterwards, 'I will, then, put myself in a position to obtain a little repose.' In this he was successful. He had intervals of rest to the last; but on rousing from them, he showed that he was still intensely anxious to preserve his consciousness, and to watch for the moment and act of his departure, so as to comprehend it. Awaking from one of these slumbers, late in the night, he asked distinctly if he were alive, and on being assured that he was, and that his family was collected around his bed, he said, in a perfectly natural tone, as if assenting to what had been told him, because he himself perceived that it was true, 'I still live.' These were his last coherent and intelligible words. At twenty-three minutes before three o'clock, without a struggle or a groan, all signs of life ceased to be visible; his vital organs giving way at last so slowly and gradually as to indicate, — what every thing during his illness had already shown, — that his intellectual and moral faculties still maintained an extraordinary mastery amidst the failing resources of his physical constitution.

"And so there passed out of this world one of its great, beneficent, and controlling spirits. As the sun rose on that quiet Sabbath morning, the expected, yet dreaded event, was announced as a public calamity, first, by the solemn discharge of minute guns, and afterwards by the tolling of bells, over a large part of the land — a spontaneous outbreak of the general feeling at the loss all had suffered. How heavily it fell on the hearts of men in this city, where he was best known, and especially what deep grief, mingled with bitter recollections of the past, and anxious forebodings for the future, marked each of the three memorable days, — consecrated as no three similar days ever were consecrated among us, to public mourning, — may be partly gathered from the records which this volume is intended to collect and preserve. The rest — little of which can be recorded — will dwell, among their saddest and most sacred thoughts, in the memories of all who share ! in the moving services of those solemn occasions, or who gathered around that peaceful, sea-girt grave, and will be transmitted by them to their children, as the warning traditions of a great national sorrow."

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Essays and Tales in Prose. By Barry Cornwall. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields. 1853. 2 vols. 12mo.

The Private Life of Daniel Webster. By Charles Lanman. New York: Harpers. 1852. 12mo. pp. 205.

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